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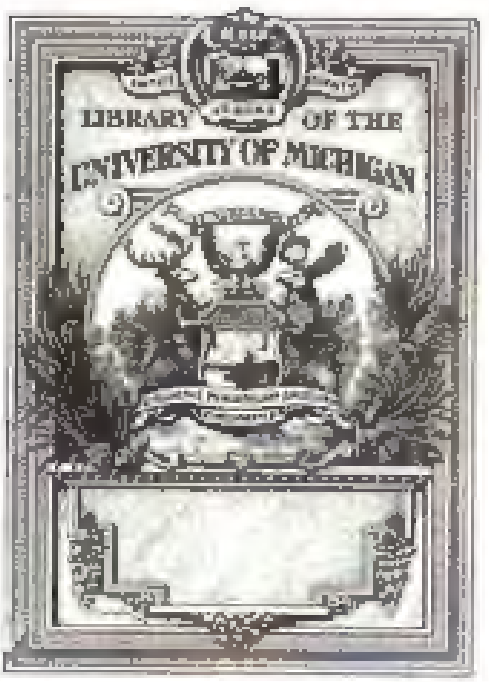


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# THE MONTHLY REVIEW

EDITED BY

CHARLES HANBURY-WILLIAMS

VOL. XXVII.

APRIL—JUNE 1907

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EDITED BY CHARLES HANBURY-WILLIAMS

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# NEW YORK: THE CITY OF THE YELLOW DEVIL[1]

A GREY mist, densely permeated with smoke, was hanging over land and sea; a fine drizzle was lazily descending upon the gloomy buildings of the city and the turbid waters of the bay.

On board the steamer the emigrants had collected. Silently and gravely they surveyed everything around with the searching gaze of hope and of dread, of terror and of delight.

"Who is that?" inquired a young Polish girl gently, pointing with amazement at the statue of Liberty.

There was a long silence as if none could make up their mind to reply. Then three words rang out:

"The American God."

The massive rugged figure of the woman in bronze was covered from head to foot with verdigris, like mildew. The cold face gazed blindly through the mist into the ocean waste, as if the dark bronze absorbedly expected something bright from afar, which would animate her motionless, lifeless eyes. There was small foothold under Liberty's feet—she seemed heaved out of the ocean—and her pedestal to be the frozen billows. Her hand, raised aloft above sea and masts of ships, lent proud majesty and beauty to her pose. As if that torch, clasped in close fingers, would radiantly flash forth, profusely bathing all around in warm cheerful light.

And around the exiguous piece of ground upon which she

[1] Only English translation authorised by Gorki.

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stood, huge iron vessels glided like antediluvian monsters over the face of the waters; small steamers and barges gleamed like hungry beasts of prey. Syrens shrieked, like the voices of legendary giants adrift in the fog, sharp angry whistles resounded, anchor cables rattled, billows splashed austerely and severely. . . .

Everything around was hurrying, rushing, quivering from tension. The screws and paddles of the steamers thrashed the water swiftly, which was covered with a yellow turbid foam of anger, intersected by wrinkles of suffering. . . .

And it seemed as if everything—iron, stone, waters, timber—was filled with powerless protest against this life without object, devoid of songs and of gladness, in bondage to hard work. Work was—everywhere. Everything was engulphed in its hurricane. Everything groaned, howled, ground, and served the will of some secret power, hostile to man and to nature. . . . Everywhere over the face of the waters, furrowed and lacerated by iron, befouled—in black patches—by greasy spots of oil and naphtha; strewn with splinters, chips, straw, and remnants of food, invisible to the eye, worked the cold malignant power. Grimly and monotonously it propelled the whole of this huge machine, exempt of sense and object, in which vessels and docks represented—only small fractions—and man a screw of no account, an insignificant dot amidst ghastly and foul entanglements of iron, timber, vessels, docks, and flat barges laden with carriages.

Bits and fragments of the machine whirled about restlessly upon the waters, and in their strange wearisome dance, devoid of rhythm or delight, man—his will, his personality, was non-existent. . . .

Some kind of a biped, covered with soot, greasy, benumbed, and stupefied by the noise; tortured by this involuntary dance of inanimate matter, gazed strangely at me, shoving his hands into his trouser pockets. His face was smeared with a thick layer of greasy dirt, and not the eyes of a living man flashed out therefrom, but the white ivory of teeth.

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The vessel slowly glided amidst crowds of others. The emigrants' faces became strangely grey and stolid, sheep-like meekness and obtuseness uniformly bedimmed all eyes. People were standing on deck, all gazing silently into the mist, and thereout came forth something incalculably huge, full of sonorous murmuring; it greeted people with an odoriferous exhalation, and in the sounds it emitted, something menacing, hungry, ravenous, was audible. . . .

This was the City of New York. On the shore stood houses twenty storeys high—"sky-scrapers"—silent and gloomy. Quadrangular, with no wish to be beautiful, these plain ponderous buildings loomed aloft grimly and tediously. The straight monotonous dead lines were without the beauty which is imparted by harmony of parts. And every house had a chill arrogant self-conceit in its monstrosity—in its height. But at this altitude, freedom is lacking—houses grow so high, because land is dear and artistic taste low. One realises, that in these great gaols dwarfed people live dull lives. No flowers nor children are seen at the windows. . . .

From afar, the city seems a great maw with uneven black teeth. It exhales clouds of smoke, and appears like a giant suffering from obesity. On entering, you feel that you have chanced into a belly of stone and iron, into a stomach which has engulphed millions, and which crunches and digests them. And yearly awaits more and more.

The street—is a greasy ravenous throat; therein, somewhere deep down, float the town's murky food-scraps—living people. Everywhere—over head, under foot, on a level—lives and roars sinister iron, triumphing in its victory. Evoked into life by the power of gold, inspired thereby, it envelops man in its close meshes, stuns him, drains blood and marrow, devours muscles and nerves, grows and expands, spreading its chains even wider, reposing on silent stone.

Locomotives and cars crawl like great worms; motor horns screech like fat ducks, electric wires wail grimly. The suffocating atmosphere is permeated as a sponge with moisture,

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with thousands of roaring noises. Packed in this dirty city, grimed with the smoke of factories, man is imprisoned as in a gaol between high walls covered with soot. He shudders apprehensively, exhales foul odours in one's face; he has been poisoned, is suffering and moaning.

In the open spaces and small squares where the dusty foliage, motionless and sad, droops from the trees, stand dark, gloomy statues. The faces are covered with thick layers of grime, and eyes which once glowed with love of country, are smothered in the dust of the city. These bronze-beings are dead and isolated in a network of many-storeyed houses. They seem dwarfs beneath the black shadows of high walls, have gone astray in the chaos of aberration around, have halted and half-blinded, mournfully, grief at heart, gaze at the eager bustle of those at their feet. Small black beings rush restlessly past the statues, and none casts a look at the heroes' countenances. The ichthyosaurus of capital has wiped from men's minds the import of the founders of freedom. And it would seem as if all the bronze beings had been slain by one and the selfsame overwhelming and distressing reflection—"Can this be the life I wished to produce?"

Feverish life bubbles around as soup on a hob. People rush, whirl, disappear in this effervescence, as groats in broth, as splinters in the ocean. The city roars and engulphs one after another in its insatiable maw. Some of the heroes have let their hands droop, others have uplifted them, spreading them out above people's heads, just as if they wanted to say—"Stop! this is not life, this is madness!"

And all are superfluous amidst the chaos of street-life; all are out of place amidst a fierce roar of avidity, in close bondage to a grim phantasy of stone, glass, and iron. Some night all will suddenly descend from their pedestals, and with the heavy step of the injured will traverse the streets, will carry the sadness of their isolation somewhither far distant, away from this city, to fields where the moon glistens, where is air

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and calm peace. When a man has toiled his life long for the good of his country, he undoubtedly deserves to be left in tranquillity at his death.

People hurry along the pavement enticed by the power which enthrals them. They walk here and there swiftly, in all directions in which the streets lead. Everywhere the deep-set pores in the stone walls absorb them. The triumphant rattle of iron, the loud moan of telegraph wires, the rumbling of work proceeding for the construction of new interlacings of metal, new walls of stone—all this deadens human voices, as a storm at sea the cries of birds.

Men's faces are immovably calm—it must be that none feel the misery of being slaves to life, the aliment of the city monster. With sad self-conceit they consider themselves masters of their fate. At times the consciousness of their independence flashes in their eyes; yet it is obviously unintelligible to them that this should be merely the independence of an axe in the hand of a carpenter, of a hammer in the hand of a smith, of a brick in the hand of an invisible bricklayer who, laughing slyly, builds for all one huge but close and stifling prison. There are many energetic countenances, yet on each it is the teeth which first strike one. Inner liberty, freedom of soul, gleams not in their eyes. And this energy, devoid of inner freedom, recalls the cold glitter of a knife which has not yet been dulled, the gloss on a rope which has seen little service. It is—the freedom of blind instruments in the hands of the Yellow Devil—gold.

I beheld such a monstrous prodigious city for the first time; never before had mankind seemed to me so insignificant, so enslaved, so subjugated by life. At the same time, nowhere have I met men so tragi-comically self-satisfied as they are in this avid and foul stomach of a glutton, who has fallen into idiocy through greediness, and devours brain and nerve with the fierce roar of a wild beast.

Of man—it is terrible and painful to talk. The cars of the

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overhead railway speed past with a groaning and a rumbling between the walls of houses which are uniformly enveloped in a network of iron stairs and balconies. Windows stand open with people at almost each. Some are at work sewing, or doing accounts, with heads bowed over desks; others are simply sitting at the window leaning against the sill, and gazing at the cars which cross their vision every minute. The old, the young, the children—all are equally silent, all uniformly quiet; they have become used to this violence without object—accustomed to think that this represents the object. In their eyes is no anger against the sovereignty of iron, no hatred of its triumph. The flashing past of cars shakes the walls of houses—women's bosoms and men's heads tremble; behind balcony-railings children are lying about; their bodies too vibrate, becoming inured to consider this hideous life as something obligatory, necessary, inevitable. In brains constantly shaken up, it is probably impossible for thought to weave bold beautiful lacework, impossible for it to give birth to a living audacious dream.

Here flashed the sombre face of an old woman in a dirty jacket unbuttoned in front. Expelled by the cars, the far-drifting poisoned air rushed frightened to the windows, the old woman's grey hairs fluttered, just like the wings of a bird. She closed her leaden dim eyes, she disappeared.

In the turbid interiors of rooms glistened the iron bars of bedsteads covered with rags; dirty crockery and remnants of food were on the tables. One longed to see flowers at the windows, sought for some one book in hand . . . walls poured past the eyes as if liquefied, they flowed towards one in a grimy stream, and in their uniformly swift rush, wearily wriggled silent, preoccupied people. A bald head flashed in a looking-glass covered with a layer of dust. It swayed monotonously over some kind of loom. A girl, red-haired and slight, sat at a window and knitted stockings, counting the stitches with her dark eyes. The puff of air made her lean within—she never lifted her eyes from the stocking, nor arranged her dress blown

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about by the breeze. Two boys, about five, were building a house out of chips on a balcony. These fell down owing to the vibration. The children clutched the small chips in their tiny fists, that they might not drop into the street between the railings—and neither did they glance at the cause which impeded their task. Still more faces, one after another, flashed through the windows, just as if fractions of some great whole; but shattered, smashed into insignificant atoms, ground to gravel.

And all were silent as the grave.

Chased by the frantic flight of the cars, the air blew about people's hair and clothes, struck them in the face, warm and damp with the scent of the waves, pushed them, thrust thousands of sounds into their ears, flung in their eyes fine stinging dust, blinded, deafened, choked and howled with a protracted, uninterrupted wailing sound. . . .

To a living being who reflects, who brings forth in his brain dreams, pictures, images, figures, who is always originating wishes, who wearies, who longs, who denies, who awaits—to a living being this fierce, howling, screaking, roaring; this trembling of the stone in the walls, this cowardly rattling of the glass of the windows—all this would confuse him. And indignant, rebelling at the preventions to life, he would issue forth from his house, and would raze and destroy this abomination—"the overhead railway"; he would cause the bold insolent yelling of iron to cease; he—is lord of life—life is for him—and everything that prevents his living must be annihilated.

Within the houses of the City of the Yellow Devil—people quietly endure everything that kills the man within them and turns them into beasts.

Below, beneath the iron network of the overhead railway, children silently play about in the dust and dirt of the pavement—silently: though they both scream and laugh as children the world over, the voices are drowned in the racket overhead, as a drop of rain in the ocean. They seem as

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blossoms which some one's rough hand has flung from house-windows into the filth of the street, and amidst the open spaces of the city they are like garden stuff upon a glutton's table. Nourishing their bodies upon the city's greasy exhalations, they are pale and yellow, their blood contaminated by the poison in the air, and their nerves irritated by the baneful noise of rusty metal, by the grim groaning of enslaved lightning.

Can healthy, fearless, proud beings develop out of these children?—one asks oneself. A screaking, a laugh, an evil grating resounds in reply. The cars speed past East Side, the poor quarter, the compost-pit of the city. Deep trenches formed by streets bring people to some spot in the centre, where —one imagines—a huge bottomless opening has been arranged —a kettle or a saucepan—whither all these people flow, and from them gold is extracted, is smelted. The trenches of the streets teem with children and destitution.

I have seen much beggardom: its green, bloodless, bone-stretched face I am acquainted with. Its eyes dim with hunger, and burning with avidity, cunning and revengeful, or slavishly submissive, and always inhuman, everywhere have I seen—yet the horrors of destitution in East Side are blacker than anything known to me.

In these streets, packed with people as a sack with grain, children seek eagerly in the garbage-pails which stand upon the footway for rotten vegetables, and devour them, mildew and all, on the spot, amid the acrid dust and exhalations.

When they discover a crust of rotten bread, it arouses fierce enmity among them; seized by the wish to devour it—they fight like small dogs. They pervade the pavement in great flocks, like gluttonous pigeons; at one in the morning, at two, and later—they are still wallowing in filth, these wretched blossoms of destitution, living reproaches to the voracity of the wealthy.

At the corners of the dirty streets stand pea-nut stands or roasters; something is always being cooked, and the steam escaping to the open through a tiny chimney, hisses through

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the small whistle affixed to its end. This piercing whistle intrudes with its vibrating shrillness upon all street noises; it is spun out like a blindingly white cold thread, twines round the throat, perplexes thought, maddens, races off, and not for an instant silent, quivers through the rotten stench, the consuming atmosphere, vibrating mockingly, sharply; viciously penetrating and reproaching all this life amidst filth.

Dirt is—elemental. It has pervaded everything; walls of houses, glass of windows, the clothes of the people, the pores of their bodies, their brains, desires, thoughts. . . .

In these streets the gloomy recesses of the doorways resembled festering wounds amidst the stone of the walls. When you glanced through them, you perceived the black stones of the staircase covered with rubbish, clammy with dirt; then it seemed as if everything had decomposed there within, and was suppurating as in the belly of a corpse. And the people appeared to be the worms. . . .

A tall woman with great dark eyes stood in a doorway, a child in her arms; her bodice was unbuttoned, and her elongated breast hung powerless, all shrivelled and in dirt. With tiny fingers the child clawed at the withered naked body of its mother, shoved at it with its face, smacked its lips, drew milk for one moment, yelled afresh with great strength, and again thumped its mother's breast with hands and feet. She stood as stone, and her eyes, round as an owl's, were immovable—they gazed steadfastly at one point beyond—you felt that this gaze could see nothing but bread. She had pressed her lips tightly together, breathing through her nose; her nostrils quivered, slowly inhaling the pestilential dense atmosphere of the street—this human being existed upon the recollection of food swallowed yesterday, in dreams of the morsel she would some day devour. The child screamed, spasmodically twitching its small yellow body—it seemed as if she heard not its cries, did not feel its thumps.

An old man, tall and gaunt, with ravenous face, without a covering to his grey hairs, puckering up the scarlet lids of his

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sore eyes, rummaged carefully in the garbage pail, singling out bits of coal. When one went up to him, he was as ill-favoured as a wolf, turned his shoulders and said something.

A very pale young fellow leaned against a lamp-post, gazing with grey eyes down the street, shaking his curly head now and again. His hands were plunged in his trouser pockets, and his fingers twitched therein spasmodically. . . .

Here, in these streets, human beings were visible, their voices audible—angry, exasperated, revengeful. Here a human being's face was—famished, perturbed, sad. It was obvious that they felt; it was perceivable that they thought. They swarmed in these foul gutters like dirt in a turbid stream; the force of hunger wheeled and whirled them, they were animated by the keen desire of eating something that day.

In the expectation of food, in dreams of the delight of satiety, they swallowed air saturated with poisons, and in the dark recesses of their soul bitter thoughts, crafty feelings, criminal desires arose.

They were as disease-creating microbes in the city's vitals, and the day will dawn when they will poison it with the same virus upon which it now nourishes them so liberally.

By the lamp-post a youth stood, and from time to time shook his head, firmly clenching his ravenous teeth. It seemed as if I understood what he was considering, what he wanted; to possess huge hands, tremendous strength; and methought he longed for wings upon his back. In order that he might upon occasion soar by day above the city, lower his hands therein like two steel hand-spikes, and mix all therein into a heap of rubbish and ashes; bricks and pearls, gold and the flesh of slaves, glass and millionaires, filth, idiots, churches, grime-poisoned trees, and these senseless many-storeyed "sky-scrapers"; everything, the whole town—into a heap, into a paste of dirt and human blood—into that elemental dreadful chaos out of which he himself was created! This terrible wish was natural to the brain of the youth, as an ulcer on the body of some one suffering from scrofula. Where slaves labour

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much, there can be no place for free creative thought, there can only thrive ideas of destruction, the poisoned blossoms of revenge, the violent protest of the animal. This much is clear; defacing the soul of mankind, people must not themselves look for mercy.

Man has a right to revenge—this right is given him by his fellow men.

In the dull sky shrouded in smoke, day waned. The huge houses became still gloomier, more sombre. Somewhere in their dark recesses lights flashed out gleaming like the yellow eyes of strange beasts, who had all night long to guard the dead wealth of these sepulchres.

People had finished the day's work, and not reflecting why it had been done, whether it was incumbent upon them, quickly ran off to sleep. The pavements were inundated by black streams of human beings. All heads were uniformly covered by round hats, and all brains, as was obvious from the eyes, had already fallen asleep. Work was ended, there was nothing further to think about. All thought for the master alone; of themselves there was no time to think: if there was work, there would be bread and the cheap pleasures of life; nothing beyond that was necessary to man in the City of the Yellow Devil.

People retired to their beds, to their wives, to their husbands, and at night in stuffy rooms, perspiring, clammy with perspiration, they would kiss each other, in order that fresh aliment for the city might be born. . . . They strolled about. No laughter was audible, nor merry conversation, nor did smiles illuminate.

Weary faces with white lips—languid curiosity, or dull expectation of beholding something until now unknown, of hearing something new.

Motors screeched, whips cracked, telegraph wires hummed in deep tones, cars rumbled. Probably music was going on somewhere.

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Boys stridently called out the names of papers. The vulgar sound of a barrel organ and some one's sob flowed together in the tragi-comic embrace of murderer and mountebank. . . . Small black people walked about without any will, like stones rolling down hill. . . .

Yellow lights flashed everywhere more and more frequently —entire walls glistened with fiery words concerning beer, whisky, soap, new razors, hats, cigars, and theatres. The rumble of iron, chased in all directions down the streets by the eager thrusts of gold, was never silent. Now, with lights burning everywhere, this groaning, this uninterrupted wail was more ominous, it acquired a new meaning and more oppressive power.

From walls of houses, from sign-boards, from restaurant windows flowed the blinding brightness of liquefied and fused gold. Insolently, clamorously, it triumphantly throbbed everywhere, pierced one's eyes, distorted the face with its frigid brilliance. Its cunning sparkle filled with hatred, full of biting covetousness, extracted the paltry crumbs of their earnings from people's pockets; it fused its flickerings in words of fire, and with these words silently invited the workers to cheap pleasures, offered them useful articles. . . .

There was a terrible amount of light in this city—at first it seemed beautiful, astounded, excited, cheered. Flame is—a free element, the beautiful child of the sun proud of its offspring. When it impetuously blossoms forth—its colours throb, live, more beautiful than all earthly colours. It cleanses life, it can destroy all that is decrepit, dead, and foul.

But when you gaze for long upon flame in this city—upon light caged in transparent glass prisons, when you see how dead and dull is its brilliance—then you realise that here, like all else, fire is enslaved. It serves gold for gold, and is hostilely aloof from mankind . . .

Like all else—iron, stone, wood—flame has likewise conspired against man: dazzling him, it calls to him.

"Come hither!"

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And lures him:

"Render up your money!"

People respond to this invitation, buy useless trash, gaze upon spectacles which stupefy them, and silently depart, intoxicated, to their rooms.

It seems as if somewhere, in the centre of the city, a huge lump of gold whirled with voluptuous squealing, at terrifying speed: as if it scattered small particles of dust about the streets, and all day long people eagerly caught, sought, clutched at them. But evening set in: the heap of gold began to revolve in the opposite direction, occasioning a chill whirlwind of flame, and drew people therein in order that they might give back the gold-dust captured during the day. They always restored more than they had taken, and on the morning of the following day the mound of gold had increased in circumference, its rotation was swifter, the triumphant groaning of iron its slave, and of all forces it had subjugated, rang out louder.

And more ravenously, with greater strength than the previous day, it sucked people's blood and brains, in order that towards evening this blood and brains should be turned into yellow, hard metal. In its throbs was—the life: in the increase of its circumference was—all meaning.

To this end men tilled the soil for whole days, forged iron, built houses, inhaled the smoke of factories, imbibed poisoned, impure air through the pores of their skin—for this they sold their comely bodies.

This abhorrent witchcraft lulled their soul, it made of people facile instruments in the hands of the Yellow Devil, a mine from which he ceaselessly smelted Gold, his flesh and blood.

From ocean-wastes night neared, exhaling a salt refreshing breath. The frigid lights pierced her with thousands of darts; she advanced, tenderly wrapping in her black cloak the ugliness of houses, the meanness of small streets; shrouding the

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filth of beggardom's rags, the monstrous abnormal splendour of wealthy attire. A fierce wail of ravenous madness floated towards her, rending her silence—she advanced, and slowly extinguished the shameless, impudent glitter of subjugated flame, concealing with her gentle hand the city's festering sores.

But entering the network of streets, she had no strength to overcome, to chase with fresh breath the rank odours—the contaminated exhalations of a city which poisoned her. She rubbed along the stones of walls warmed by the sun, crept along the rusty iron of roofs, over the dirt of the pavement, was steeped in the poisonous dust, swallowed the stench, and folding her wings, lay her down powerless upon the roofs of houses, in the gutters of streets, and expired. She no longer breathed—only darkness remained of her; the freshness and coolness had vanished, swallowed up by stones, iron, timber, the foul lungs of mankind. . . . There was neither peace nor poetry more in her. . . .

The town dropped off to sleep in the sultriness, snarling like a great beast. It had devoured too much food of different kinds during the day, felt heated, uncomfortable, and slept an evil heavy sleep.

The flickering flames expired, having ended their wretched service of clerk as lackey to advertisement. Houses absorbed people one after another within their stone interiors.

A lean, tall, stooping man stood at a corner of a street, and wearily, with colourless eyes, gazed right and left, slowly turning his head. Whither? All streets were similar, and all houses gazed at each other through pale, dim windows, all alike and dreary. . . .

A suffocating melancholy gripped one's throat with moist warm hand, impeding breath. Over the roofs a transparent haze hovered motionless, the daily exhalations of the cursed unhappy city. Through this cloud, in the unattainable heights of heaven, quiet stars dimly twinkled.

The man removed his hat, raised his head, gazed aloft.

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In this city, the height of the houses has thrust the heavens further from the earth than anywhere else. The stars are minute, lonely. . . .

Far off a brass trumpet sounded anxiously. The man's long legs shook strangely, and he entered one of the streets walking slowly, hanging his head and swinging his arms. It was already late, the streets were growing more deserted. Solitary small people disappeared like flies in the darkness. At the corners policemen stood motionless in grey helmets, baton in hand. They were chewing tobacco, moving their jaws slowly.

The man went past them, past the telephone poles, past numbers of dark doorways in the walls of houses, black doors drowsily yawning with square jaws. Somewhere afar tramcars rumbled and roared. Night had been suffocated amidst the dark street-cages, night had expired.

The man walked along moving his legs measuredly, and swaying his long bent body. In his figure was something thoughtful, and though undecided, resolute.

To me he seemed—a thief—and to-day he was hungry.

It was pleasant to behold a man who felt himself to be alive, to be living apart in the dark network of the city.

Open windows exhaled the nauseous odour of human sweat.

Incomprehensible muffled sounds drowsily reverberated in the suffocating sultry gloom.

The dismal City of the Yellow Devil had dropped asleep, and was delirious in its slumber. . . .

MAXIM GORKI.

New York, Staten Island.

(Translated from the Russian by J. MACKENZIE)



Google

# THE PLYMOUTH BUCCANEERS

FROM Plymouth Bay we sail'd away afore a pleasant gale;
Our quarry was the San Paulo, a galleon of Old Spain.
We knew if we fell in with him our cannon would not fail;
And a million pieces of eight, my boys!
And silver—tons in weight, my joys!
In crucifix and altar-piece would be our noble gain.
Five hundred stood upon the Hoe to watch us sailing out;
And whilst the white sails grew aloft, the gallants gave a shout,
And waved their hands, and bawl'd again, and rent the wind with cheers—
"Huzzah for the galleon San Paulo and the Plymouth Buccaneers!"

From Acapulco she was bound to come around the Horn,
And when we sail'd the galleon was three thousand leagues away;
But steering large we swept in foam, and on the morrow's morn
We fill'd our cans with sack, my boys!
And drank to Spanish Jack, my joys!
For the Scilly Isles were far astern, and so was Plymouth Bay.
We swore by patteraro, by swivel and by saker,
That if we came across that Paul we'd founder or we'd take her.

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We'd hunt for her and find her, though we kept the sea for years,
For fiery is the spirit of the Plymouth Buccaneers.

With roaring bows and shrieking shrouds we thunder'd to the Line:
'Twas maypole on the village green in Merry England then;
We cut th' Equator May-day, Anno Sixteen eighty-nine,
'Twas naught but "plunder and the Don" at sea among us men.
Says lion-hearted Rice, "My boys!
He'll be among the ice, my joys!
When we are stemming southward where the coast stands white and bold.
They have stout hearts in the Tropiques, but they're cowards in the cold.
And what'll be their shivers and what'll be their fears
When they find the men who lust for them are Plymouth Buccaneers!"

We were northward of the mountain bergs by ten degrees at at least,
When daylight flash'd the ocean into lines of brilliant blue;
'Twas Master Rice, our skipper, who stood blinking at the east,
Roars out, "O Jesus! see, my boys!
She's dead upon our lee, my joys!
Hang out your ancient! Cheerly load! We'll ply him fast and true!
How like a lordly castle sits that Don upon the sea!
If there's room enough for Spaniards there is room enough for me!
He marks us and he makes a leg as slowly off he sheers—
No, good my lord! your treasure is the Plymouth Buccaneers'."

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Ease off your sheets! the mizzen furl! a long chase hath begun.
Prepare your stink-pots, hand-grenades, stack store of pikes at hand!
We'll have him in some hour this day 'twixt morn and evening sun.
He's a thousand tons all told, my boys!
There's millions in his hold, my joys!
By twice two hundred soldiers, priests, and sailors is he mann'd.
His cannon peer like heads of snakes from four-score yawning ports;
He's armed with sakers, culverins, and murtherers of all sorts.
But what say ye, my Plymouth hearts—do they arouse your fears?
We have no saints to pray to but—we're Plymouth Buccaneers!

Now pitch a shot and try the range: we're closing him amain.
He answers, and the ill-sped ball squirts up the yeast abreast.
Now luff and ply him fierce as hail and thick as thunder-rain!
His flag droops from its peak, my boys!
Its eloquence is weak, my joys!
Is weak—is gone! O goodly shot! the youngest and the best!
And now he rounds in foaming wrath to bring his guns to bear.
So! Keep your luff, O courteous Don, and hold it, if you dare!
You're big, we're small: we're short, you're tall; you'll vex us not by sneers,
Our King is not a Spaniard, and we're Plymouth Buccaneers!

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We swept right down upon him, and his guns their red fire spout,
The sun was not yet near his bed when we did range alongside.
His face was dim beyond the smoke as though his light was out.
Our blood streamed black on deck, my boys!
But little did we reck, my joys!
Our hellish blasts had cleared the heads that showed above his strong side.
We heard amid the pauses in the roaring of the guns
The priests a-singing Aves, and the chanting of some nuns.
We pitied those sleek fathers, and were sorryer for their dears,
But we'd come to take the treasure, and were Plymouth Buccaneers.

"At five o' th' clock we grappled him—'twas yardarm and yardarm.
His scuppers gushed in crimson on our low tormented deck.
Our belching stink-pots drove his people forward out of harm,
Away into close quarters, boys!
And shelter'd thus they fought us, joys!
But our boarders charged in fury that admitted of no check.
We sprang aloft and from the yards dropped fiend-like on the Spaniard.
Our topsail-yard did parallel the galloon's mighty mainyard;
And ere the sun had sunk his shield we'd hurled below with cheers
The last of those who durst oppose the Plymouth Buccaneers.

"The captain of the galleon, and four lieutenants too,
Had died like men by pike and ball, and, ere we dredged the hold,
We buried them with musketry, and others of the crew

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Who perish'd in that fight, my boys!
Which lasted unto night, my joys!
We funeral'd with our Plymouth hearts, who number'd ten all told.
But under hatches, under guard, we kept the well and wounded,
And filled our hold with treasure till the cock his clarion sounded.
The moonlight helped our vision, for the battle-smoke soon clears,
And by the morn the millions were the Plymouth Buccaneers'!

When deep our little spunky craft lay rolling in the sea,
We lifted all the hatches of the castle-grand galloon,
And, calling up her sick and well, we said, "Señors, you're free;
For Mexico again, my boys!
To load afresh for Spain, my joys!
Ye will not meet us here, oh, no! for many a coming moon."
And thrice we swelled our tough throats in the cheers we felt a duty:
Our ship had one, the Don had one, the best was for our booty.
Then trim the yards, we fill our cans, for home the helmsman steers,
And so a health unto our King and the Plymouth Buccaneers!

W. Clark Russell.

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# THE CONTROL OF THE PUBLIC PURSE

LEGISLATION is but one of the functions which Parliament discharges. Perhaps more important still is its control of the collection and expenditure of the National revenue. It was around questions of taxation that in the past the battle of securities for good government and the liberty of the subject was fought and won. In the new field of political and social thought and action that has opened in this country, into which the Legislature is entering swayed by fresh impulses, taxation occupies a position of even greater magnitude. It is the chief bone of contention between parties. Still more does it promise to be the engine by which great changes and revolutions will be effected, or at least attempted, in the future.

The resources which our statesmen have to play with are indeed stupendous. Before a select Committee of the House of Commons which sat last year on the income tax the property of the United Kingdom was estimated at £11,500,000,000 by Mr. Chiozza Money, M.P., an able financier and author of "Riches and Poverty," and Sir Henry Primrose, Chairman of the Board of Inland Revenue, calculated that the annual income of the country was somewhere between £1,600,000,000 and £1,800,000,000. On this national property and income the State in the financial year which ended on March 31, 1907,

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placed the charge of £142,835,000 to defray the cost of the administration and defence of the Empire. The vast bulk of this enormous public revenue comes from the pockets of the people directly or indirectly. Of the total amount £118,010,000 was contributed by Customs and Inland Revenue, from taxes, direct or indirect, levied by Parliament, and £24,825,000 obtained from non-tax sources, such as the Post Office and Telegraph services.

The revenue of the country is lodged by the departments charged with its collection in the Bank of England to the account of "His Majesty's Exchequer," and forms what is called "The Consolidated Fund." The chief exception to this procedure is that payments out of revenue amounting to £10,000,000, assigned by Acts of Parliament in aid of local taxation, are intercepted and sent direct to the local authorities. As the stream of revenue flows from all directions into this Fund, so out of it comes the money to meet every item of Imperial expenditure. Payments from the National Exchequer are of two kinds—namely "Consolidated Fund Services" and "Supply Services."

The first services consist of regularly recurring annual charges, that have been authorised and made permanent by Acts of Parliament, and are, therefore, issued to the Treasury without coming every year under the supervision of the House of Commons. These charges amount to over £80,000,000. As much as twenty-eight millions of this sum go to pay interest on our National Debt (which amounted last year to £788,990,187), and to create a sinking fund for its redemption. Over half a million goes to the King and Queen and other members of the Royal Family; half a million is spent on the salaries and pensions of judges and magistrates; about £889,000 on annuities and pensions for naval and military services (including perpetual annuities to the heirs of Nelson and Rodney), and for diplomatic, political and civil services; about £82,000 on existing salaries and allowances to high State functionaries—as, for instance, the £20,000 to the Lord

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Lieutenant of Ireland, and £5000 to the Speaker of the House of Commons. The effect of placing these charges on the Consolidated Fund is to remove them entirely beyond the criticism of the House of Commons, it being agreed that the services they are intended to meet ought not to be liable every year to discussion, and perhaps heated and undignified criticism, in the representative Chamber.

Over the "Supply Services," or the second class of charges on the National Exchequer, the Commons exercise an annual supervision, for they must be voted by the House every year. They amounted last year to £111,076,000; and are divided into three classes—Army, Navy, and Civil Service. The Army estimates last year came to close on thirty millions sterling, the Navy estimates to over thirty-one millions, and the Civil Service estimates to close on fifty millions.

In November and December the permanent officials of the various departments are busy calculating their expenditure for the coming year. The estimates thus prepared have to be approved in each case by the political chief or Minister, whose duty it will be to get the Cabinet to assent to them and afterwards to expound and justify them in the House of Commons. But before the estimates are submitted even to the Cabinet they come under the scrutiny of the Treasury, a department which is vested with control of the other departments in the expenditure of public money. The Treasury, by all accounts, keeps a tight hold, in the interest of the taxpayer, on the strings of the public purse. I remember hearing a remarkable attack on the department by Lord Salisbury in the House of Lords during the South African War. The Prime Minister did not go so far as to transfer the blame for the deficiency in guns and stores from the War Office to the Treasury, but he intimated that such was the parsimonious character of the control exercised by the Treasury over the spending departments that it led to delay in action, and consequently tended to weaken the power of the Empire in a crisis. The position was certainly curious. Here was a Prime Minister, strong-willed personally,

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with a harmonious Cabinet and a united Party supreme in the House of Commons, and yet on his own confession he was unable to assert his supremacy over "the system"—as he called it—of the Treasury. It seemed to indicate that the Treasury is independent of the Government, vested with a statutory or constitutional control over the public purse which enables it absolutely to disallow any item of departmental expense which may not meet with its approval, though the political chief of the department, and even the Cabinet as a whole, declare the expenditure to be essential to the national welfare. But it is impossible seriously to accept this presentation of the Treasury as a power beyond the control of the Ministry. The Treasury officially rejoices in the high-sounding title of "The Board of Commissioners for executing the office of Treasurer of the Exchequer of Great Britain, and the Lord High Treasurer of Ireland"; and its ukases to the spending departments are issued in the awe-inspiring name of "My Lords of the Treasury." But as the power behind the Board of Trade is the President, a member of the Government, so the Board of Treasury is really the Chancellor of the Exchequer—one of the chief henchmen of the Prime Minister—in the sense at least that he is the final arbiter in all things concerned with the national finance.

We may be sure that whatever authority is exercised by the Treasury in the way of criticising, revising, and curtailing the Estimates, is inspired by the Chancellor of the Exchequer. "The Budget" is one of the most familiar of our Parliamentary terms. It is the comprehensive statement of the Chancellor of the Exchequer to the House of Commons usually at the end of April, dealing with the income and expenditure of the Kingdom for the ensuing twelve months. The balance-sheet of the Chancellor of the Exchequer is based as regards revenue upon the returns of the past financial year, ending March 31, and as regards expenditure upon the Estimates of the departments. His object is to present a popular Budget, which means a Budget that proposes a decrease rather than an increase

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in taxation. With that end in view the Treasury endeavours to check any tendency on the part of the departments to indulge in what it conceives to be unnecessary expenditure. But where the expenditure at issue involves a question of policy to which the Party in office is pledged, the Treasury's craving for economy must remain unsatisfied. It is impossible to think of the Treasury arrogating to itself a general control over the policy of the Government; or that such a preposterous claim would for one moment stand unchallenged by the Ministry.

Disraeli was prouder, it is said, of being Chancellor of the Exchequer than of being Prime Minister of England. That, however, is doubtful. He showed unexpected capacity as Finance Minister, but his bizarre and romantic temperament found its completest expression in the dignity, power and influence of the Premiership. The one statesman to whom the post of Chancellor of the Exchequer had an irresistible charm was Gladstone. He told Sir Henry Taylor in 1864 that for nine or ten months of the year he was always willing to go out of office. "But," said he, "in the two or three that precede the Budget I begin to feel an itch to have the handling of it." During these two or three months the Chancellor of the Exchequer lives, moves and has his being in an atmosphere of figures. He has to make himself acquainted with the financial conditions of the country, and the state of affairs in the wide domain of commerce. He has to consider how the money required to carry out the policy of the Administration, and to meet the working expenses of the departments, can best be provided with the least inconvenience to the taxpayer, and without detriment to trade and industry. He is in receipt of bagfulls of unsolicited advice through the post. Here, for instance, is an extract from the Budget speech of Sir Michael Hicks-Beach in 1899:

> I have been the victim for the last few weeks of an extraordinary number of persons who all seem to think that the object of taxation is not to raise revenue, but to penalise their pet aversions. (Laughter.) Dogs and cats, men

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servants and maid servants, advertisements and grinding organs, the bicycles which are so dear to my right hon. friend the First Lord of the Treasury—(laughter)—the perambulators of which more domesticated persons know the value—(loud laughter)—have all bitter enemies in this country. One gentleman wants me to tax soap and artificial light; another suggests that if I would put a small duty on aerated waters I might make a man of the teetotaler—(laughter)—by whom I suppose he imagines that those beverages are principally consumed. (Renewed laughter.) Another gentleman tells me I might raise an enormous revenue if I would put a tax of £100 a head on every pauper alien landing in this country; and lastly, a very enticing person assures me that there must be at least 1500 individuals, gentlemen, men of birth, education, position, respected of their countrymen—not, of course, members of the House of Commons—every one of whom would gladly give £10,000 for a baronetcy—(laughter)—if I would only give them the chance. And then, on the other hand, there are those comforting prophets, all of whom have doubtless shouted with the loudest for increased expenditure, who assure me that any kind of fresh taxation will be a screw in the coffin of her Majesty's Government. (Laughter.)

The Chancellor of the Exchequer has at the Treasury probably the strongest staff of any Minister in the Administration. He needs it. Without his staff even Gladstone would have collapsed under the attack of "Budgetitis," so enormous is the rush of business as the time approaches for the annual financial statement. It is curious to read how Lord Althorp, who was Chancellor of the Exchequer in the early 'Thirties, used to do all his Budget calculations, however complicated, alone in his closet. This system of working unaided in seclusion strikes the biographer of the noble lord as very admirable; and he contrasts with it the habit of William Pitt, who, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, used to take a Treasury clerk into his confidence. Pitt himself tells us that he never had a private secretary, as he had no duties requiring such assistance; and Macaulay dwells in wonder on the fact that he could explain a Budget without notes. Yet his first Budget in 1784 was very complicated. It dealt with as many as a hundred and thirty-three different taxes. In our times the Chancellor of the Exchequer unfolds his Budget to the House of Commons with the aid of a huge pile of typewritten documents.

In the autobiography of the eighth Duke of Argyll there

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is an interesting passage in which Gladstone's explanation of his first Budget to the Aberdeen Cabinet in 1853 is described.

> He came into the room with a large flat, shallow, official box, very old and shabby, covered with drab-coloured leather. He sat on a chair nearly fronting the window, whilst we all sat in a kind of loop around him. Opening the box on his knee, so that its lid stood upright and afforded a rest for any paper placed upon its edge, he began a conversational exposition, which endured, without a moment's interruption, for more than three hours. Not a word of it was read, except when he had to refer to exact figures, which were accurately put down on pages of full-sized letter paper, which just fitted the box. The flow of language was uninterrupted, with just enough inflection of voice to mark the passages from mere statements of arithmetical bent to reflections upon them, or to consequent arguments and conclusions. The order was perfect in its lucidity, and the sentences as faultless as they were absolutely unhesitating.

The Budget speech in the House of Commons occupied four hours and three-quarters. "Gladstone set figures to music," some one said. "Not one of us could think for a moment of interrrupting him, even to ask a question," says the Duke of Argyll, describing the scene in the Cabinet. But it is not always that the objections and doubts of Ministers in regard to the Budget are thus silenced by the magic of a great financier. Indeed, Gladstone himself declared that no Chancellor of the Exchequer should attend a Cabinet discussion on financial proposals without a letter of resignation in his pocket. Conflicts are inevitable, perhaps, between him and his colleagues in reference to the estimates. His desire is for economy. He protests that he cannot meet the claims of a colleague without imposing fresh taxation. The Minister declines to accept a reduction of the expenditure which he holds to be essential to the efficient working of his department. The difference can be settled, if it is amenable to settlement at all, only by the Prime Minister. He possesses the controlling power in the Cabinet; and in the investigation and settlement of differences between Ministers his natural desire, of course, is the stability and harmony of the Government. If no settlement is possible then the Chancellor of the Exchequer or the chief of the department concerned resigns. Lord Randolph Churchill fell in 1886, because he was unable with

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any regard for economy to sanction the estimates for the Army and Navy. The cost of these services is now so enormous that it governs the whole financial programme of the year, and yet they are deemed to be so vital to the existence of the Empire that their estimates do not come under the supervision of the Treasury until the decision of the Cabinet has first been taken upon them. In the "Life of Lord Randolph Churchill," we are told that on his return to the Treasury, after having explained his Budget to his colleagues—a Budget which was prepared but never opened in the House of Commons—the officials offered him their congratulations upon the acquiescence of the Cabinet. But he was far from confident. He had been oppressed by the silence which followed the explanation of his proposals. "They said nothing," he told Sir Reginald Welby, the Permanent Secretary, "nothing at all; but you should have seen their faces!"

"Budget Night" is awaited with intense interest throughout the kingdom. It is one of the big occasions of the House of Commons—an occasion when the House is crowded to its utmost extent and is most animated. There is much speculation beforehand in regard to the proposals of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. The departmental estimates have already been published. The state of trade is known. It can, therefore, be guessed whether the revenue of the coming year will balance the expenditure, or whether there will be a deficit —an excess of the estimated expenditure over the estimated revenue; or a surplus—an excess of the estimated revenue over the estimated expenditure. If there is a prospective deficit the Chancellor of the Exchequer must devise means to meet it. New taxes will have to be imposed, or existing taxes augmented. If, on the other hand, there is a prospective surplus, the Chancellor of the Exchequer chooses the particular imposts to be modified or abolished. Even if expenditure and revenue are evenly balanced there is always the prospect of some re-adjustment of the public burdens—a transfer of taxation from one class of the community to another class, from

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some commodities to other commodities—being announced by the Chancellor of the Exchequer. And as the financial secrets of the Government are never allowed to leak out until they are disclosed by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, "Budget Night" is usually, therefore, a night of surprises.

There are two Committees of the House of Commons for dealing with the national revenue and expenditure which are appointed immediately that the Address in reply to the King's Speech is voted. One is called "Committee of Ways and Means," and the other "Committee of Supply." The Committee of Ways and Means deals with the proposals of the Government for raising by loans, taxes, duties, and imposts the money required for the administration and defence of the State. In other words, it determines how the national revenue shall be raised. The Committee of Supply decides what sums shall be granted to the Crown to meet the requirements of the various State departments. In other words, it settles how the national revenue is to be spent. The House, accordingly goes into Committee of Ways and Means to hear and consider the Budget statement of the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

It is a constitutional rule that every demand for money on behalf of the Crown must originate in a resolution proposed in Committee of Ways and Means. Therefore, when the Chancellor of the Exchequer has made his financial statement he moves a series of resolutions providing for the continuance, imposition, remission, or reduction of taxation, which are discussed by the Committee of Ways and Means, and may be amended or rejected. Even when passed by the Committee they require confirmation by Act of Parliament. To put it in another way, the resolutions agreed to in Committee of Ways and Means are embodied in a Bill, known as the Finance Bill, which has to pass through all the stages prescribed for legislative measures—second reading, Committee, and third reading, and thus the House of Commons is found, long after "Budget Night," discussing over and over again the Budget proposals on one stage or another of the Finance Bill.

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Yet any new duties or increased duties on wines, spirits, beer or tobacco, proposed by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, come into operation the morning after he opens his Budget in the House of Commons. That night the necessary instructions to begin levying the new duties or the increased duties forthwith, are posted to the various Customs and Excise centres throughout the Kingdom; and in order to give these proceedings an anticipatory authority the resolutions sanctioning the increased duties or the new duties are passed by the Committee of Ways and Means before the adjournment of the House on Budget Night. The imposts, however, are not legalised until the passing of the Finance Act. That alone can give them the force of law. If, therefore, a resolution to which anticipatory effect has been given is subsequently modified in the progress of the Finance Bill through the House of Commons any money collected by the Customs or Excise authorities in excess of the amount to which legislative sanction is ultimately given would have to be refunded. Such readjustment became necessary in 1885, when the Liberal Government was defeated on the Budget of Mr. Childers, after a resolution had been agreed to increasing the beer duty; and again in 1888, Mr. Goschen being Chancellor of the Exchequer, when a proposal to impose an increased duty on all bottled wines was, before the passing of the Finance Bill, limited to sparkling wines only.

The functions of the second committee for the transaction of financial business, that is the Committee of Supply, are entirely different. It considers the estimates of expenditure presented by the Ministers. The first day the House of Commons resolves itself into Committee of Supply after the assembling of a new Parliament is marked by an interesting event. This is the election of the Chairman of Committees, an official almost as important, if much less conspicuous, than the Speaker, for he presides in Committee of Ways and Means when the Budget is opened and discussed, in Committee of Supply when the estimates are under consideration, as well as

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in Committee on the clauses of Bills. Since 1853 he takes the chair as Deputy-Speaker in the absence of the Speaker. The office is held, like the Speakership, until the dissolution of Parliament, and carries a salary of £2500 per annum (half that of the Speaker), but, unlike the Speakership, there is no official residence and no pension. The absence of formality in the selection of the Chairman is in striking contrast to the elaborate ceremonial associated with the installation of the Speaker.

The appointment rests, like the Speakership, with the House itself, but whereas the election to the Chair is regarded as non-political—the proposer and seconder never being Ministers or ex-Ministers—and is permanent, subject only to formal reappointment at the beginning of each new Parliament, the office of Chairman is admittedly political or party in its character, being filled on the nomination of the Leader of the House of Commons, and terminating with the downfall or resignation of the Government. Directly the order "Supply" was read out for the first time by the Clerk, after the assembling of the present Parliament in February 1906, the Speaker left the Chair, and Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman, the Leader of the House, simultaneously rising, said, "I move that Mr. Alfred Emmott do take the Chair." The motion was endorsed by a cheer from the Ministerial Benches, and Mr. Emmott took the chair accordingly—not the Speaker's Chair, but the place at the Table usually occupied by the Clerk, who leaves the Chamber when the House is in Committee. The Chairman has no distinctive costume. He usually wears evening dress. There is also a Deputy-Chairman appointed likewise by the Government, at the commencement of any Parliament, who in the absence of the Chairman presides in Committee, and acts also, when necessary, as Deputy-Speaker. He has a salary of £1000 a year. Moreover, for the assistance of the Chairman and Deputy-Chairman the Speaker nominates a panel of five members, men of experience selected from all parties, to act as temporary Chairmen of Committee.



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In what a puzzled state of mind the stranger unacquainted with Parliamentary customs and procedure must be who is present in the gallery of the House of Commons for the first time on a night that the House is in Committee of Supply! He cranes his neck as far over the high barrier in front of him as those sharp-eyed attendants in evening dress, with gilt-chains on their breasts, will permit him, and sees—what? Well, not much more than empty benches. He is surprised to observe that the Speaker's Chair is empty. The Mace, too, is invisible, for that emblem lies on the Table only when the whole House is sitting and the Speaker is in the Chair. A gentleman in evening dress or ordinary morning attire sits in the place of the Chief Clerk beside the Clerks-assistant. This is usually the Chairman of Committee or the Deputy Chairman, but it may be one of the temporary Chairmen, appointed for the relief of those officials from the private Members of the House. Deserted and unpicturesque is the House, indeed, on nights when the money of the taxpayers to grease the wheels of that mammoth machine, the British Empire, and provide it with steam, is being voted by the "faithful Commons"; but at any rate if the proceedings are dull they are usually practical and businesslike.

The Chairman puts each vote to the Committee in the prescribed form:—"The question is, that a sum not exceeding £29,050 be granted to his Majesty to defray the charge which will come in course of payment during the year ending the 31st day of March, 1908, for the salaries and expenses of the department of his Majesty's Secretary of State for the Colonies." On the Treasury Bench sits the Minister who represents the department for which the vote under discussion is required. By his side is a small oblong box, known as a "despatch box," filled with papers and memorandums of various kinds, to aid him in answering questions in relation to matters of administration for which he is responsible. But however efficient and industrious the Minister may be it would be impossible for him to carry in his head or in his notes all the

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details of the work of his department. Seated close at hand, therefore, on a bench immediately behind the Speaker's Chair are one or two of the permanent officials of his office ready to supply him with any information he may lack. A Member rises and calls attention to some new or unexpected subject. Left to himself the Minister probably would be unable to give any definite information in regard to it. But he disappears behind the Speaker's Chair, consults for a minute or two with his official advisers and then returns to the Treasury Bench competent to cope with the matter.

It is these out-of-the-way questions on small things, perhaps, but of personal interest, rather than matters of policy, abstract and general, that contribute the element of entertainment to proceedings in Committee of Supply. Notwithstanding the changes which are being continuously made in the *personnel* of the Legislature by death, by resignation, and the ill-fortune of General Elections, there are always in the House a number of Members who delight to burrow into the three ponderous quarto volumes—each with its hundreds of pages crammed with figures—issued every year, containing the estimates for the Army, Navy and Civil Service respectively; and passing by items of expenditure millions in amount, call attention, in Committee of Supply, to insignificant, but none the less interesting, demands on the public purse. The votes for the Civil Service afford the most opportunities for the display of this sort of futile industry and pitiless economy.

For instance, when the Chairman informs the Committee in the usual form that a sum not exceeding £17,062 be granted to his Majesty for the maintenance and repair of the palaces in the personal occupation of his Majesty, a Member may rise and ask the President of the Board of Works, to whose department this vote belongs, why it is the ancient office of ratcatcher to the royal palaces is not abolished. The abolition of the office would mean a saving of only £18 a year to the State, £8 being paid to the ratcatcher of Buckingham Palace, and £10 to the ratcatcher of Windsor Palace, but I have seen this

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question debated for hours with the greatest interest, not to say excitement, by Radical Members when a Unionist Government was in office.

"This House," one of the Standing Orders declares, "will receive no petition for any sum relating to public service, or proceed upon any motion for a grant or charge upon the public revenue, whether payable out of the Consolidated Fund or out of money to be provided by Parliament unless recommended from the Crown." In other words, the House of Commons can make no money grant except on the initiative of a responsible Minister of the Crown, in which, of course, is involved the sanction of the Cabinet. It follows from the principle embodied in this Standing Order that unofficial Members are precluded from proposing the increase of any of the estimates in Committee of Supply. This restriction on the privileges of Members of Parliament provides a salutary check to extravagance, and places a decisive bar to the demands of constituents for administrative action or legislation at the public expense. But if a Member cannot move to increase a vote he may propose to reduce it. A motion to reduce a vote by a nominal sum is a common thing in Committee of Supply; and it is done for the purpose of giving an additional emphasis to a complaint against the Minister of the department—whose salary is covered by the vote—on account of some question of administration. Committee of Supply, therefore, affords to the representatives of the people opportunities for calling attention to abuses and demanding the redress of grievances. In olden times, when the entire executive authority was vested in the King, when Ministers were appointed by him and responsible to him alone, the representatives of the people in Parliament insisted upon satisfaction for grievances before voting the tax the King demanded, and now that executive and administrative authority is controlled by Ministers, all complaints and remonstrances in regard to wrongs and grievances are addressed to them in Committee of Supply. There is no doubt that the anticipation of criticism in Committee of Supply exercises a

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wholesome control over the executive Government, and secures honest and pure administration in the various departments of the State.

If the motion for the reduction of the vote is pressed to a division, as it frequently is when the Members who support it are dissatisfied with the explanation of the Minister, it is, of course, opposed by the followers of the Government and is usually rejected. The estimates are as much a part of the political policy of the Government as the Bills they introduce. Therefore, if a motion for the reduction of a vote or the reduction of the salary of a Minister were carried, it would mean disapproval of the policy covered by the vote, or imply discontent with the administration of the Minister; and as the responsibility of the Government is collective and not individual, a hostile motion would bring about, not so much the downfall of the Minister specially attacked, but the resignation of the entire Cabinet.

It used to be the custom to take supply intermittently during the Session. But in 1895 new Standing Orders were adopted on the motion of Mr. Balfour, then Leader of the House, by which twenty days were allotted for the consideration of Supply, with three additional days at the option of the Minister. When the debate on the King's Speech has concluded Supply is set down as the first "Order of the Day" on every Thursday, the order in which the votes are taken being arranged by the Whips of the various parties. It was intended by this regular progress of Supply to afford weekly opportunities throughout the Session for the criticism of questions of public policy. But by the operation of the closure under these Standing Orders enormous sums of money are voted by the House for purposes in regard to which Members are unable to offer any criticism. At 10 o'clock on the last but one of the allotted days, the Chairman proceeds to put all the outstanding votes without discussion; and on the same hour on the following night the reports of the votes are disposed of in the same summary fashion. Under the opera-

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tion of the closure in the Session of 1906 votes undiscussed to the amount of fifteen millions were carried. In 1905 the amount was fifty millions, and in 1904, twenty-eight millions.

It has become an accepted maxim of the Constitution that the House of Lords is precluded from originating and even from amending a Money Bill. Originally the Lords exercised, co-ordinately with the Commons, the little power that was vested in the Parliament over the national revenue in the days of absolute Monarchy. The King's revenue was supplied by the rents of the Crown lands, and the proceeds of certain duties, which were settled on him for life, and he governed the Realm with as little regard as possible for the opinions of Parliament. It was only when this personal revenue was insufficient for his needs that the King stooped to ask the Parliament to make good the deficiency. But with the growing control of the Parliament over taxation and expenditure, the Commons began to regard the interference of the Lords in money matters with increasing jealousy and resentment. The struggles between the two Houses for the control of finance reached a crisis in 1677 over a Supply Bill, by which money was to be raised for building ships of war. The Peers made amendments in the Bill, and with these the Commons disagreed, upon the ground "that the Grant of all Aids to the King is by the Commons, and that the Terms, Conditions, Limitations, and Qualifications of such Grants have been made by the Commons only." The Lords, on the plea of the necessities of the public service, gave way, though they passed a resolution declaring that their right to amend Money Bills could not be questioned. The next year when another Supply Bill was sent up by the Commons the Lord Chancellor declared that to yield their right to amend it would be to "give up the greatest share of the Legislature to the Commons, and by consequences the chief power of judging what laws are best for the Kingdom." The Lords accordingly amended the Supply Bill, and as they resolutely refused to yield, this time, the measure had for the Session to be dropped. It was at this

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juncture that the Commons passed on July 3, 1678, the following historic resolution :—

> That all Aids and Supplies, and Aids to his Majesty in Parliament, are the sole gift of the Commons; and all Bills for the Granting of any such Aids and Supplies ought to begin with the Commons; and that it is the undoubted and sole right of the Commons to direct, limit, and appoint in such Bills the Ends, Purposes, Considerations, Conditions, Limitations, and Qualifications for such Grants, which ought not to be changed or altered by the House of Lords.

The House of Lords for a long time stubbornly opposed these claims of the Commons. More than a quarter of a century later, in the reign of Queen Anne they protested that the Commons were constantly trying to "break in upon the Lords' share in the Legislature," and formally affirmed "that neither House of Parliament hath any power, by any Vote or Declaration, to create to themselves any new Privilege that is not warranted by the Known Laws and Customs of Parliament." But the growing power of the Commons enabled them to assert their exclusive right to determine the matter, the measure and the time of every tax imposed upon the people. This right has never been theoretically established by legislation. It has never even been formally admitted by the Lords. It is based on the principle now universally acknowledged that no man should be taxed except by his own consent, or in other words that taxation and representation should go together, and the Lords have bowed to it at least to the extent of giving to the denial by the Commons of any power in them to initiate or alter proposals of taxation or expenditure a tacit admission, or the acquiescence of silence. Yet it is a curious fact that the Commons are unable to grant a farthing of these "aids and supplies" to the Crown, which, they say, is their "sole and entire gift" without the concurrence of the Peers. All proposals involving the raising or spending of public money can originate only with the Commons. Should a Bill which entails a charge on the public purse be first introduced in the Lords, the financial clause appears like a pale shadow in italics, to convey that it forms

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no part of the Bill as it passed the Lords, but is offered merely as a suggestion for the acceptance of the representative Chamber, whose assent alone can give it vitality. But the taxing or expending proposals of the Commons must, nevertheless, be clothed with the form of law. Accordingly, these proposals are embodied in a Bill which after it has passed through the House of Commons is sent to the House of Lords. This Money Bill the Lords have now no power to alter or amend. But the Lords, no more than the Commons, can be taxed without their consent. They may, consequently, reject a Money Bill.

The last collision between the hereditary and the elective Chambers in regard to a Money Bill occurred in 1860. Gladstone was Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Palmerston was Prime Minister. Part of the Budget proposals was the abolition of the duty on paper which yielded the Revenue the sum of £1,200,000 a year, and made the morning journal a luxury at threepence or sixpence a copy. The repeal of the paper duty was not, however, included in the Budget Bill, but was embodied in a separate measure, and so strong was the feeling against it, because the loss to the revenue would have to be met by the imposition of other taxes, the third reading of the Bill was carried only by the narrow majority of nine. The strange fact that the Prime Minister was personally opposed to this Bill, introduced by his own Chancellor of the Exchequer, was subsequently disclosed. Palmerston in his letter sent as Leader of the House to Queen Victoria that night, dwelt on the small majority by which the Bill had been passed, and went on to say: "This may probably encourage the House of Lords to throw out the Bill when it comes to their House, and Viscount Palmerston is bound to say that if they do so they will perform a good public service. Circumstances have greatly changed since the measure was agreed to by the Cabinet, and although it would undoubtedly have been difficult for the Government to have given up the Bill, yet if Parliament were to reject it the Government might well submit to so welcome a defeat.'

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The Lords did exactly as Palmerston anticipated and evidently desired—they threw out the Bill. In the following year, however, Gladstone adopted a method which practically compelled the Lords to accept the repeal of the paper duties. As I have said the Lords have no power of amending a Money Bill. All they can do is to reject it. In 1861 Gladstone combined the repeal of the paper duties with all the other proposals of the Budget in a single Bill, and the Lords did not care to face the responsibility of throwing out the whole Budget on account of a single obnoxious part.

Among the guarantees provided by the working of our political institutions against unjust taxation, extravagant expenditure and corrupt financial administration, are the passing of three Acts of Parliament through both Houses of the Legislature. The first is the Finance Act, containing the taxes and duties for raising the revenue to defray the Imperial expenses. The second is the Consolidated Fund Act, authorising the application of sums of money out of the Consolidated Fund necessary for the services of the year. The passing of the third measure, the Appropriation Act, at the end of each Session is the consummation of the control which Parliament exercises over the public expenditure. In this Act are embodied all the votes passed in Committee of Supply, and its purpose is to ensure that the votes are applied strictly to the purposes for which they were granted by Parliament.

It is a very elaborate procedure. Nevertheless it can hardly be said there is a thoroughly searching supervision of departmental expenditure by the House of Commons. Indeed, that would perhaps be impossible in the circumstances of Parliamentary life. The criticism of the votes in Committee of Supply is mainly directed to the ventilation of grievances and to opposing the policy of the Government, so far as it finds expression in administration. Beyond this, Members are content with asking for fuller information with respect to other items of expenditure. That vigilant control and scrutiny

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which are necessary to prevent the misappropriation or misapplication of public funds are supplied by means extra-parliamentary. The supreme guardianship of the public purse reposes in the Comptroller and Auditor-General, the head of the Exchequer and Audit Department. He is a permanent official appointed by Letters Patent, independent of the executive Government, and removed from office only by a joint address from both Houses of the Legislature. It is his duty to see that the national revenue is appropriated strictly to the purposes authorised by Parliament. Supply is voted, as we have seen, by the House of Commons, as a grant to the King. "Gentlemen of the House of Commons," says his Majesty, in the Speech from the Throne at the end of each Session, "I thank you for the liberality with which you have made provision for the services of the year." The King then places Supply at the disposal of the Exchequer by warrant under the Sign Manual. The money, as we know, is in the custody of the Bank of England. Under the authority of the "Supply resolutions" of the House of Commons, the Comptroller and Auditor-General grants to the Treasury a general credit on the Exchequer Account at the Bank of England. The Treasury does not pay over to the various departments the sums voted for their services by Parliament. In fact the money does not reach the departments at all through the Treasury. Armed with the warrants issued by the Comptroller and Auditor-General, the Treasury, as the money is required, directs the Bank of England to place the sums to the account of the Paymaster-General, an unpaid Member of the Administration, who acts as the banker of the departments, and these transfers are immediately communicated to the Comptroller and Auditor-General. Payments are made by the Paymaster-General only against orders issued upon him by the departments. These orders are like bank cheques, and the books of the Paymaster-General are kept in the same manner as those of a banker—that is, each department is credited with the amounts received on its account

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from the Treasury, and is debited with the various sums paid on the orders or cheques it issues.

The spending power of each department is limited during the financial year to the amount voted for its service. If the money should prove insufficient, owing to a miscalculation in the estimated expenditure, the Treasury can raise the amount necessary to cover the deficit by the issue of bills on the security of the Exchequer, which are subsequently redeemed by means of supplementary Estimates, which must be presented to Parliament before the close of the financial year on March 31. On the other hand, should a department spend less than the amount voted for its service, the unexpended balance has to be returned to the Exchequer at the close of the financial year; into which each department has also to pay any amount it may have received from any source other than its "vote," as, for instance, the proceeds of the sale of old stores.

The amount of taxation each year being calculated to provide for the expenditure of that year and no more, it may be asked how new and unforeseen demands on the public purse are met. Has the Executive to wait for another year to get the money from Parliament? One permanent reserve fund has been created to meet expenses indispensably necessary to the public service, but provision for which has not otherwise been made. The "Civil Contingencies Fund," consisting of £120,000, is placed permanently at the disposal of the Government to meet unexpected public services at home and abroad. This is the only action on the part of the State to set aside funds to meet the "rainy day" mentioned in the proverb. Among the items included in the "Accounts relating to the Civil Contingencies Fund, 1905–1906," are the following:—Expenditure incurred in connection with the visit of the King of Spain, £6260 9*s.*; and in connection with the visit of the King of the Hellenes, £6397 1*s.* 1*d.*; customary allowance for outfit to the Right Hon. J. W. Lowther, M.P., on his appointment as Speaker, £1000; equipage money of Lord Loreburn on his appointment as Lord Chancellor, £1843 13*s.*; equipage money

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of the Earl of Aberdeen, on his appointment as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, £220. These miscellaneous advances to the Treasury are submitted to the House of Commons in one general vote for repayments to the Civil Contingencies Fund towards the close of each Session.

The Comptroller and Auditor-General not only controls the passing of the moneys voted by Parliament to the various public departments; but also examines the vouchers and audits the accounts of the entire expenditure, and reports on it to Parliament. But there is a further provision for real and effective financial control by Parliament. Lest the supervision of the Exchequer and Audit Department should not be sufficient, every Session the House of Commons appoints a Public Accounts Committee, consisting of experienced business men, and men of weight and authority on finance, whose duty it is to audit the Audit Department. They closely scrutinise the reports of the Comptroller and Auditor-General, and the accounts in which each of the spending departments shows what it has done with the money entrusted to it; and their reports to the House of Commons are noted for independence of view and judgment absolutely uninfluenced by party considerations. The system by which the public funds of the Realm are administered is, indeed, beyond suspicion. Peculation is impossible. Every penny of the money is spent on the purpose for which it is voted by Parliament. The point of importance after all—the vital point for the community—is the purpose.

MICHAEL MACDONAGH.

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# THE RUSKIN COPYRIGHT

IN the lawsuit between Whistler and Ruskin in 1878 there was a passage of arms between the plaintiff and defendant's Counsel that is well worth recalling just now. The Attorney General wished to make the point that the works to which Whistler attached such mighty value were done quickly and easily. He pointed to a certain nocturne and asked Whistler how long it took to "knock off." Whistler, accepting with irony the Attorney General's slang, replied that the nocturne was knocked off in a day or two. "Oh, two days!" exclaimed with triumphant scorn the Attorney General. "The labour of two days then is that for which you ask two hundred guineas!" "No," replied Whistler, "I ask it for the knowledge of a lifetime." Whistler *v.* Ruskin has become Whistler for Ruskin. How exquisitely Whistler's reproof of the Attorney General cuts to-day at people who are for arguing that the "paltry" alterations and additions which Ruskin made in the later editions of most of his works are of no value or interest. Paltry they may be in bulk, so far as several of Ruskin's books are concerned—and paltry in bulk is a grain of radium. I think they are like a tiny flower of the chalk downs, say mill-mountain or lesser woodruff, half a dozen of which will not fill the palm of the hand—and yet we hold in that hand so much of the wonder and wiseness of creation. But Whistler's reproof to burly ignorance is especially applicable only to a few of the less revised and less

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known books by Ruskin and to a few "notes" considered separately. The additions and revisions (often, as we shall see, the first term includes the second) in the 1883 edition of "Modern Painters," vol. ii.—the final, full and only edition that really ought to be printed at this time of day—are by no means trifling even in bulk. I have not counted the exact number of words in these additions and revisions in vol. ii.; but the new preliminary matter and the epilogue amount to quite twelve thousand words; whilst the "Additional Notes to vol. ii." must contain over four thousand words. Hence in this volume alone of "Modern Painters" we have an addition of fully sixteen thousand words—and sixteen thousand words by Ruskin count. Simply as additions these new pages are of deep interest to every serious reader of Ruskin. The epilogue is like some pages broken loose from "Preterita," and a page of "Preterita" is beaten gold and precious stones of literature. The additions, however, which Ruskin made to "Modern Painters" in 1883—which will not be out of copyright till 1925—are more than interesting or charming to the student and general reader: they are essential. The additions contain the revisions. It is this which makes them absolutely indispensable. Reading them through, several times of late, I have been surprised that this point has not been made clearer. In future it should be always kept in mind. It is essential beyond all others, and absolutely decisive. The additions as additions are delightful: the additions as revisions—revisions which cost Ruskin thirty-seven years to learn and make—are imperative. Let us see whether I exaggerate this point—a point one might make not only as regards "Modern Painters," but half a dozen other important works of Ruskin. I turn to the notes belonging to vol. ii. of "Modern Painters." Amazing, but a fact, these notes have lately been described by a firm of London publishers as "a few notes" and have been swept aside as light and unimportant trifles!

These notes are all contained in any of the shilling or half-crown editions which Ruskin House publishes, but it is

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convenient to examine them in the "New Edition in Small Form" of the complete work (published by Ruskin House in 1897), for here they are all grouped together at the end of the volume.[1] Some of these notes may be chiefly worth reading for their fierce criticism of modern life and manners; for instance, the "Must" note referring to the second page of the book, wherein Ruskin writes of "the violently increasing number of extremely foolish persons, who now concern themselves about pictures." Here and there is a note marked by delicate by-play of wit and irony, used often against himself. Then there are notes in which he praises his own youthful insight; for instance, we find him declaring in 1883 that his definition of a true artist's mind remains the best short statement he has ever given—the mind of "incorruptible and earnest pride which no applause, no reprobation, can blind to its shortcomings, or beguile of its hope." But scattered throughout are notes of unsparing, drastic criticism of "Modern Painters" itself, and these beyond all cavil, are essential to the right reading of Ruskin. Most authors, criticising themselves thus mercilessly, would have altered the text, and expunged or transformed the offending passages. Ruskin's was not this way. He let the passages stand. Such alterations as he made in the text itself were really paltry, just a slip set right, nothing more. He wore his offending passages as scarlet letters. Here are extracts from a few of his self-condemning notes as examples: "A long, affected and obscure second volume sentence, written in imitation of Hooker"; "This is wildly overstated"; "Nonsense again; from believing the talk about Titian's landscape too easily"; "I would fain . . . moderate the whole passage"; "morbid violence of passion and narrowness of thought"; "assumption again, and of the unblushingest."

[1] *I.e.*, vol. ii., which alone Ruskin touched in 1882-3. Other volumes were added to in 1884-5 when he made the selections "Cœli Enarrant" and "In Montibus Sanctis." The extremely important "Frondes Agrestes" notes were added in 1875.

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Now these criticisms refer largely not to literary defects, which after all are of minor consideration in Ruskin, but to ethical questions of profound importance. We must read them clean into the text, if we would read "Modern Painters" as Ruskin finally gave it to the world. If we read any edition of "Modern Painters," vol. ii., save that of 1883—or of course those of succeeding years taken word for word from the 1883 edition—we read Ruskin only as a young man, wanting a life-time of experience, wanting the mature thought and judgment which he gained in the thirty-seven years that separated the edition of 1846 from that of 1883. As it is vain to seek this Ruskin in the first edition of "Modern Painters," it is equally vain to seek him in any of the intermediate editions between that and 1883, for it was not until this year that he rebuilt and perfected this volume of the book.

These are facts open to any student of Ruskin. They are convincing so far as "Modern Painters" is concerned. If the publication of defective and unauthorised editions should unhappily be persisted in, I shall hope at another time to show that the case is not less strong as regards various other books of his, such as "Sesame and Lilies," which can be reserved for the moment as even its old and discarded editions are not yet out of copyright.

But now I come to facts bearing on this question which have not hitherto been available to the public. A number of unpublished letters by Ruskin have been kindly put at my disposal. They are extraordinarily apposite to the discussion about the copyright of Ruskin's works; for they show Ruskin himself at work discarding the very editions which we are now told that it is a public benefit to reissue! I think I shall make no indiscreet use of these letters if I quote from them generously in the interest of the revised and authentic editions of Ruskin's works, which is also the interest of a world of readers. Ruskin to-day is read literally by the masses. A quarter of a million copies of one edition alone, the shilling "popular edition," have been distributed within little more

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than a year by Ruskin House. Ruskin is read undoubtedly for his ethics chiefly. Hence the importance of a revised and authentic issue only of his works.

Let us now see Vulcan at his forge. Two letters giving glimpses of Ruskin at work on the 1888 edition of "Modern Painters" were printed in the *Saturday Review*—which has honourably associated itself with this matter—of February 9, 1907. In one of these Ruskin states that he deserved to go in a white sheet the rest of his life for having written "Modern Painters," so shocked was he in later life by its flaws: in the other he says he might as well have undertaken a new work as revise the second volume of "Modern Painters" for this new edition of 1888. These letters were written to Miss Grace Allen, who was helping Ruskin with his proofs—no light labour, yet one, I think, the memory of which must be for her an abiding joy. Here it will be well to give a quotation which explains why Ruskin decided to republish the second volume of "Modern Painters." It is from "Deucalion."

> I have never given myself out for a philosopher; nor spoken of the teaching attempted in connection with any subject of inquiry, as other than of a village showman's "Look—and you shall see." But, during the last twenty years, so many baseless semblances of philosophy have announced themselves; and the laws of decent thought and rational question have been so far transgressed . . . that it is forced upon me, as the only means of making what I have said on these subjects permanently useful, to put into clear terms the natural philosophy and natural theology to which my books refer, as accepted by the intellectual leaders of all past time.
>
> To this end I am republishing the second volume of "Modern Painters," which, though in affected language, yet with sincere and deep feeling, expresses the first and foundational law respecting human contemplation of the natural phenomena under whose influence we exist.[1]

October 14, 1882, is the date of the first of these unpublished letters of Ruskin dealing with the revision and re-arrangement

[1] In Mr. E. T. Cook's masterly editorial work for the "Library Edition" of Ruskin, we are referred for correlative passages bearing on these paragraphs to "Love's Meinie" (paragraph 122), and to the Preface of the re-arranged edition of 1883 of "Modern Painters," vol. ii.



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of "Modern Painters" for the press. Ruskin, writing to Mr. George Allen from Lucca, says:

I have yours of 11th with first sheets of M.P. ["Modern Painters," vol. ii.]. It will be nice if we can get it out by Christmas—but I must give the time necessary to revise it myself—and must add notes which will probably increase the volumes by a sheet or two each. I think I can answer for letting you have every sheet back on the second day after I get it—this first is done, but I must buy a little "Dante" to find a little reference in a new note, so it must wait till to-morrow's post. The new notes may, I think, be enough distinguished by mere parenthesis without printing 1882 all over the book. Also sometimes a passage may be cleared by *adding* a word, which I will do in italics and parenthesis. (The words "of England" added in this proof at p. 13 were omitted by mistake in the last edition, and are therefore simply replaced.) There shall be no delay caused by the preface, which I will send in a few days. I mean to distinguish the passages I like by italics—not larger print.

Five or six letters following this, and addressed to Mr. Allen, show that Ruskin was hard at work on his revisions—which, forsooth, we are asked to regard as wholly unimportant—between October 1882 and December 7, 1882, though he was moving about from one Italian city to another during this period. I give a few extracts from this correspondence:

Here's your second sheet ["Modern Painters," vol. ii.] by return post. It *is* rather fun cutting it up myself. I'm keeping quite well, and doing two very important drawings.

The first of these sheets gave me a lot of trouble, but I've got the second knocked off as soon as I got it. I find we jump suddenly into paragraphs in III. Chapter. I've got to put them, therefore, yet into the first and second.

You won't save time by sending me hurried or unfinished revises. I can do nothing with this first sheet, which please put to rights and send again. It's rather sharper work than I intended, to do a sheet a day for you! But I'm finishing my drawings just now, and think I can keep you going—but see that the revises are as clear as possible before they come.

I have your letter here all right, and am glad you sent no more revises ["Modern Painters," vol. ii.], as I am off for Turin to-morrow, and hope to be at Annecy by Sunday afternoon. I shall despatch from here, before leaving, sheets 209–224; but these parts of the book give me a lot of trouble. As we get on to "Imagination," &c., I shall be able to pass them much more easily.

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I send in separate packet four sheets for press, and the last for revise. I hope the second volume [of the re-arranged edition of vol. ii. in 2 vols.] will run easier. As far as I recollect, its contents need less cutting up.

I shall set to work also on the M. P. ["Modern Painters," vol. ii.] revises again now, but we mustn't hurry; it will do very well got out for Easter.

Meantime Miss Grace Allen had taken over and was dealing with the proofs and the work of re-arrangement. This was not, I think, the first aid Miss Allen had given Ruskin with his proofs. Several years before this work of "Modern Painters," Ruskin had strongly felt that he ought to relieve Mr. Allen as much as possible from the labour of correspondence so as to leave him free for engraving. There is a charming letter from Ruskin to Miss Allen which shows this. It does not, strictly, belong to the series I am touching on, and has no reference to the revision of "Modern Painters." But I shall take French leave to extract a sentence which illustrates Ruskin's consideration for other workers, and his quick affectionate appreciation of their talents exerted on his behalf. In this letter, written from Brantwood, Ruskin expresses sorrow that he has so little acknowledged or availed himself of "the faithful regard kept for me by all your 'House'—using the word in its deepest sense." He says that in future he and she can manage together various matters connected with the books without troubling her father. "I want to spare his hand and head for engraving now which he does more beautifully than ever." The thought occurs to one—what would Ruskin have said could he have foreseen that in 1907 a few years after his death an attempt would be made to relieve this friend of the duties of issuing his books to the public? Assuredly he would have spoken something in English of a stern sort.

The revised edition of vol. ii. of "Modern Painters" was not out before April 1883, and Ruskin and the Allens continued to work at the proofs through the winter and early spring. Now he was hot, now cold over the work. Here are

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extracts from three letters to Miss Allen, the last one characteristic, and showing Ruskin for the moment despondent about the work :

ANNECY, *Thursday, Nov.* 22/82.

I send you 193–208 for press. There are some important alterations in notes, but no more than you can easily revise for me, with the section and chapter numbers. I go to-morrow to Geneva, where I expect more work from you.

GENEVA, *Nov.* 26/82.

I have all your packets here, but must strike work on M. P. [" Modern Painters," vol. ii.] now till next week, for my lecture [on " Cistercian Architecture," at London Institution, Dec. 4/82] now that it is got into form, takes up all the head I have to give. But of course the division of *volumes* [this edition of vol. ii. was issued in 2 vols.] will be: vol. i. of the *Theoretic* Faculty; vol. ii. of the *Imaginative*. It will be the shortest, but there is no other proper division.

LONDON, *Dec.* 6/82.

I send you a sheet of awful bosh to-day; it's enough to swamp the book, to my mind.

Small matters requiring amendment are attended to with the larger ones. Even punctuation is studied. Thus, writing in December 1882, Ruskin says: "I find in a corner, with consternation, three of your sheets unreturned. I have glanced through them, but finding nothing to add to your corrections except one full stop for a semicolon, I will not further hinder you by looking at the second revises." I fear lest that full stop has reverted to semicolon in the unrevised editions which are now being published! "A tiny flaw"—it may be urged. No doubt it is tiny, compared with the many other flaws which these inauthentic and unrevised editions are restoring to the text of Ruskin. And yet is it not just an easy kindness we owe to our great national benefactors in literature to print their very commas, colons, and the like as they wished them to be printed? There is a pedantry of the conscience in these literary matters of which we need not be ashamed.

The following extracts from seven letters written from

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Brantwood to Miss Allen all refer to the struggle over the same proofs of this great book:

There are a lot of sheets which I don't want to see any more of—there are some few bits of change in them—but this last part of the book goes along in its own gushing way glibly enough, and is pretty right. I think I can keep up with all that you want to send me now.

I've sent you to-day the proofs to end, all but the addenda sheet. I can't find the proof of the beginning, but hope the notes to your bit of re-enclosed letter may be enough. Anyhow, I can't do more this week than this, having had the whole contents of Brantwood to put in new "sections" on the floors.

There are six fols. of the M. P. preface—in an awful mess. I've nobody here to copy them, and I think you'll be good and do it for me, especially as you only can fill in references rightly, and send your copy to printer. There will be about one fol. more only, but this may as well be in hand.

I'm having some larks with my "addenda" this morning, and hope to finish all off.

I'm finishing *that* ["Fors Clavigera," Letter 90] now, and can't see to anything till it's off my mind, so M. P. must wait for a week yet.

I send the Addenda and Epilogue to Jowett [the printer's manager], and leave them wholly now to you and him.

I forgot to say this morning that the Wordsworth was all to be on the title-page as before. It becomes more and more apposite as time goes on.

The last extract is from a letter written by Ruskin in London on March 18, 1888. "Wordsworth," of course, refers to those noble lines in the "Excursion" which are on the title-page of every volume of "Modern Painters":

> Accuse me not
> Of arrogance, . . .
> If, having walked with Nature,
> And offered, far as frailty would allow,
> My heart a daily sacrifice to Truth,
> I now affirm of Nature and of Truth,
> Whom I have served, that their Divinity
> Revolts, offended at the ways of men.

Prophetic words! It seems to me there is a new and curious significance in them as they appear on the title-pages of editions which it is a slight to the memory of Ruskin to re-issue.

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The above letter, dated March 13, 1883, is the last I shall quote from the series relating to the re-issue of "Modern Painters," vol. ii. There are other letters of a slightly earlier date both to Miss Allen and to Mr. Allen, dealing with the preparations for the famous 1883 edition of the volume, but I have not thought it necessary to include them. The extracts I have given are quite enough to show that Ruskin attached great importance to the revision of the book, and that he and his assistants devoted themselves to it for months. The priceless thought of genius, the experience of a rare and wonderful life, inform the revisions which Ruskin made. Yet the public is being asked to dishonour these revisions, not in one of Ruskin's books but in a dozen or more, and to go back to the editions which he discarded! We owe this to a fatal flaw in the law of copyright. If Parliament could have foreseen that the Copyright Bill of 1842 would permit of an evil which has already been felt in the case of old editions of Darwin—as Mr. John Murray has reminded us—and is now rampant with Ruskin, it would of course never have passed the measure. The law should suppress this evil. Everybody must approve Mr. Lloyd George's clear, statesmanlike declaration on the subject in the House on February 27, 1907.

Meanwhile the public should discourage the circulation of reprints of discarded editions of books of the first importance treating of ethics and science and history, to say nothing of pure literature. The Ruskin copyright is surely a glaring case in point. Ruskin's books have for many years been produced with precision by Ruskin House. The head of that house has made the publishing of Ruskin's books his life's work. He has been supported in his work by members of his family who know the particulars of every sketch which Ruskin made for the books, and who have studied every section in these books with care for each detail. Nothing has been done with regard to new editions and prices without consulting the Ruskin Trust. Mr. Wedderburn, K.C., and Mr. E. T. Cook have worked together for years on the great Library Edition

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of Ruskin; and Mr. Wedderburn has found time in a busy life to attend to a multitude of details connected with the publication of the cheap but exact reprints. It is necessary to give these facts to show that Ruskin has been published on scientific principles, and with minute precision. Money has no more been spared than pains; thus, the proof corrections alone in the Library Edition up to now have cost more than a thousand pounds. Finally, Ruskin's books have been published for some time in shilling and half-crown, and even in sixpenny forms by Ruskin House, and distributed by hundreds of thousands, so that poorer book-buyers have no cause for complaint, as writers in two or three London and country papers seem to suppose.

We owe it as a solemn debt to our great writers and thinkers, such as Darwin and Ruskin, to present their works in the authentic form on which they insisted when living. This act of faithfulness is the only return we can make them for the benefit they have done us. It is idle to set up monuments in their honour and "to garland the tombstone" if we debase their text.

GEORGE A. B. DEWAR.

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# LORD MILNER IN SOUTH AFRICA

THIS book ("Lord Milner's Work in South Africa," by W. Basil Worsfold. Murray: 15*s.* net) is a calm and dispassionate study of the work of a great Civil servant in the storm and stress of South Africa's political existence.

Sir Alfred Milner (as he then was) started on his task with good wishes and high compliments from politicians on both sides. "A man deserving all praise and all affection," Sir William Harcourt called him—a side of his character which those of his detractors who see in him a second Bismarck would do well to keep before them. "No appointment of our time," said Mr. Asquith, "has been received with a larger measure both of the approbation of experienced men and of the applause of the public to an office at the present moment the most arduous and responsible in the administrative service of the country"—full of "embarrassing problems," with "formidable personages" to be confronted. "But we know that he takes with him as clear an intellect and as sympathetic an imagination, and if need should arise a power of resolution as tenacious and as inflexible, as belongs to any man of our acquaintance."

But Milner has also the gift of foresight, and his warning words on the same occasion ring now in the ears of those who heard him: "To succeed in it, to render any substantial service to any part of our world-wide State, would be all that in any part of my most audacious dreams I had ever ventured to

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aspire to. But in a cause in which one absolutely believes even failure—personal failure I mean, for the cause itself is not going to fail—would be preferable to an easy life of comfortable prosperity in another sphere."

A character as sympathetic, but less forceful, would perhaps have saved us from war, but would it have saved South Africa for the Empire?

A poll of the true Imperialists in that country at the time would leave little doubt as to their answer to the question.

There was no "cocksureness" in Milner when he started, to land in South Africa a practically unknown man, handicapped by the previous failures of others and by the glaring indiscretion of the Raid.

For the Raid was now a bit of history, and history has to be reckoned with—whatever he did could not efface it—so he said to himself: "Let us put it behind us and work for the future well-being of this great country—ignoring that error so far as we are able. Let us heal the wound so far as we can, but in the healing process do not let us forget that we have the future of a great Imperial asset in our hands, and that a continuance of weak and vacillating policy is neither good for the Empire nor the Transvaal."

Majuba,[1] too, that mountain of mourning, had left its stain upon the British Army in the mind of the Boers, and sore hearts among all loyal South Africans, though there be men in England still who believe that the policy of scuttle which was so sadly illustrated in those dark days was the right and wise one to pursue.

[1] One at least—now passed away, but who at the time of Majuba was in high place among those responsible for the back down—had changed his mind, for he wrote to a friend in South Africa: "I was over-persuaded into approving the Majuba policy. I now see that my first idea was right and that the other policy was based on a mistaken view [of the Boer character]. I hope to God we shall not make the same mistake again. . . . Pardon or kill, but kill, if it becomes possible, a great deal. It is a case to remember the Cromwellian maxim 'Stone dead hath no fellow.'"

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After his arrival we read of his journeys all through the Cape Colony—to Rhodesia, to Basutoland (a country of which he has been accused of being personally ignorant—the Basutos could probably clear this point themselves); and during these travels he was thinking, studying, working, and wondering—wondering how it were possible to gather together into peace and prosperity a population with such strangely adverse views.

The clouds had rolled up—clouds caused by wild, weak policy, by reverses, by Raid—and there was no rift. The Bond was then the offspring of Majuba and of the Rev. S. J. Du Toit, whose sad disillusionment is on record—the Bond, that might have been as Milner's right hand, and was the sullen, scowling, mischievous organisation which Merriman in his saner days had described in a speech at Grahamstown in 1885: "Is England or the Transvaal to be the paramount power in South Africa? My quarrel with the Bond is that it stirs up race differences. Its main object is to make the South African Republic the paramount force in South Africa," whose avowed object was "a united South Africa under its own flag." How much of the Union Jack would have been found in that flag Milner's hostile critics would find it difficult to say. "It must be considered a disgrace to speak English—in the schools, in the church, and in the family life." One could hardly look to the framers of a resolution such as this for help to smooth over our difficulties with the Transvaal.

Among the "great personalities" on the very spot was Cecil Rhodes, who quickly recognised that this quiet new High Commissioner was to be a force in South Africa, while those who had leant on Rhodes, feeling that they had in him, Raid or no Raid, a great Imperial worker, gradually learned, as they got to know Milner, that "here was a man," a man sympathetic, but without fear, a man who dared to say things, and who meant what he said.

The months rolled on, and Milner had found an aggressive Transvaal, the Bond in secret sympathy with it and working

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in its views, but covering its movements and its work with a cloak of maudlin loyalty; and then the time came when it was necessary to speak more plainly—to let a hint of the facts he had learnt leak out—and Graaf-Reinet was never so astonished as when on March 3, 1898, it heard the sudden note of warning. "Of course you are loyal!" A High Commissioner had arrived who was not afraid—who would be friendly, but who showed plainly that South Africa was in a state when honest words were best and a straightforward course the wisest.

All this time affairs in the Transvaal were going from bad to worse, becoming, under the administration of Kruger, every day more rotten, more corrupt, and more dangerous to the peace of South Africa.

The position of the Uitlanders—men of all nations, and not only the millionaires of whom we hear so much—was one which no self-respecting man could bear. Arguments, petitions—all were unavailing, for the wily old President knew that at his broad back he had the support of the Bond and its malicious Press; but Milner's speech was startling, and Mr. J. X. Merriman urged President Steyn, in a letter of March 11, to warn Kruger to be careful:

> One cannot conceal the fact that the greatest danger to the future lies in the attitude of President Kruger and his vain hope of building up a state on a foundation of a narrow, unenlightened minority, and his obstinate rejection of all prospect of using the materials which lie ready to his hand to establish a true Republic on a broad liberal basis.
>
> Such a state of affairs cannot last. It must break down from its inherent rottenness, and it will be well if the fall does not sweep away the freedom of all of us.

Plainly in Merriman's view it was a case of the sword or the olive branch, and we all know in what fashion the latter was extended! Sir Gordon Sprigg took courage and defied the Bond, deciding to throw in his lot with Rhodes—the actual head of the Progressive party. Those who had leant on Rhodes as the only strong man gradually began to turn to

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Milner; he had no Raid to handicap him—he at any rate was free of those shackles which still hung to Rhodes. The transition was slow but sure, and the High Commissioner was working all the good qualities of Rhodes, whose loyal service to the Empire is revealed again and again in these pages.

*Ons Land* was becoming daily more vindictive, more bitter. On October 15, 1898, this journal published a letter which pointed out that "the majority of the Afrikander nation in the Cape Colony still go bent under the English yoke." "One day the question of who is to be master will be referred to the arbitrament of the sword, and then the verdict will depend upon the Cape Colonial Afrikanders." "The vast majority of them are still faithful, and will even gird on the sword when God's time comes." And these were the powers that were helping Milner to ensure peace in South Africa.

For whom were they to gird on the sword? For the Empire under which they enjoyed the perfect liberty which is the lot of all our Colonies? or for the narrow, unenlightened oligarchy of the Transvaal?

Milner's difficulties were only beginning. During his visit to England in 1898–99, he surrendered his post for the time being to General Sir William Butler, and while the High Commissioner in England was patiently but clearly pointing out the state of unrest in South Africa, his place was filled by this gallant officer, whose political interference and indiscretions went far to help on a war in which, under other circumstances, his services might have been of real value to the Crown.

Milner returned, after a carefully weighed warning of how the balance lay in South Africa, to find Butler the soldier merged in Butler the politician—his nearest friends, Sauer, Merriman, Te Water, none would accuse of being on the side of justice to the Uitlanders. These men, it is true, were writing words of warning to their friends in the Transvaal and Orange Free State, *not* bidding them "change your ways, alter your methods, or we will have none of you," but "change

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your ways, alter your methods *in appearance*, and all will go well. You have only to do as you have done before, and the Empire-builders will be deceived; but we have a strong man here, and it behoves you to be careful."

Where was Milner's support, when a British general suspected all Imperialists of being "raiders," and instead of being the "strong right arm" to the man who asked for justice, and meant to have it, wanted no increase of troops, and urged patience—patience while arms were pouring into the Transvaal through Delagoa Bay, and into the Orange Free State over our own railways in the Cape Colony?

How long was our patience to last? Till every man, woman, and child had a Mauser ready to their hands; till the best big guns which could be bought for money had been ranked together in the arsenals of the Transvaal; till the Bond had laid its schemes, had secured the allegiance of all its members and enlisted new ones to work for the Republic, under whose Vierkleur were marshalled the foes of English liberty and the open advocates of corruption and oppression. The Uitlander petition at which the general had laughed was serious reading for the High Commissioner, for the "case for intervention" was indeed overwhelming.

> I can see nothing [wrote Milner in his despatch of May 1899] which will put a stop to this mischievous propaganda [of a rebel Press] but some striking proof of the intention of her Majesty's Government not to be ousted from its position in South Africa. And the best proof alike of its power and its justice would be to obtain for the Uitlanders in the Transvaal a fair share in the government of the country which owes everything to their exertions. It could be made perfectly clear that our action was not directed against the existence of the Republic.

All this time Great Britain was asleep, noticing now and then in a more or less bored way that South Africa seemed to be giving a lot of trouble. One man, however, was awake, and Mr. Chamberlain was realising that the sand in the glass was running very low, and that the pledge given on February 4, 1896, for the redress of the "*admitted* grievances" of the Uitlanders had not been fulfilled.

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A Ministry under Schreiner was in power at Cape Town, which, to put it mildly, was a Bond Ministry: Te Water, Sauer, and Merriman, all closely in touch with the Transvaal either directly or through the Free State, all men who had sworn "to be faithful and bear true allegiance to her Majesty," but who, by word or deed, were striving with all their power to minimise the efforts of the Imperial Government—efforts which would, had it not been for their "mischievous propaganda," have averted the necessity for war. At the door of the Cabinet sat Hofmeyer—the prompter to the actors of this tragedy—artful and able, missing none of the points which would call for the applause of the audience outside; and, as he sat behind the scenes, revolving in his mind how best he could thwart and ruin the efforts of Milner, making no attempt to improve the state of affairs in the Transvaal until he saw the storm was bursting, and then only taking action to save the cause of Afrikander Nationalism—not to assist the British Government in winning justice for the Uitlander.

We can almost see Milner sitting in his chair—tired and worn, patient and persevering—with apathy on one side and anarchy on the other, bearing his burden alone; for the man who should have been his great support—the British general—was hampering instead of helping; Schreiner, his chief adviser, was a consistent and convinced opponent of Imperial intervention, torn between duty to the Crown and denial of its rights to intervene; Merriman was a mad convert to his new political creed. Te Water—the jackal of the party—kept urging that we (mark the we!) should play to win time: "When we hear that you have been successful in Pretoria, then we must bring influence to bear here."

The success was to be, not fair dealing, but merely some "colourable concessions," and we find him sending the private Cabinet code, borrowed from Sauer, to President Steyn. Verily a loyal servant to the Crown!

Sauer, who was well aware of the passage of 500 rifles and 1,000,000 cartridges over Cape Colony railways to the Orange

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Free State, never thought it worth while to mention such a trivial incident. We were not to make preparations for war lest we should hurt the feelings of the Boers and ruin the chances of peace; we were, in fact, to sit calmly by while weapons and ammunition poured into the Republics, and endeavour to settle by fair words while our opponents prepared for that settlement *vi et armis*. This was the man of whom Mr. Bryce said that he "did excellent service in allaying passion and averting disturbance in the Cape Colony."

"I stand here," Sauer said in London in 1901, "as a representative of the Dutch people, and declare that they never mean to be a subject race. If they cannot get their rights by justice they will get them by other means." And a fortnight later he attended the banquet at Queen's Hall, where the stewards of the meeting wore Transvaal colours, where a member of the audience who uncovered at the mention of King Edward's name was ejected, and the Union Jack hissed and hooted. While they banqueted Briton and Boer were pouring out their life's blood upon the veldt.

At last Sauer, gun-runner, the smooth-tongued orator, had spoken out.

Such were Milner's supporters at Cape Town when he entered the conference chamber at Bloemfontein to face the rugged old man who was to find in him a new adversary, the most formidable he ever met.

Mr. Worsfold puts before us clearly and concisely the history of that conference, and of the period that ensued on its failure, a failure principally due to the fact that Kruger and his colleagues were well aware that behind them they had not only the backing of their own clique at Pretoria, but the encouragement of their friends to the south, and, last but not least, the sinister figure of Dr. Leyds in the far distance, scheming, stirring, agitating to raise up an anti-British feeling on the Continent by his "carnival of mendacity."

The days dragged on slowly, Milner striving his best—even against his own conviction of the hopelessness of it all—to

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make some plan to preserve peace in South Africa, while well aware of the risks that would be taken in its preservation.

All this time no troops—a driblet coming in now and then, just enough to prepare the enemy, but not to preserve the Empire; and every true Imperialist wondering whether the folk at home had forgotten their existence.

The Boers discussed and were busy preparing for the invasion of Natal, a contingency, according to Mr. Labouchere, as likely as the prospect of their invading England.

It is difficult to see what more could have been expected of the British people in the way of patience. We were not to send troops—we were not to make warlike preparations—we were to wait, wait, wait. But the men on the spot in those days were worn and tired—straining at the leash, and heart-sick of the tardiness of those at home.

There are plain words in Mr. Worsfold's book, but will people learn even now how much better it would have been for us always to have had plain words in South Africa?

At last, on the night of Monday, October 9, the fagged secretary at Government House deciphers one of many telegrams—"commencing his task with languid interest," but suddenly he finds that this one is "business."

The ultimatum had come, and this was war!

"Her Majesty's troops which are now on the sea shall not be landed *in any part* of South Africa."

Thus spoke the Transvaal, and at last Great Britain was aroused, for Milner had made the Boers speak out, and the real work was just beginning. Then follows the long record of reverse and failure, followed by renewed confidence in the great little man who won back glory for the British arms when the gallant Buller had failed in Natal, Buller, who in his memorandum to General Forestier-Walker wrote on November 20, 1899: "Ever since I have been here, we have been like the man who, with a long day's work before him, overslept himself, and was late for everything all day."

Lord Salisbury's answer to the Boers' overtures offering

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conditions "on which we are ready to restore peace," is next before us—calm and dignified, like the man who wrote it "This great calamity has been the penalty which Great Britain has suffered for having in recent years acquiesced in the existence of the two Republics."

A reply which is "cited at length for two reasons." It affords a concise and weighty statement of the British case against the Republics, and contains a specific and reasoned declaration of the central decision of the Salisbury Cabinet, against which the efforts both of the Dutch party in the Cape and of the friends of the Boers in England continued to be directed until the controversy was closed by the surrender of the Republican leaders at Vereeniging.

It is a long, sad tale of calumny, and "conciliation" of the type illustrated by Mr. Sauer in August 1900, in Parliament: "A time would come when there would be very few Dutchmen who would not blush when they told their children that they had not helped their fellow countrymen in their hour of need." Surely Mr. Bryce spoke in irony.

Then at last peace. Whether that peace was made on the right and best lines future history will tell. But one thing is certain, that those who read Mr. Worsfold's work will feel assured that the British Empire had, and thank God! still has, in Milner a true "chevalier sans peur et sans reproche."

"J."



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# IRELAND AT WESTMINSTER

AT the first General Election after the Act of Union, Ireland sent a hundred Members to the English House of Commons. Grattan was not among them. He came later (in 1805). It would perhaps have been more in accordance with the fitness of things had he remained at home. He had led the fight for legislative independence in 1782; he had led the opposition to the Union in 1800. The man who in immortal eloquence had enunciated the principle that the King, Lords, and Commons of Ireland could alone make laws for Ireland ought not to have sanctioned, by his presence in the English House of Commons, the settlement which violated that principle. Politically, he ought not to have survived the Irish Constitution. He ought to have gone down with the ship.

But in truth, Grattan entered the English Parliament to serve the cause of Catholic Emancipation, which was then the question of the hour. He failed in his advocacy of the Catholic claims. His oratory electrified the House of Commons, but his appeals for justice were unheeded.

The speech of the honourable member [he said in 1805, replying to an attack made upon the Catholics by the renegade Duignan, who had abandoned both faith and country] consists of four parts. *First.* An invective against the religion of the Catholics. *Second.* An invective against the present generation. *Third.* An invective against the past; and (*fourth*) an invective against the future. Here the limits of creation interposed and stopped the number. It is to defend these different generations that I rise—to rescue the Catholics from his attack and the Protestants from his defence.

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Pitt said, "Hear, hear, hear!" and the whole House cheered. The whole house often cheered Grattan, but he died in 1821 without seeing the Catholics emancipated. His last words were, "Keep knocking at the Union."

Cromwell was the first English ruler who brought Irish Members to Westminster. In 1659 one of his Members said, "I am not here to speak for Ireland, but for the English in Ireland." The Irish Members who sat in the English Parliament from 1801 to 1829 might have said the same thing. Of course they were Protestants; they belonged mainly to the landlord class; they represented the garrison. In those times, to use the words of Bright, "The gallows was the great preserver in Ireland." Force was the remedy; coercion was the order of the day.

"The Habeas Corpus," says Mr. Lecky, "which is perhaps the most important part of the British Constitution, was suspended in Ireland in 1800, from 1802 till 1805, from 1807 till 1810, in 1814, from 1822 till 1824." The Insurrection Act was in force from 1800 till 1801, from 1803 till 1804, from 1806 till 1809, from 1814 till 1816, from 1822 till 1823. The power of England was used in wringing impossible rents from a starving peasantry, in extracting tithes from Catholics in support of a Protestant Church, and in stifling every cry for justice: in all these things she found willing allies in the "Irish" Members. At length, in 1829, Emancipation came under circumstances which have been well described by Peel and Wellington. Peel wrote on February 8, 1829:

> In the course of the last six months England, being at peace with the whole world, has had five-sixths of the infantry force of the United Kingdom occupied in maintaining peace and in police duties in Ireland. I consider the state of things which requires such an application of military force much worse than open rebellion. . . . If this be the state of things at present, what would be the condition of England in the event of war? Would an English Parliament tolerate for one moment a state of things in Ireland which would compel the appropriation of half her military force to protect, or rather to control, that exposed part of the empire?

On May 4, 1829, Wellington wrote:

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If you glance at the history of Ireland during the last ten years you will find that agitation really means something short of rebellion; that and no other is the exact meaning of the word. It is to place the country in that state in which its government is utterly impracticable, except by means of an overawing military force.

And again the Duke said:

If we cannot get rid of the Catholic Association we must look to civil war in Ireland. It is quite clear that the organisation of the disaffected in Ireland is more perfect than ever. If they can raise money they will have good arms and ammunition, and then the contest may for a moment be serious.

O'Connell had lashed the country into fury, and the English Ministers surrendered. Up to 1829 the Irish representation was a farce.

What was it afterwards? We know what O'Connell was able to do out of Parliament. He won Emancipation. What was he able to do in Parliament? In 1830, 1831, and 1832 the question of Reform held the field in England. O'Connell threw himself on the side of the Reformers. Dr. Doyle, the famous Irish bishop, had said to him in effect, "Until Parliament is reformed, justice will not be done to Ireland." The agitator believed it, and was a Reformer *à outrance*. The English Reform Bill passed the Lords in June 1832. The Irish Reform Bill was read a second time in the Commons in the previous May.

O'Connell proposed various amendments in Committee. They were all rejected. O'Connell said the Bill would be a failure. Ministers said it would be a success. Time justified O'Connell. In 1850 John Bright declared that the Irish representation was virtually extinguished. The first Reform Parliament met in January 1833. The Liberals were returned with an overwhelming majority. Earl Grey became Prime Minister. English Governments, whether Liberal or Tory, like to be independent of the Irish vote; and Grey rejoiced that, as he fondly believed, the Irish agitator would be of no account in the new combination. The Prime Minister

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counted without his host. The first act of the Government was the introduction of a Coercion Bill, the fiercest perhaps of its kind that was ever placed on the English statute-book. O'Connell blazed forth with characteristic energy. He called the measure—which placed the liberties of the Irish people at the mercy of the English Viceroy—"the Algerine code," denounced the Whigs as base, bloody, and brutal, and in the House and in the country waged incessant war against the Ministry. But the Bill was passed without even a mitigating amendment. The day of retribution came. O'Connell fanned the flames of agitation in Ireland. The Coercion Act did not put them out. "No tithes! No coercion!" was the war-cry of the peasantry. Around tithes and coercion the battle raged in the House of Commons. It soon became clear that the "strong" Grey Ministry was drifting on the rocks. The Cabinet was divided about Ireland. In May 1834 a crisis was forced. Mr. Ward moved that the Church Establishment in Ireland exceeds the wants of the population, and ought to be reduced. Althorp took refuge in a Commission to inquire into the revenues of the Establishment. But this compromise pleased neither the friends of the Church in the Ministry nor its foes outside. Ward pressed his resolution to a division. Althorp stood by his Commission, and Stanley (Colonial Secretary), the Duke of Richmond (Postmaster-General), Sir James Graham (First Lord of the Admiralty), and Lord Ripon (Lord Privy Seal) resigned. The first breach in the first Reform Ministry was made. The second quickly followed. The Coercion Act was to expire on August 1. Wellesley (the Viceroy), Littleton (Chief Secretary), and Brougham (Lord Chancellor) intrigued with O'Connell behind Grey's back. Althorp knew what was going on. Littleton met O'Connell; a bargain was practically struck between them. The agitator was to support the Government, and the Coercion Act was to be dropped. Nevertheless, on July 1, Grey proposed the renewal of the Coercion Act in all its original rigour. O'Connell at once

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revealed to the House of Commons what had passed between himself and Littleton, and blew the Government to pieces. Littleton resigned, Althorp resigned, Grey resigned. The first Reform Ministry was dead within fifteen months of its birth. Ireland was the angel of destruction. On July 16, Lord Melbourne became Prime Minister. The Government passed a moderate Coercion Bill, which the Lords reluctantly accepted; and a Tithe Bill, which they cheerfully threw out. Coercion which was not hot and strong was unpalatable to the hereditary Chamber; remedial legislation in any shape or form was abominable.

The King dismissed Melbourne in November. Peel succeeded. Parliament was dissolved. In England the Tories won heavily at the polls. But Ireland redressed the balance, and in February 1835, Lord Melbourne again became Prime Minister with an Irish majority. O'Connell was master of the situation. What did he do with it? The Lichfield House compact was made. O'Connell suspended the demand for repeal to give the Government a chance of passing remedial measures for Ireland. "I am trying an experiment," he said. "I want to see if an English Parliament can do justice to Ireland. I don't think it can. But I will give it a chance." The experiment was a failure. The Government had come into office on the Irish vote, pledged to appropriate the surplus revenues of the Protestant State Church to purposes of general utility. The proposal was dropped. The payment of tithes was indeed transferred (by the Tithe Commutation Act of 1838) from the tenant to the landlord, but the landlord was able to reimpose, and did reimpose, the tithe on the tenant in the shape of rent. The Church gained by the transaction, for the parson was saved from the odium of collecting in person a disgraceful impost. The landlord did not lose, for he took from the tenant to give to the parson. The tenant alone was the loser. He was swindled in the name of the law.

The Irish Municipal Reform Act, 1840, was (to use the

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words of Sir Erskine May) a measure of "virtual disfranchisement." Of forty municipal corporations in Ireland, thirty were abolished, and a restrictive franchise was given to the remaining ten. The legislative failures of the Government were partly compensated for by the successful administration of Thomas Drummond. He was appointed Under Secretary at Dublin Castle. He became practically the governor of the country, and he ruled on popular lines, with firmness and justice, holding the Orange faction in check, and telling the landlords that "property had its duties as well as its rights." Drummond died in 1840. The Melbourne Ministry fell in 1841, and Peel became Prime Minister. O'Connell immediately unfurled the banner of repeal, and flung himself heart and soul into the movement.

He ceased practically to attend Parliament, and organised those monster meetings which rooted the idea of legislative independence in the soil. The repeal movement failed because O'Connell died, because famine overspread the land, and the peasantry, perishing by want and pestilence, and unable in their sore necessity to pay impossible rents, were exterminated by the hand of the landlord and the power of the law.

In 1841 the population of Ireland was 8,199,858. In 1851 it fell to 6,514,478. The fell work of eviction went on and the tide of emigration flowed unceasingly. The number of emigrants in 1847 was 258,270. In 1852 it reached the grand total of 368,764. It seemed as if the Irish Celt would disappear from his native land. "In a short time," wrote the *Times*, "a Catholic Celt will be as rare on the banks of the Shannon as a Red Indian on the shores of Manhattan."

Ireland had now been sending Members to the English Parliament for fifty years. It is impossible to point to a single great measure of justice which was placed on the statute-book by those Members. Of course Catholic Emancipation was passed in 1829. But it was not the work of the Irish Members. It was the work of a great revolutionary organisation founded and led by O'Connell before O'Connell entered

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Parliament. In Parliament O'Connell and his followers were not a legislative force. O'Connell himself was, as the *Times* called him, a "Cabinet maker and a Cabinet breaker," but Ireland gained little by these Parliamentary manœuvres. In the end of his days O'Connell expressed his appreciation of what Irishmen could do for Ireland in the English Parliament by withdrawing from active service in the House of Commons and unfurling the banner of repeal.

There was a General Election in 1852. Sir Gavan Duffy, himself one of the leaders of the new Irish party, states the result: "When the elections were over, the Government [Lord Derby's] and the Opposition each claimed a majority in the new Parliament; this was the precise result we had hoped and predicted, for now, plainly, Irish votes would prove decisive."

There was a new departure. The Irish party of "independent opposition" was formed, pledged to act independently of all English parties and to support only whatever English party took up the Irish question. The Irish question of the moment was the land question. It had been brought before Parliament in 1835 by Mr. Sharman Crawford, who introduced a Bill to secure to Irish tenants on eviction compensation for improvements—prospective and retrospective—made by them on the land. This Bill was thrown out again and again.

The party of independent opposition, supported by a strong agitation—in which North joined South—now resolved practically to force this Bill on the Government. The Irish numbered fifty Members in the new House, and had to be counted with. "We shall be glad to support the Government," said Serjeant Shee (one of the Irish leaders) to the Ministerial Whip, "when we agree with them." "You are very obliging," rejoined the Whip, "but we want men who will be glad to support the Government when they don't agree with them." "The Queen's Speech," says Sir Gavan Duffy, "announced that her advisers meditated a liberal and generous policy towards Ireland." Mr. Napier, the Irish Attorney-General, practically made Crawford's Tenants' Compensation

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Bill his own. He introduced it in the House of Commons on November 22, 1852. He said, "The whole structure of society in Ireland is in a vicious state." The wretched tenantry were "neglected by absentee landowners, ground down by middlemen," and "left without any security whatever for their industry and enterprise." That was a condition of things "befitting the idle and improvident man, but altogether unsuited to the honest and industrious occupier." It was, therefore, the business of the Legislature to interpose, and to protect the fruits of the tenants' exertions. It was the tenants who, in the main, improved the land, and, in the interests of justice and of property itself, the value of those improvements ought to be secured to them. So said Mr. Napier. The Bill was read a second time on December 16. Then a crisis arose. A combination of parties in Opposition was formed to defeat the Government on Mr. Disraeli's Budget. The Irish were approached, and asked to join in the general attack. They declined on the ground that they would await the action of Ministers on the Tenant Right Bill. Sir Gavan Duffy tells us what happened.

At this moment Serjeant Shee invited Lucas and me to a consultation at his chambers in Serjeants' Inn on an overture which was private at the moment, but the lapse of a generation has rendered it historical. A Cabinet Minister still living requested him to ascertain on what condition the independent Irish party would support the Government on the coming division. We set down in writing the concessions which would justify our support, of which the chief was that a Land Bill providing compensation for past improvements should be made a measure on which the Government would stake its existence. Others related to a Catholic University, and Catholic chaplains in the army and navy, prisons and workhouses. We received back our paper after a day or two with the propositions noted. Some were rejected, others postponed for future consideration; but enough was conceded on the main question to justify us in taking the responsibility of advising our friends to vote against the Whig amendment. The Conservative party at that time distrusted nobody so rootedly as Mr. Disraeli. They were always ready to believe stories of Machiavellian subtlety and bad faith against their brilliant leader. The solemn and circumspect Peel had betrayed Conservative interests, and what was to be expected of a middle-aged dandy who wore a plum-coloured velvet waistcoat and a goatee, and had written tragedies and

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romances? Some official, to whom rent was dearer than office, whispered among the Irish peers that Dizzy had sold them for the League vote, and a deputation was immediately sent to Lord Derby to demand explanations and guarantees. Lord Roden, Grand Master of the Orangemen, was put forward in the House of Lords to question him on the subject. He inquired whether the fact of reading for the second time a Bill identical with Mr. Sharman Crawford's indicated any intention of adopting the principles of that measure if they should be approved of by the Select Committee to whom it was about to be referred. Lord Derby assured him that, whatever might be the decision of the Committee, the Government would not under any circumstances accept the principles of Crawford's Bill. The discontented landlords were appeased, but the Irish party, who were pledged to support no Government which did not accept these identical principles, could no longer vote with Mr. Disraeli without violating their pledges and setting a fatal example. On the division they voted against the Government, and it fell by a majority of nineteen in a very full House. Ten votes transferred from the "ayes" to the "noes" would have saved them, and they would have had twenty such votes but for Lord Derby's declaration.

Lord Aberdeen now became Prime Minister. In February 1853, the Select Committee appointed to consider Mr. Napier's Bill met, and, subject to certain alterations of detail, approved ultimately of the measure, which was read a third time on the 1st of the following August. On August 9 it was read a second time in the House of Lords without opposition, but finally dropped by the Government for the session. Early in the ensuing session it was again passed through the Commons, and on February 28, 1854, read a second time in the Lords. It was then referred to a Select Committee, condemned by the Committee, abandoned by the Government, and lost. The party of independent opposition had made a gallant fight for the Irish tenants; their efforts were attended with a certain measure of success, but in the end they failed to place any measure of redress on the statute-book.

Between 1855 and 1870 the Irish representation reached its nadir. The policy of independent opposition was abandoned. The Irish Members became part and parcel of the English Liberal Party. The result was disastrous to Ireland. The Irish questions of this period were the Church and the land.

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The Church did not move forward; the land went back. We have seen that in 1854 a Tenants' Compensation Bill not only passed the Commons, but was read a second time in the Lords. In 1858 practically the same Bill was rejected in the Commons by 200 votes to 69, and Lord Palmerston, the Prime Minister, said: "The leading principle of this Bill is to transfer the property of one set of persons to another and a different class. . . . A retrospective enactment, which transfers from the landlord to the tenant that which by law has hitherto been the property of the former, which both parties know, and have always known, to have been the property—an Act which does this is, I conceive, most unjust, and ought not to be allowed." But the very year that Lord Palmerston made this speech, and thought no doubt that in making it he had disposed of the Irish land question for all time, a formidable organisation, destined, by producing a political convulsion, to bring both Church question and land question within the range of practical politics, was founded. The Fenian Society sprang into being. Fenianism has been described as a movement of despair. I know not how that may be, but it certainly is true that the ranks of the Fenians were filled by men who had lost all faith in Parliamentary agitation. Fenianism aimed at separation from England, and it kindled a flame of disaffection which gradually spread all over the country and extended to Britain and America. By the lurid light of the fires which Fenianism had set blazing the English Minister studied the Irish question, and realised that Ireland was "the danger of the Empire." In 1868 an Irish Member, Mr. Maguire, gave a description of Ireland which thrilled the House of Commons. He said in effect

the country presented the aspect of a nation on the eve of a great struggle. It was occupied by a powerful army, "such as we might expect to see in Poland under Russian rule." Its cities and towns were strongly garrisoned, its barracks were filled to overflowing, and detachments of horse and foot were quartered in districts where the face of a soldier had never been seen before. Even the police barracks had been converted into "semi-fortresses," with stanchions, iron shutters, iron doors, and loop-holed masonry. Formidable

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fleets lay in the principal harbours, gun-boats were to be found in the rivers and remote creeks, and swift cruisers kept watch and ward round the coast. The gaols were filled with political prisoners, and "constitutional liberty was on a par with that enjoyed by the subjects of the Emperor of Morocco or the King of Abyssinia."

The Church question and the land question were now brought within the range of practical politics. In 1869 the Church was disestablished, and in 1870 the first important Land Act was passed. The tenants were given not only compensation for improvements, but compensation for disturbance. The Land Act of 1870 was more extreme than the Land Bill of 1852.

Fenianism had succeeded where Parliamentarianism had failed. "A few desperate men," said the late Lord Derby, "applauded by the whole body of the Irish people for their daring, showed England what Irish feeling really was, made plain to us the depth of a discontent whose existence we had scarcely suspected, and the rest followed of course."

Between 1801 and 1870 three important measures of justice for Ireland were placed on the English statute-book. But not one of these measures was placed on the statute-book by the action of the Irish Members. They were all due to the pressure of revolutionary movements outside Parliament.

It is more than doubtful whether the presence of Irish Members in the English House of Commons during the first seventy years of the last century was of the slightest benefit to Ireland.

In 1870 the Home Rule movement, itself an expression of distrust in the Irish representation at Westminster, was formed by Isaac Butt. It grew apace, and soon became what it still is, the question of the hour. Other questions were also brought forward—the question of the land (which had not been settled by the Act of 1870), and the education question. In 1878 Mr. Gladstone tried to settle the question of university education by a measure which gave general dissatisfaction. He proposed to abolish the Queen's University and

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Dublin University, and to substitute in their places one central establishment, to which the Queen's Colleges at Belfast and Cork, Trinity College, the Catholic University College, and several other Catholic seminaries were to be affiliated. The government of the new University, which was to be a teaching as well as an examining, body, was to be vested in a council of persons to be named in the Bill. Future vacancies were to be filled up for ten years by the Crown, and afterwards by a mixed system of co-option and election, in which the preponderating powers would ultimately have devolved on the affiliated colleges. There were to be no professorial chairs in the new foundation in theology, moral philosophy, and modern history; and a portion of the revenues of Trinity College was to be devoted to its support. Irish Radicals and Tories opposed this measure, and it was defeated by 287 to 284 votes.

In 1874 there was a General Election. The Tories won, and Mr. Disraeli became Prime Minister. Ireland sent 59 Home Rulers to the new House of Commons.

Mr. Disraeli took up the university question, and carried a Bill abolishing the Queen's University, and establishing an examining board with power to confer degrees upon all approved candidates, irrespective of their places of education. This examining board is called the Royal University, and after a trial of a quarter of a century has failed to settle the Irish university question. Home Rule made no progress in Parliament, and Land Bill after Land Bill was rejected with scorn by both English parties. Then a crisis came. Famine once more visited the land. Tenants unable to pay exorbitant rents were mercilessly evicted. Parliament was asked to stay the hand of the landlord, but Parliament refused to interfere. Then the spirit of lawlessness was invoked to resist the tyranny of the law. The Land League was founded. Fenianism, which had been scotched but not killed, raised its head. The neo-Fenians united with the Land League, not only to obtain justice for the peasantry, but to undermine English power in

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the island. A small band of Irish Members waged war upon the House of Commons itself, and an unparalleled system of obstruction and disorder brought contempt on that ancient institution. In fine, Charles Stewart Parnell appeared, to "ride the whirlwind and direct the storm." Before the end of the year 1879 Ireland was, for the fourth time in the century, in the throes of revolution. In 1880 there was a General Election. The Liberals won, and Mr. Gladstone became Prime Minister. Sixty-one Home Rulers were returned, under the command of Parnell. We have it from Mr. Gladstone himself that no such party as the Irish party of that day had ever entered the House of Commons. It was an army made, disciplined, led by an incomparable general.

> Parnell [says Mr. Gladstone] had a most efficient party, an extraordinary party. I do not say extraordinary as an Opposition, but extraordinary as a Government. The absolute obedience, the strict discipline, the military discipline, in which he held them was unlike anything I have ever seen. They were always there, they were always ready, they were always united; they never shirked the combat, and Parnell was supreme all the time.

Ireland throbbed with agitation, and the Irish Members faithfully represented the spirit of defiance and lawlessness which animated the masses of the Irish people, rendered desperate by injustice and oppression. The policy of independent opposition was revived and perfected. War *à outrance* was waged against all English parties. The fatal policy of *pourparlers* was abandoned. Parnell treated only with Ministers across the floor of the House, or if he negotiated, he negotiated with shotted guns. He came not to conciliate, but to exasperate; not to win, but to force his way. The Government began by trying to stay the hand of the landlord. A Bill was introduced to check eviction, but the House of Lords would have none of it. The failure of Ministers to protect the tenants against the rapacity of the landlords increased the disorder in the country, and intensified the hostility of the Irish Members in the House of Commons. Then the Government resolved to put down the Land League, and to crush

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the Irish Members. Parnell and his followers were prosecuted for conspiring to prevent the payment of rents. The jury refused to convict, and Parnell came forth from the trial stronger than ever, A Coercion Act practically suspending the Habeas Corpus was next introduced. The Irish Members fought it fiercely, but it became law. Hundreds of political prisoners were flung into gaol, but order was not restored, Under the Coercion Act the last state of Ireland was worse than the first, and the power of Parnell increased enormously. The Government finally returned to the policy of "concession." The Land Act of 1881 was passed. It was a sweeping measure of reform. It established a Land Court, to stand between the landlord and tenant, to fix fair or judicial rents. It also recognised the tenant's right to sell his holding, and provided facilities for the creation of a peasant proprietary. I have said that Catholic Emancipation, the Church Act, and the Land Act of 1870 were due to the pressure of revolutionary movements outside Parliament, and not in any degree to the action of Irish Members. I cannot say the same thing of the Land Act of 1881. It was due partly to the act of Irish Members and partly to the pressure of a revolutionary movement outside Parliament.

In fact, it was due to the combination of Parliamentary action and revolutionary agitation—a combination brought about by John Devoy and Michael Davitt, and directed with matchless power and skill by Parnell. There cannot, however, be a doubt that the Act was due less to what was done in Parliament than to what was done outside. Lord Salisbury in his extraordinary speech delivered on the second reading of the Bill has made the point clear. He said: "In view of the prevailing agitation, and having regard to the state of anarchy [in Ireland], I cannot recommend my followers to vote against the second reading of the Bill." A wave of revolution had swept over Ireland, and all opposition to land reform went down before it.

The Land Act of 1881 was important not only for what it

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did at the moment, but for what it rendered inevitable in the future. It pulled the central brick out of landlordism, and the system has been tumbling to pieces since. Dual ownership established by it was doomed to failure, and destined sooner or later to end in a peasant proprietary. It did not tranquillise Ireland for an hour.

During the years 1882, 1883, 1884, and 1885 the struggle went on. The fires of agitation burned as fiercely as ever in Ireland, and in the House of Commons the Irish Members continued to show implacable hostility to English rule. Further concessions were made by Parliament. An Arrears Act was passed in 1882, by which the tenants' arrears were on certain conditions cancelled. In 1884 household suffrage was established in Ireland. In 1885 another Land Act was passed, still further facilitating the purchase of their holdings by the tenants, and in 1888 another Act on the same lines was carried. The Land Acts of 1882 and 1885 were the necessary complements of the Land Act of 1881; and the Reform Act of 1884 was essential, as the Liberals had determined to pass a Reform Act for England, and they could not, consistently with their principles, deal out exceptional treatment to Ireland in the matter. I think it was also thought (strange as it may seem) that the extension of the franchise in Ireland would be favourable to the Liberal party—a grotesque delusion. In 1885 came the General Election. The issue was Home Rule. Both English parties opposed the Irish demand. The result of the election was, Liberals 335, Tories 249, Home Rule 86. Parnell was master of the situation. By throwing his 86 men upon the side of the Tories he could neutralise the Liberal majority. By supporting the Liberals he could enable Mr. Gladstone to form a majority of 172. Mr. Gladstone, who had been partially if not wholly converted to Home Rule before the General Election, now took the question up *con amore*, and carried the bulk of his party with him. In the summer of 1886 he introduced a Bill for the establishment of an Irish Parliament. It was opposed by the full strength

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of the Tory party, reinforced by a strong contingent of dissentient Liberals led by Lord Hartington and Mr. Chamberlain, and defeated by 348 to 313 votes. Parliament was at once dissolved. The elections were over by the end of July, and the Tories and dissentient Liberals combined beat the Liberals and the Irish Nationalists combined, and Lord Salisbury became Prime Minister. A Coercion Bill was passed, and the policy of twenty years of resolute government (to use Lord Salisbury's famous expression) was inaugurated. Nevertheless, another Land Act was passed in 1887, another in 1888, and another in 1890. The ball which Parnell had set rolling in 1881 could not be stopped. Lord Salisbury again surrendered to Irish "anarchy."

Between 1887 and 1892 Home Rule held the field. Coercion and evictions were enforced, agitators were thrown into gaol, but the people stood to their guns and defied the Government. In 1892 there was a General Election, and despite the fact that a great cleavage was made in the Irish ranks by the dethronement and death of Parnell under circumstances to which I need only allude here, Ireland returned 85 Home Rulers, and in England the Liberals gained the day. Mr. Gladstone once more became Prime Minister with an Irish majority. He immediately introduced another Home Rule Bill. It passed through the Commons, but was rejected in the Lords. The Government did not dissolve. They held on for three years, passing English measures by the help of the Irish vote, but unable to do anything for Ireland; if we except the appointment of a Royal Commission to inquire into the financial relations between England and Ireland, which, dominated by the financial genius of Mr. Sexton, proved the Irish case up to the hilt. In 1895 there was another General Election. The Tories and dissentient Liberals swept the board in England, and Lord Salisbury became Prime Minister. The Home Rule majority in Ireland remained intact. I have said that between 1855 and 1870 the Irish representation reached its nadir. It reached its zenith in



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the days of Parnell. The storm of revolution which swept over the country carried the Irish Members on with it, and under the masterly guidance of Parnell they brought the English Parliament to its bearings.

Nor has the storm yet spent its force. All that has been done between 1895 and the present day is nothing more nor less than the back-wash of the Parnell agitation. It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that the Land Act of 1896, the Local Government Act of 1898, and the Land Act of 1903 are as much the work of the great Irish leader as the Land Acts of '81, '82, '85, '87, and the Home Rule Bill of 1886.

On the accession of the Salisbury Ministry in 1895, a strange era was opened in the history of the relations of England and Ireland. The Tories were now sick of coercion. The idea of "twenty years of resolute government" was given up. A policy of conciliation was actually adopted by a Tory Unionist Administration. In 1886 the Tory cry was "Kill Home Rule by coercion!" In 1895 the cry was "Kill Home Rule by kindness!"

At this time the Irish Parliamentary party was disorganised. The country was disorganised. Little pressure could be put on Ministers. Yet they were bent on a policy of conciliation. In 1896 another Land Act (facilitating land purchase, and amending the tenure clauses of the Act of 1881 on lines previously laid down by Parnell) was forced through the House of Lords; and in 1898 the Irish Local Government Act was placed on the statute-book.

Why, it may be asked, at this time and under these circumstances, did the Government move forward? The answer may be given in a word—Parnell. The impetus which he had given to the forward movement in Ireland could not be checked. He had sown seeds which bore fruit after his death, and which still continued to bear fruit. The first answer which the Tory Unionists gave to Home Rule was coercion. Coercion was a failure. There was only one other answer to be given, namely, local government, and accordingly the Local Government Act

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of 1898 became law. It was the greatest revolutionary measure ever passed by the English Parliament for Ireland. An Irish Member described it as the complement of Catholic Emancipation. But it was more far-reaching than Catholic Emancipation. It took the local government of the country out of the hands of the "loyal" oligarchy, and placed it in the hands of the "rebellious" populace. It has made Home Rule inevitable.

Still impelled by the necessities of the situation which Parnell had created, the Government continued to move forward. During the years 1898–99 the mischievous effects of the divisions in the Irish ranks were brought forcibly home to the Irish people, and they resolved that these divisions should cease, and that a united Irish force should once more confront English parties in the House of Commons. There were peacemakers among Parnellites and anti-Parnellites alike. By establishing the United Irish League Mr. William O'Brien gave those men an opportunity of coming together; and the work which he had begun in Ireland was completed in London when, in 1900, Mr. John Redmond was elected the leader of the Irish Parliamentary party. Putting aside O'Connell and Parnell, Mr. Redmond is unquestionably the ablest and most astute Parliamentary leader that Ireland has ever sent to the English House of Commons. He had no easy task before him on his accession to "office." The instrument which Parnell had forged was broken in 1890. Mr. Redmond had to put it together again, and this he has done with skill and success. Since 1900 the Irish Members in the House of Commons have once more presented a solid phalanx to the foe.

During the years 1901 and 1902 the United Irish League grew in strength and influence. The Government at first pretended to treat the movement with contempt, but ended by throwing several of the Leaguers into gaol. Mr. Redmond rejoiced at these coercive tactics. Coercion, he said, is the only "salt" which is required to bring the country into a healthy state. The central plank of the League platform was the compulsory sale of the land to the people. Outside

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the League there was an agitation in Ulster, under the direction of Mr. T. W. Russell, practically for the same object. As a result of these movements in Ireland the Government once more took up the land question and introduced another Land Bill, still further facilitating the purchase of their holdings by the tenants. Ministers had no hesitation in declaring that all this land legislation was made necessary by what Mr. Gerald Balfour called the "agrarian revolution of 1881." The policy of Mr. Gladstone had been the establishment of dual ownership in the possession of the land. The Tories condemned that policy, and held that the only remedy now available was practically the establishment of a peasant proprietary—an extraordinary revolution in Tory opinion, made possible by the genius and power of Parnell and the persistence of the Irish people.

Having passed several measures of justice, the Government crowned its work by trying to carry an infamous measure of injustice. In July 1905 Mr. Balfour proposed certain resolutions on which he intended to found a Redistribution Bill, the effect of which would be to reduce the number of Irish Members in the House of Commons from 100 to 80 at least. In resisting these proposals Mr. Redmond won a great tactical victory. He asked the Speaker whether it was not the practice that resolutions of the nature in question should be submitted to a Committee of the whole House, in order that the propositions involved might be discussed in detail in the same way as the clauses of a Bill in the Committee stage. Mr. Gibson Bowles followed up this question by asking whether, as Mr. Balfour's first resolution contained not fewer than eleven distinct propositions, it would not be necessary to put each proposition from the Chair, and to have each separately discussed. The Speaker said that both questions were of great importance, and that he would take time to consider them. He did take time, and then ruled, first, that according to practice it was necessary to submit the resolutions to a Committee of the whole House; and that, second, it was further necessary that each proposition contained in the resolutions should be separately put from the Chair and

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separately discussed. This ruling was received with prolonged Irish cheers. Mr. Redmond then asked Mr. Balfour what course he proposed taking in view of the Speaker's decision. Mr. Balfour replied that he would drop the resolutions and proceed directly by Bill next session. But Mr. Balfour's Government was dead next session. A General Election took place in December, and the Liberals were returned with an overwhelming majority.

This is the story (as briefly as possible) of Ireland at Westminster. Does it justify the continued presence of Irishmen in the English House of Commons? That is the question which Ireland is pondering at the present moment. I express no opinion on the point. Let the facts speak for themselves. One thing, however, I may say: Ireland is now anxiously looking forward to the work of this session. If at the end of the session Mr. Redmond returns to Ireland with an Act for the establishment of an Irish Parliament, Parliamentarianism may stand justified; but if he returns without even a measure "leading up to the larger policy," then it will stand jeopardised, if not condemned.

R. Barry O'Brien.

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# GHOSTS OF PICCADILLY

## THE GREAT DUKE

MY concern with the Duke of Wellington is not as he moved in battle or the council chamber, but in drawing-rooms and dining-rooms and the public street; as he appeared to his friends and others who sought him in Apsley House, or to the world at large as he rode or walked in Piccadilly; I am concerned to picture him, if I may, in his habit as he lived familiarly. Even so, I might well be fearful that the range of my local theme had brought me to a point where I had best make a silent reverence and pass on. The weight of so forceful a tradition as this lies heavy on one still. This man has stood to England as a very incarnation of eminence and greatness, and in truth he was, in character as in achievement, emphatically and beyond question a great man.

> O civic muse, to such a name,
> To such a name for ages long,
> To such a name,
> Preserve a broad approach of fame,
> And ever-echoing avenues of song.

But who am I that I should gossip of him in conversational prose? Well, he comes into the subject I have chosen, and would have been the last man living to be patient with me if I stand niggling before it. I can say that, whether or no I interest my readers in my view, at least I am profoundly interested myself.

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One word of the background. The first known occupant of the site of Apsley House was, appropriately enough, an old soldier, named Allen, to whom (so tradition goes) George II. gave a piece of ground at Hyde Park Corner, having recognised him as an old acquaintance of Dettingen, of which battle George was not unreasonably proud. Allen's wife kept a stall here, and when Lord Chancellor Apsley, afterwards Lord Bathurst, started building in 1771 (from designs by the Adams) she brought an action against him and forced him to compensate her handsomely. It was unkindly said to be a suit between two old women. That is all the pre-Wellington history of Apsley House. The Duke enlarged it and cased the old house, which was of red brick, with Bath stone. I will not cavil at his taste; it was characteristic of him to be enchanted with his possessions, and his opinion of this result was extremely high. At any rate, he could hardly have had his dwelling on a more delightful spot, parked on two sides and in his day with a much more open run than now to Kensington. "Number 1, London," was then an appropriate description of it.

Let us first look hard at the Duke in the mind's eye. Happily in this case the light is good, for we have portraits and minute descriptions and the memory of living men. The late Duke of Argyll, who went to call on him at Apsley House in 1847, tells us that

> what struck one most in his appearance was not his high aquiline nose, which is so prominent in all the pictures, but his splendid eyes. They were blue in colour, and very round and very large . . . the eyelids cutting across them very high up, but not leaving them uncovered. They arrested all one's attention in a moment. One thought no more of the beaky nose or of the small and firm mouth. . . .

I do not remember any other description that insists so exclusively on his eyes, but with a copy of the engraving after Lawrence before me as I write I can well believe in it. Splendid, forthright, well-opened eyes they are, with the fine prominence

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of their own quality, not at all protruding. "Blue," simply says the Duke of Argyll; "a dark violet blue, or grey," says Mr. Gleig, his biographer; exact agreement about eyes is rare to find, but a deep blue we may take his to have been. Then of course there is the aquiline nose, "beaky," even too beaky, on a mean face, but merely giving point and command to his. The eyebrows straight and thick, but not bushy, the forehead almost low, but broad and square; the mouth small, a little tight at the corners; the jaw strong, the chin prominent and firm. A grave expression habitually, a winning smile on occasion. He was five feet nine inches high, very erect, at least until his latter years, when observers differ; probably he bore himself like a soldier still by instinct, and drooped in inattention. He was broad-shouldered and deep-chested, with finely made hands and feet.

Then you must regard his dress. Probably Thackeray—in "Pendennis," you remember, when he stops to speak to the Major walking with Pen—describes him as he was most familiar to Londoners, "in a blue frock-coat and spotless white duck trousers, in a white stock with a shining buckle behind." Mr. Gleig adds to this, as his civilian dress in summer, a low-crowned, narrow-brimmed hat and a white waistcoat. In winter the hat and stock and frock-coat remained the same, but the trousers were blue, and blue or red the waistcoat. Sir William Fraser tells us that the hat had a very clean lining of pale yellow leather. I like to think of Sir William taking it up in the hall, and making his note on it. He confuses us a little about the trousers—surely this does not bore you?—with the statement that they were of "Oxford mixture," except on the first of May, when they were white: I believe he is wrong, but forgive him for the knowledge that the Duke always carried two cambric pocket-handkerchiefs. . . . You are watching the Duke in Piccadilly, and you are to add to your observation the curiosity and deep respect with which all his fellow citizens regarded him in passing. Pen, for example on the occasion I have quoted, was in ecstasy over the encounter.

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The Duke gave the elder Pendennis a finger of a pipe-clayed glove to shake, which the Major embraced with great veneration; and all Pen's blood tingled, as he found himself in actual communication, as it were, with this famous man (for Pen had possession of the Major's left arm, whilst that gentleman's other wing was engaged with his Grace's right), and he wished all Grey Friars School, all Oxbridge University, all Paternoster Row and the Temple, and Laura and his mother at Fairoaks, could be standing on each side of the street, to see the meeting between him and his uncle, and the most famous duke in Christendom.

A friend of mine remembers seeing the Duke in 1851, the year of the Exhibition, and the year before his death, cantering along Piccadilly on a small white cob, upright in the saddle, with his cane held to his hat in salute and the people uncovering as to Royalty.

Even the late Duke of Argyll felt diffident and nervous, when as a young man he went to ask a favour of the venerable hero. He takes us with him, by the way, into Apsley House, into

a large room on the ground floor, to the eastern side of the Piccadilly front. It was full of articles in much confusion—of writing tables with blue-books, of articles of clothing hung on screens, and of furniture with no definite arrangement. The Duke presently entered by a side door. . . .

And what manner of man, truly and intimately, was it behind the white stock and the blue frock-coat? Had we been present invisible at this interview we should have heard him putting his nervous visitor at ease, giving sound advice on the matter in question, readily promising his aid. Yes, but the Duke of Argyll was of his own class and society. It is certain that he lived by choice almost exclusively in that class. Even his biographer—Mr. Gleig again—admits that "the circle in which he chiefly moved was that of fashionable ladies and gentlemen, who pressed themselves upon him." It is said that he liked their flattery, which is true to some extent, no doubt, and it is hinted that he was something approaching to a snob, which is ridiculous. He was born in that class, he had a strong sense of caste, which in his time was a reality, and he was most at home in it: that is all. But

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it is curious to note the different reports of him from those in and outside it. When we have allowed for the immense prestige of him from Waterloo onwards, we still must think there was something of superficial coldness and aloofness in his personality to leave so much awe in the minds of those who merely spoke with him as it were at a distance. And then turn for contrast to his letters to "dearest Georgy"—the late Lady de Ros, who died a nonagenarian and was one of his girl favourites—about the romping at Mont St. Martin, the men harnessed and dragging the ladies about on rugs: "the night before, the ladies drew me the *petty* tour, and afterwards Lord Hill the *grand* tour, but the 'fat, fair, and forty' and M. were so knocked up that some of us were obliged to go into the harness, although we had already run many stages." Or follow him through Lady Granville's letters: "the Duke as merry as a grig," "the bonhomie and adorable qualities of the Duke," the Duke acting in charades, or "the poor Beau," his significant nickname, "is much harried, being considered to go along with favours and cakes when a Tory marries," and so forth. And then my mind goes back to Haydon's account of him at Walmer, reading the paper after dinner, while the painter sat gazing at his grey head in silent reverence, admiring him as something near divine.

Again: the popular tradition of him, much supported by evidence, is of a stern man—something hard, curt, a foe to emotion. Even some of those who knew him more or less familiarly report him blunt, matter-of-fact, and if not unfeeling, certainly this side sensibility. There is Thomas Creevey's interview with him in Brussels, immediately after Waterloo.

> He made a variety of observations in his short, natural, blunt way, but with the greatest gravity all the time, and without the least approach to anything like triumph or joy. "It has been a damned serious business," he said. "Blucher and I have lost 30,000 men. It has been a damned nice thing—the nearest run thing you ever saw in your life. By God! I don't think it would have done if I had not been there."

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That is not exactly unfeeling, and it is thoroughly of his nation and class in its sporting metaphor and its plain statement. One admires the absence of personal triumphing on the one side, of false modesty on the other. But one misses the imaginative feeling for the horror of all that slaughter. Well, it merely was not for Mr. Creevey. We know from Raikes that when, at this same time, the Duke went to the rooms of his niece, Lady FitzRoy Somerset, he burst into a flood of tears. When Mrs. Arbuthnot, his most intimate friend among women, died, he was called unfeeling because, as Charles Greville says, "he had the good taste and sense to smooth his brow and go to the House of Lords with a cheerful aspect." But we know how he could feel the death of a friend; he who sat with the tears streaming down his cheeks at the funeral service for Arbuthnot. We know, too, from Gleig how when that friend's fatal illness was told to him, he seized the doctor's hand and protested brokenly, "No, no, he's not very ill: not very bad—he'll get better; he'll not die."

One remembers these and many stories like them, and one looks at the portrait, and one sees surely that those eyes and that mouth are not of an unfeeling man. Very greatly otherwise. It is no wild guess that this was a man who felt both strongly and readily, and living in high places with curious eyes ever on him, had the habit of cloaking his feelings as best he might. Many appeals to feeling were not for him, of course. He was blind to art and books. Also—that too is in the eyes—he was proud, and by nature contemptuous of what to him was little. Those were intellectual limitations to feeling; when the passage was clear there was no hard substance of nature to check it.

And if one thinks of his pride of class, of his contempt for the mob, one should remember some facts about him and it. All his life he had done his duty to his country single-heartedly, with immense personal success, to be sure, but also with much hardship and strain of energies and in the teeth of calumny. In

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1831 he was honestly opposed to Reform. The King was to dissolve Parliament, but the Duke could not go to the House of Lords, because his wife was dying in Apsley House. She died as the guns began to fire. And presently came a yelling crowd before Apsley House, and in a while stones crashing through the windows, breaking them in pieces and destroying pictures within. What wonder that he kept the iron shutters to his windows to the day of his death? Twelve years later an immense mob, cheering this time, followed him up Constitution Hill. The Duke took no notice whatever, but trotted leisurely to Apsley House; then he stopped at the gate, pointed to those iron shutters, bowed to the mob, and silently rode into the court. He was not a democratic politician.

Remember also that if he despised the common man he was punctiliously courteous to him. No great man ever took so much trouble about small men as he. Those innumerable autograph letters beginning "F.M. the Duke of Wellington presents his compliments to" Mr. Buggins or Master Brown, or what not! His peculiar humour, half playful, half grim, no doubt made him sometimes rejoice in his answers.

Field Marshal the Duke of Wellington has received a letter from Mr. Tomkins, stating that the Marquess of Douro is in debt to his mother, Mrs. Tomkins. The Duke of Wellington is not the Marquess of Douro. The Duke regrets to find that his eldest son has not paid his washerwoman's bill. Mrs. Tomkins has no claim upon the Duke of Wellington. The Duke recommends her, failing another application, to place the matter in the hands of a respectable solicitor.

In this case he was hoaxed; Mr. Tomkins, the distressed washerwoman's son, was a collector of autographs. And of course he was often hoaxed over his charities, which were large and incessant: he admitted once that an officer of the Mendicity Society had given him the severest scolding he had ever had in his life.

If he despised common people, he never pandered to great donnages. It was to the credit of George IV. that he

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always had a great respect for the Duke, whom he called "Arthur"; it is not much to the discredit of the Duke that he had little or no respect for George IV., of whom he once told Creevey—condemning the Regent's bulk and swearing, in pretty forcible language of his own—that he was ashamed to enter a room with him. And he told Lady de Ros that when George and Charles X. were together, George, with "his flourish and display, might have passed for his valet." I must not repeat stories at large, but if the reader has not heard it, this one—it is irrelevant, I know—helps to fix the Duke's manner and humour: "Were you surprised at Waterloo, Duke?" asked some fool at a dinner. "No," with his charming smile, "but I am now."

And now I come to what, after all, is most to the purpose in my sketch of the Duke on his social side—his relation with women. He was susceptible, as it used to be called, in an extreme degree, and like most susceptible people, he was inconstant. His marriage was finely characteristic. The lady's family disapproved of the engagement, and he, serving abroad, had not seen her for years. She suffered disfigurement from the small-pox, and wrote to release him. Whatever the sentimental traditions of romance might require, I fancy that most men, given the circumstances, would have acquiesced in their freedom. But though another person might release Arthur Wellesley from a promise, he could not release himself; he returned to England and married the lady, and they lived unhappily, more or less, ever after. I hope that this conduct may balance, in my moralising reader's mind, something at least of conduct he will condemn. I believe that most of the Duke's intimacies with women were "innocent"; he was soft about them, was amused by them, liked to indulge them. But there is no use in pretending that he thought much of chastity, or that his life was chaste. We will not pursue an argument which might annoy the reader, and to me would be stupid and tiresome. As we study great men of the active and commanding sort in history, we find that most of them

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seem not to have been naturally monogamous; if we must judge, we should judge comparatively; our modern habit of reticence and silence has induced a false perspective: that is all I feel disposed to say. The great Duke got himself into little scrapes, no doubt whatever. He never escaped the consequences of a fault by committing what he would have considered a greater one. We know the famous answer to the threat of exposure: "Publish and be damned!"

In the year 1825 there was published the memoirs of Harriet Wilson, a celebrated courtezan. Walter Scott notes the occurrence in his journal, and says it had "kept the gay world in hot water." He recollects having met Miss Wilson, and congratulates himself that her memory was not so good as his. It is, I must confess, a most amusing book, written really, I suppose, by some hack of letters from Harriet's confidences and suggestions, but its attempts at pathos and sentiment are exceedingly nauseous. The Duke figures largely in it. In 1816 Lady Frances Webster, Byron's old friend, was accused by one Baldwin of misconduct with the Duke; she prosecuted for libel and got £2000 damages, but I fear the world must have smiled. There were other scrapes, but I am sure it was softness and kindness, not libertinism, which most often involved him. Lady Caroline Lamb, also Byron's old friend, set her cap at him in 1815. "Nothing is *agissant*," writes Lady Granville from Paris, "but Caroline William in a purple riding habit, tormenting everybody, but I am convinced ready primed for an attack upon the Duke of Wellington, and I have no doubt but that she will to a certain extent succeed, as no dose of flattery is too strong for him to swallow or her to administer." There it was, you see; he had this reputation for softness and accessibility to women. Once when he left Woburn prematurely on the plea of Cabinet business in London, the indignant Duchess of Bedford wrote after him: "Dear Duke—For Cabinet read boudoir. Yours, G. B." Yes, I fear he had this reputation. Charles Greville, who knew him well, and whose brother Algernon was his

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secretary for thirty-five years, writing about his intimacy with Madame Grassini, adds that "these habits of female intimacy and gossip led him to take a great interest in a thousand petty affairs, in which he delighted to be mixed up and consulted." A pity, perhaps, that he so wasted valuable time, but I do not think there was much harm in it all.

And what return did women make him for all this interest and devotion? One of low degree made "copy" out of him, as we have seen. Another, of high degree, according to Sir William Fraser—but then Sir William was wrong about the trousers—threatened him with an action. But on the good side? "I suppose, Duke," said a woman to him once, "you have inspired a great deal of admiration and enthusiasm among women during your life?" "Oh, yes, plenty of that! plenty of that! But no woman ever loved me: never in my whole life." It is a sad commentary on all the stories and scandals. Likely as not, he spoke the truth. For the Duke's nature was above all things masculine, one of which that very softness about women is an indication; and masculine men, when they achieve great things before the world, have, as he said, admiration and enthusiasm from women in plenty: but women are fond of men most commonly, as I believe, for weaknesses they understand and share. I may be wrong, and I rather fear to pursue the analysis; let us hope the Duke was deceived. "I was the only thing he ever loved," said the complacent Lady Jersey after his death. Let us hope that somewhere or other lived a woman who might have said the converse.

So we see the great Duke as he was for his chosen friends, gay, affectionate, generous, loving a simple joke, loving flattery a little overmuch, loving women a few too many. We may fancy him in his dining-room at Apsley House, courteous, talking freely, without the least preoccupation with his own reputation or position, downright, prejudiced, and to the best of his understanding just. We may follow him in his daily habits, methodical, simple, temperate, and withal hearty. We may imagine him with strangers and slight acquaintances,

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punctilious, humorous, a little oddly blunt and grim at times. And thanks to painted and written records, we see him vividly all the time. And so we part with him, but Piccadilly has a memory of him other than of the living man: a great memory of one of the two great funeral processions of our time: a vast and reverent crowd, the strains of the Dead March, and, more solemn than all else, the silent tramp tramp of his soldiers.

G. S. Street.

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# A PLEA FOR A GREATER PROPORTION OF GOLD TO PAPER

THE condition and size of the currency has always to a very great extent determined prices and has affected credit and all commercial and industrial transactions. This has been recognised by political economists for many years, but it is not so generally remembered by business men. The Bank rate goes up, the market price of securities goes down, and for a time at least business is more or less embarrassed and disorganised. More gold arrives, the rate goes down and things assume their normal course.

In this article an attempt will be made to shew exactly why and how this takes place, and to suggest a method by which the variations in the prices of commodities, credit and securities, as far as they are due to change in the currency, may be reduced both in frequency and volume.

The best teacher is personal experience, and the next best history. The former has usually to be bought dearly, but the student of history learns by the experiences of others inexpensively. As the prosperity of every country has always been affected to a greater or less extent by the actions of its Governments, by bearing in mind the results which followed we can judge which path to take and what pitfalls to avoid. Legislation affects trade and general prosperity when it changes the currency regulations, alters the tariff and revenue, or amends the laws influencing social conditions and industry. Pra tically



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indeed every action of the Government, either at home or abroad, may directly or indirectly affect the prosperity of the country, but here it is proposed to deal only with the important part the currency regulations have played in the past and are playing to-day.

In modern times the ordinary business of the world has been carried on by means of money, bank notes, cheques and promissory notes, but it has always been held that the stability of a Bank depends upon the fact that it can produce gold in payment of its debts whenever called upon to do so. To business men a bank note or other form of a promise to pay issued by a solvent institution is just as valuable as gold, but to great numbers in times of panic paper appears worthless and specie is demanded instead.

This is exactly what happened in 1797. There was a run on the Bank of England, gold rose in price from £3 7*s.* 10*d.* an ounce to £4 4*s.*, and it appeared as if in a few days it would have to stop payment. Pitt, in spite of opposition in the Cabinet, therefore ordered the Bank to stop payment in cash, and an unrestricted paper coinage was substituted instead. The number of the notes in circulation rose rapidly, and their total face value was more than 50 per cent. greater three years after. That meant that the currency was enlarged to this extent, and that the purchasing value of the paper money was correspondingly decreased. The price of commodities, therefore, rose to a similar extent. If we take the average normal price of forty typical commodities in general use in 1788 as 100, this average or index number of price, as it is called, in 1800 was 142. After some violent fluctuations the index number reached 151 in 1809, which was the highest point touched during the whole of the nineteenth century.

A similar result followed the issue of paper money, or assignats, in France before the Revolution, and in both cases the increase of the currency caused great inconvenience and hardship.

These well-known historical instances are only quoted here

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to establish the first point in the argument, which is that, *ceteris paribus, the amount of the currency determines price.* The high range of prices which ensued during the next few years caused much speculation, and in 1818 large quantities of cotton were imported. Then suddenly prices fell, and a number of bankruptcies followed. Ministers who had been studying the works of political economists now commenced to realise that prices would continue to fluctuate rapidly and violently unless the currency was placed on a firm and fixed basis. They therefore decided to follow the advice of Mr. Ricardo in his work "Proposals for an Economical and Secure Currency," and to arrange for the Bank to pay for all its notes in gold on demand. This was done, and on May 1, 1821, cash payments were resumed. From that day to this *the currency has been on a gold basis.* The result of the change was that less notes were issued, the size of the currency was diminished, and prices rapidly fell.

The index numbers now generally used are those of Jevons from 1801 to 1846, of Sauerbeck from 1846 to 1871, and of the Board of Trade since that date. They are calculated by representing the prices in 1871 as normal or 100. In 1822 the index number was just above this level, and excepting in the year 1825, when much speculation took place, it remained within 5 per cent. of 100 until 1842.

The value of the notes in circulation between 1880 and 1843 was between twenty-five and thirty millions, but the bullion in the Bank of England varied during this period from £2,816,000 in September 1889, to £12,996,000 in December 1843. The banks were obliged to give gold in exchange for notes, but there was no limit to the notes they might issue. It was, therefore, apparent that if a panic set in at any moment and gold was demanded in large quantities, the banks might not be able to redeem their notes, and a great crisis might follow.

To avoid the possibility of this, Sir Robert Peel carried through Parliament the celebrated Bank Act of 1844, which

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limited the power to issue notes payable on demand, and compelled the issuing banks to keep an amount of bullion in hand in proportion to the value of the notes in circulation. The Act allowed the Bank of England to issue notes to the extent of £14,000,000 on securities, of which the £11,015,100 lent to the Government was the chief item. If any of the other banks ceased to issue notes, then the Bank of England was permitted to issue on securities two-thirds of these notes. For every note issued beyond this amount there must be an equal amount in bullion or coin in the possession of the Bank.

The third stage was now reached, in which *the total amount of the currency varied with the amount of the gold held.* The result was that the notes in circulation had fallen to £24,459,000 and the bullion risen to £17,000,000 by December 1849. Prices therefore fell, and the index number was under 80 for a few years until 1852, when great shipments of gold were made from California and Australia. They then rapidly rose, and the index number remained about normal for the next twenty years. No inconvenience was experienced by the Bank under the new regulations, except in 1857, when the statutory limit of the issue of notes was exceeded temporarily with the sanction of Parliament. In the middle of the seventies the index rose to 120, but fell to normal in 1880. For the next few years the annual output of gold decreased, while at the same time Germany, Italy, and the United States absorbed more than £150,000,000 for currency purposes. The result was a shortage of gold here, and a further fall in prices, which continued, in spite of the supplies which commenced to arrive from the Transvaal, until 1896, when the index number was well under 80 again.

In this year the amount of gold produced was estimated at £40,500,000. This figure had risen to £61,250,000 for 1899, and £76,250,000 for 1905. The total in the ten years from 1896–1905 being £580,000,000, or an average of £58,000,000 a year. This great amount of gold has been absorbed by new

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coinage, by the arts, and by those banks which have increased their reserve during this period.

The stocks of gold held by banks and establishments under the control of Governments in various countries have increased from £432,000,000 in 1896 to £692,000,000 in 1905, or at the average rate of £26,000,000 per annum. France has added £38,000,000, and the United States £134,000,000 to reserve. These figures are derived from the *Statist*. The stock at the Bank of England, on the other hand, has for the last three years been more than two millions less than it was from 1896 to 1899. Still, in spite of the fact that foreign countries absorbed so much of this gold, and that the Bank did not increase its holding, prices have risen slightly during the last ten years. Wheat, for example, was 44*s*. 4*d*. per quarter in 1880, 31*s*. 11*d*. in 1890, 22*s*. 10*d*. in 1894, 26*s*. 2*d*. in 1896, 26*s*. 11*d*. in 1900, 28*s*. in 1903, and 26*s*. 9*d*. in 1904. The reason why prices have not risen more is the very simple one that, although the supply of gold has been so great, the demand for it in all parts of the world has been equally great. Besides the large quantities stored in the cellars of banks abroad, a great amount has been used in the arts, and in the coinage of gold, which has to a great extent taken the place of silver in those countries which until recently used that metal exclusively. But the main business of the country is now carried on by cheques, and the use of them, with a few exceptions, does not influence the size of the currency at all. For instance, my publisher sends me a cheque for £10, which I pay into my bank, and then send my tailor a cheque for £10, which he pays into his bank, and then he sends his butcher a cheque for £10, and so on *ad infinitum*. All these cheques are cleared eventually, but it is perfectly obvious that whether they total to £100 or £1,000,000, or any other figure, it simply means that the balance at the bank of the first drawer is decreased by £10 and that of the last receiver is increased by that amount, while the balances of all the intermediate people are not affected at all. The currency is at the same time neither increased nor decreased.

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Supposing, on the other hand, I take the cheque to my bank and receive ten sovereigns for it, and go to Paris and spend it there—then my action has reduced the currency in England by £10. But if a Frenchman lands in London on the same day and spends £10 in gold which he obtained in Paris, then the total of the currency remains the same. These obvious truths must be stated in order to explain how it was that cheques to the amount of £270,695,000 were cleared during the week ending November 1, 1906, without affecting to any appreciable extent the size of the currency.

If the butcher, in the example given above, gave a written undertaking to supply the tailor with meat for ten weeks in return for two suits of clothes, the result would be the same as if the former had paid for the clothes with a cheque for £10 and the latter had paid for the meat with a cheque for the same amount. But any one can, if he wishes at any time, obtain gold for his cheques or banknotes. In practice people do not do this to any great extent, which is fortunate, for otherwise the banks would soon have to suspend payment. The same arguments apply to promissory notes of all kinds; and it therefore happens that the size of the currency and prices are not affected to any great extent by the cheques or other promises to pay which are given and received daily.

To return to the currency of gold and notes. The next point of interest is how the prices of credit and securities are affected by any change in its extent. In order to simplify matters, we will only deal with the Bank of England; and as an example give the balance-sheet of the Issue Department for the week ending October 31, 1906.

ISSUE DEPARTMENT

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Notes Issued | £45,643,760 | Government Debt | £11,015,100 |
| | | Other Securities | 7,434,900 |
| | | Gold Coin and Bullion | 27,193,760 |
| | £45,643,760 | | £45,643,760 |

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In order that the stock of gold should be kept at one level, it is obvious that the amount paid out should not exceed the amount received. If the supply of gold falls short, or the demand for it becomes great, the Bank has to protect itself by raising its rate and so discouraging those who wish to borrow. This happened in October, owing to recent withdrawals of gold for Egypt. The Bank reserve fell, and the rate was raised to 6 per cent.

When this happens less money is available for investment purposes, and the market price of securities as a rule falls. During the last ten years the rate has been altered very many times, and has varied from 2½ per cent. to 6 per cent. It has, however, on the whole steadily risen as the level of gold in the bank has fallen from £44,000,000 in 1896 to £27,000,000 in October. In 1895 it averaged 2 per cent., in 1896 2½ per cent., in 1900 4 per cent., and in November 1906, it was 6 per cent. The result has been a steady fall in the market price of securities. This movement has been fairly uniform throughout all gilt-edged securities. The prices of Consols, Corporation Stock, Railway, Bank and Insurance Shares, Brewery and old established Commercial Shares, all rose more or less between 1895 and 1897, and have been falling steadily since. In a scientific analysis of the causes influencing market prices, it is necessary to neglect altogether those shares which are constantly used as speculative counters. For example, the great boom in South African mines in 1896 was due to hopeful emotions acting upon a public which did not stop to inquire into reasonable probabilities, and the rapid fall was due to as senseless an alarm. But here we are only concerned with the effect of currency conditions on those investments which do not attract habitual speculators.

Having shown then the connection between the level of the Bank rate and the market price of securities, the next point is to show the connection between the level of the rate and the amount of the Reserve. This is so well known that it will be sufficient to give a few extreme examples:

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| Year | Annual Average Reserve of Bank of England *Notes and Specie.* | Annual Average Minimum rate of *Discount.* |
|---|---|---|
| 1857 . . | £5,347,000 | £6 13 3 |
| 1871 . . | £14,162,000 | £2 17 8 |
| 1896 . . | £34,645,000 | £2 9 8 |
| 1900 . . | £21,455,000 | £3 19 6 |

If we compare with these the Reserve on October 31, 1906, we find it stood at :

£18,157,671 and the rate was 6 per cent.

Other causes may effect the rate, but, as Mr. Inglis Palgrave says in "Bank Rate and the Money Market," from which the above figures are taken, "the larger the reserve has been the smaller the number of fluctuations, and in a degree the severity of those fluctuations correspond."

It must, however, be understood that it is not so much the smallness of the reserve which is of importance in raising the rate, as the proportion which it bears to the liabilities of the Bank. To give some more examples from the same work. On October 30, 1847, the Reserve was 12 per cent. of the liabilities and the Bank Rate was 8 per cent. On May 16, 1866, the Reserve was 5 per cent. of the liabilities and the rate was 10 per cent.

As is shown above, during the last ten years the Bank reserve has greatly decreased, while the volume of the business of the country has greatly developed and expanded. The demand for credit, in other words, has been much greater than the supply. As far as the price of credit is concerned, the same result occurs either when the demand for it is doubled or when the demand is stationary and the supply is halved. The market prices of securities have, however, been influenced by many other factors. First and foremost, the nature of the investments have influenced their price. People drink less beer, therefore brewery shares go down. Then there is the condition of trade generally, the fear of socialistic legislation, the floating of enormous loans to enable Local Authorities to

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experiment in various trading enterprises, organised action by "bears," or simple depression due to a wet day, or an earthquake which may or may not hit a few insurance companies badly. All these causes influence prices day by day, but if we take only gilt-edged securities from year to year, we shall see that they vary as regularly with the price of credit as prices of commodities vary with the size of the currency.

It is possible to summarise the three distinct stages of development since 1793 as follows:

The currency consisted of gold and

1. Unlimited and unredeemable paper until 1821.
2. Unlimited paper redeemable at demand in gold until 1844.
3. Paper limited by the amount of securities and gold held since that date.

The results have been:

1. A great rise and violent fluctuations in prices.
2. A great fall and smaller fluctuations in prices.
3. A further fall and still smaller fluctuation in prices.

These stages show clearly that the greater the part played by gold and the less by paper the steadier prices of commodities have become. The question now is, how can the price of credit also be steadied without creating a great disturbance in the money market by increasing or decreasing the currency suddenly?

No legislation or voluntary arrangement can possibly ensure that the supply of and demand for gold can be kept always equal, but the effects of variations in one or the other or both can be greatly minimised if the amount of coin and bullion in stock be largely increased. Supposing we have a tank, three square feet in area, full of water, and we draw off enough to lower its level two inches, then it is obvious that if the same amount is drawn from a tank double the size, it would only lower the level one inch. The same applies to the raising of the level when water is added. Similarly if the amount of gold in the Bank is £50,000,000 and £1,000,000 is

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drawn out, the amount is reduced by 2 per cent., but if it is £100,000,000 the amount is reduced by 1 per cent. only.

The greater the amount of gold, therefore, the less the movements in the Bank rate and the less the fluctuations in the market price of securities. The gold held in the Issue Department of the Bank of England usually is about £30,000,000, whereas the amount in the Bank of France is generally over £100,000,000. The result is that the rate in France has been usually 2½ to 3 per cent., and only rarely higher than 4 per cent., for a third of a century, and that although the gold held fluctuated by £19,000,000 in the twelve months preceding the report of 1904, the rate was not changed at all. It is, therefore, obviously desirable to increase the stock of gold held by the Bank as soon as possible in order that the rate may be lowered and fluctuations lessened.

This can be done by maintaining the Bank rate high for the present and so preventing further withdrawals. This action will not, however, attract gold. Pressure can be brought in many ways to bear on foreign debtors, and speculators in American railways can be discouraged by high contango rates. It may be profitable to finance American or other undertakings abroad, and no doubt it is sound business to do so, provided that it does not entail such a shortage of gold here as to raise the price of credit to a great height.

It must be remembered, however, that if the stock of gold were increased, and a corresponding amount of notes issued, the size of the currency would be increased and prices would rapidly rise, which is to be avoided if possible. This raises the very important question, which is the crux of this article, whether it would not be beneficial to the trade of the country as a whole if the stock of gold could be greatly increased without inflating the currency to a corresponding extent. The Act of 1844 does not limit the issue of notes against gold. To take an extreme example. Supposing the Bank bought £10,000,000 of bullion, the gold would go into the Issue Department, and notes to the same amount would be issued. The gold dealer

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would be paid for his bullion in notes, and if he took them away with him the notes in circulation would increase by £10,000,000. To this extent the currency outside the Bank would be increased, and prices would rise, which would not benefit any one. At the same time the total currency inside and outside the Bank would be increased by £20,000,000, *i.e.*, the value of the bullion and the notes issued against it. The greater then the accumulation of gold in the Bank the larger becomes the currency and the higher rise prices.

Now if the Bank, instead of issuing notes and paying the dealer with them, had given him £10,000,000 of Government securities, he would have been equally satisfied and the circulation would not have been increased. But which transaction is most profitable to the Bank? At the end of the deal in the first case the Bank possesses its Government Securities intact, £10,000,000 more in bullion in its cellars, and has issued that amount of notes which it is bound to redeem with sovereigns whenever called upon to do so. In the second it has parted with £10,000,000 of Government Securities, and has that amount more of bullion in its cellars and has issued no more notes. Now it is obvious that if the bullion dealer brought all the notes to the Bank the same day he received them, and demanded sovereigns in return, the amount of gold in the stock would not be affected by the deal at all. It is, however, extremely unlikely that he would do this, and it is almost certain that the notes would remain in the hands of the public. It is, perhaps, unnecessary to say here that it is by the issuing of notes that the Bank earns its dividends. Bullion in the cellars is money lying idle, but notes handed over the counter are money being loaned to borrowers at interest. The Bank, indeed, is a large money-lender, who does not lend sovereigns but pieces of paper at interest, and keeps the actual gold ready to meet them on demand. It is its object, therefore, to issue as many notes as it is permitted to do by law.

But here we are suggesting a means by which, if it were

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sanctioned by legislation, the stock of bullion can be increased, and so the very foundation of our credit system strengthened without at the same time inflating, to a similar extent, the currency. We have seen that if the Bank pays for the £10,000,000 in securities and does not issue notes, it loses the interest which it would gain by lending that amount. But as the whole nation would benefit by having more bullion lying in the Bank, the nation ought to be prepared to pay for it. In other words, the nation ought to pay the Bank, say, 3 per cent. per annum on £10,000,000 as compensation for its loss in not issuing the notes. This process could be repeated until the whole of the £18,000,000 of Government debt and securities were given in exchange for bullion, but the number of notes issued would remain at the same level as to-day. The above balance-sheet of the Issue Department would then read:

ISSUE DEPARTMENT

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Notes issued . | £45,643,760 | Gold Coin and Bullion . | £45,643,760 |
| | £45,643,760 | | £45,643,760 |

When this stage had been reached, the present method of issuing notes in exchange for bullion could be resumed, and the currency would then expand again according to the normal requirements of the population, and would not be artificially inflated. The Bank would have a much larger stock of gold to draw upon in times of panic, and would not be compelled to raise its rate every time a few hundred thousand pounds of specie were withdrawn.

The nation would have to pay the Bank 3 per cent. on £18,000,000 as compensation for losing the use of the notes, but that would be but a small price to give in return for a low and constant Bank Rate such as has been enjoyed by France for so many years. It is needless to say, perhaps, that this change would have to take place slowly while the £18,000,000 in bullion was being collected. This seems to

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the writer to be the only practicable plan by which the price of credit can be lowered without, at the same time, raising the price of commodities. By this means would be strengthened the very foundations upon which our whole industry, commerce and prosperity are based.

MARCUS R. P. DORMAN.

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# THE COLONIAL PREMIERS

THERE can be little doubt as to which of the four "primary topics" on the agenda paper of the Imperial Conference, which meets on April 15, is regarded as most vitally important by the seven Premiers from beyond "the dim strait wall of wandering wave," who are to be the nation's guests. The majority of them are well aware that only the materials for Empire-building, and not an actual Empire, are indicated by the scattered red patches on the world's map. It follows, in the opinion of this majority, that the time for setting up an Imperial Council is not yet come, and that no co-ordinated scheme of Imperial defence is practicable for the present. It is a waste of time talking over the form and matter of a constitution for a polity that is as yet merely an Empire in becoming. The material bonds which connect the sister States and the Mother Country must first of all be strengthened, and that end can only be achieved effectually by means of treaties of mutual preference. That a Government created by the unthinking mob eager for *panem et circenses* (the big loaf and professional football) is unwilling to consider their proposals seriously must not prevent us from considering our guests as protagonists of Imperial Preference, the thoughts of each on that great topic being more or less coloured by his political environment.

British North America is the oldest wing of the Empire for which reason precedence over the rest shall be granted to

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its representatives in the war against insular Free Trade. Moreover, none of the living documents of Imperial history is quite so interesting as Sir Wilfrid Laurier, who has now held the Canadian Premiership for eleven years. It is a characteristic of the Canadian people to choose the great man for their Premier, if there be a man who is obviously better than the rest of the crowd in the political arena, without troubling much about the party label which he wears. A little anecdote will serve to illustrate this point. After a General Election during the long reign (1878–96) of the Conservative Party, an elector in a small Ontario town, who disapproved of the National Policy for the time being, was asked by a friend to explain why he had gone back on his political conscience and voted for the Conservatives. "Political conscience and the Conservatives be hanged!" was the reply; "I voted for Sir John A." In 1896, when the Liberal Party, which had been cold-welded into solidarity by long years in Opposition, was returned to power, Sir John A. Macdonald had been dead for five years and his successor, Sir John Thompson, the equal of his more famous chief in knowledge of political strategy, though inferior as a tactician, had also passed away. There was no commanding personality on the Conservative side, no personage who could bring the malcontents into line and keep them in the front of the battle. Sir Charles Tupper did his heroic best. Considering his age and the fact that he had been High Commissioner—that is to say, Canada's Ambassador to the Mother Country—and out of politics for many years, the long sequence of his vigorous campaign speeches proved him possessed of a more than Gladstonian vitality. But he had lost touch with his party; the power of political intuition—a quality not essentially different from the journalistic instinct—had been lost during his tenure of an office which is above and beyond the standpoint of a party leader.

The choice of the people fell on Mr. Wilfrid Laurier, who had performed the thankless task of leading the Opposition since the resignation of Mr. Edward Blake with eloquence,

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tact, and a fine courtesy which won him the regard, almost the affectionate regard, of his greatest opponent. Before he undertook that difficult task—infinitely more difficult for a *Canadien* and a Roman Catholic than it would have been for Sir Richard Cartwright or for the late Mr. Mills, the only other possible candidates for the Liberal leadership—his ideal of happiness had been that of Edmond Schèrer: "to work, to content oneself with a little, to lose without bitterness, to grow old without regret." Perhaps no higher praise could be paid to a leader of the Opposition in the Dominion House of Commons than to say that, despite the strain and worry of creating his party anew, he kept that ideal in public life. I have been told by a constant observer of his conduct in the Dominion House of Commons that he never aroused the wrath of Sir John Macdonald, as was often done by lesser men with lesser arguments. His *ave atque vale* for that keen-sighted politician and far-sighted statesman is perhaps the most memorable of all speeches ever made in the House. He admitted the greatness of his opponent, whom he compared with Pitt—one of the best historical parallels ever suggested—and analysed it in a way which proved that he knew the old Lion by heart. Really to understand the large and ample spirit of the man in the days before he became Premier, it is at least necessary to read this valedictory—it is to be found in Pope's Life of Sir John Macdonald—and his 1877 oration on "Le Liberalisme Politique," uttered at Quebec during the Ultramontane reaction, which latter is given in full in Mr. Willison's excellent biography of the Speaker. "En effet," runs a passage in that pivotal utterance, "nous Canadiens français, nous sommes une race conquise. . . . Mais, si nous sommes une race conquise, nous avons aussi fait une conquête—la conquête de la liberté." It is, and always has been, the chief axiom of Sir Wilfrid Laurier's political creed that the second conquest restores to his people all that was lost by the first—and something more. Using this axiom as the basis of his political practice, he stood

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out from his surroundings on the eve of the General Election of 1896, when the Manitoban schools question might have revived the old bitterness of a racial and religious antithesis, as the only possible reconciler of French-Canadian and British-Canadian aspirations. At that time, when it was also clear that he had repented of his one great mistake—the advocacy of a closer commercial connection with the United States—not because repentance was a profitable policy, but because he had become convinced that the main current of Canadian commerce must run from West to East, and not from South to North, there was no reason why he should not be preferred even to one of the "Fathers of Confederation" by a generation which thought that the part was being played in too heavy a style. Young Canada gave the younger man the opportunity he desired, and there is no denying that he has used it with distinction.

Let his record during the past eleven years be considered. In the first place, he has succeeded in settling the question of separate schools in the Western Provinces. The settlement has been a compromise, which naturally does not satisfy the Quebec hierarchy. But it avoided further friction between the Federal authority and the Provincial governments of a great and growing community, and gave substantial effect to a decision of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council; furthermore, the agreement as embodied in the statutes of Manitoba has worked satisfactorily on the whole. Thus a temporary breakdown of the intricate machinery of Confederation was avoided, and a strain taken off a constitutional link between Great Britain and Canada—*i.e.*, the legal authority of the Privy Council. That the people of Quebec regarded the settlement as equitable for the Roman Catholics of the West was demonstrated at the General Election of 1900, when out of a total representation of sixty-five he carried fifty-eight seats, as compared with forty-eight in 1896, despite the undeniable fact that the French-speaking Canadians did not approve of sending troops to South Africa. In his attitude in



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Imperial issues Sir Wilfrid Laurier has invariably followed the *via media* between the opinion of Quebec and the opinion of the majority in the rest of the Dominion. As regards the question of a fixed contribution in money or men or war-ships towards the cost of Imperial defence, his position is that of the ordinary Canadian, who does not yet understand that the British Navy, together with its developed landing-party—that is to say, the British Army—is the only security for the integrity of Canada's territory and her commercial independence. In two matters of importance in regard to Imperial defence Sir Wilfrid Laurier's excessive caution—a fault of the statesmen of compromise which has grown on him of late years—has certainly prevented him from making the best use of an opportunity. When every British Canadian from the Atlantic to the Pacific was anxious that Canada should take the lead in offering a contingent for South Africa, he hesitated—and lost a part of his prestige in all the English-speaking provinces.

Again, in the Dundonald affair he missed a great opportunity. In view of the unconstitutional form of Lord Dundonald's protest against Mr. Fisher's intervention in the appointment of Militia officers, he was compelled to dispense with the soldier's services. The speech in which he justified that decision was, in matter and manner, a rebuke to those of his supporters who collected about the Minister of Agriculture, after the delivery of his mean and low-pitched explanation, and sang "He's a daisy." There can be no doubt that Lord Dundonald chose the best means to a great end when he perpetrated his historic act of insubordination. The King's coat is no longer regarded, in practice or even in theory, as part and parcel of the Canadian minor politician's patronage. The use of the word "foreigner" in this controversy, which will always be cast up against Sir Wilfrid, was a mere slip of the tongue of one who sometimes thinks in French even when he speaks in English. Sir John Macdonald would certainly have dismissed Lord Dundonald, but he would also have dispensed with the services of Mr. Fisher—after a decent

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interval had elapsed to save the face of the agricultural expert. As regards preferential trade, Sir Wilfrid cannot justly be accused of an excess of caution. The British preference was granted by him at the earliest possible moment, despite the disapproval of the Cabinet Ministers from Quebec, and his first outspoken declaration in favour of the principle of Mr. Chamberlain's proposals—it is clear that he thinks a practicable scheme of commercial federation can be gradually built up by concurrent legislation or co-ordinated "treaties of commerce" —came at the psychological moment as a full reply to Lord Rosebery's reasoned misinterpretation of Canadian fiscal policy. On the whole, he must be reckoned a much better Imperialist than any Liberal in this country. Seeing that the chief work of his life—the confirmation of the *entente cordiale* between French and British Canadians—is now finished, we must not complain if he leaves to Mr. W. S. Fielding, heir-apparent to the Liberal leadership, the long labour of teaching Canada to think and act Imperially. In the Canadian confederacy Quebec, more than two millions thinking politically as one and enlarging their sphere of political influence without discontinuity, much as a splash of ink spreads in blotting-paper, is still the predominant partner. Nobody can appreciate the greatness and understand the limitations of Sir Wilfrid Laurier without descending to the political standpoint of the *habitant* who is in, but not of, the Empire. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, as politician, is great because he can always rely on the support of the Quebec countryman, who sees in him a magnified image—a Brocken spectre, as it were—of his own personality. He is by far the greatest man in the world for that simple-subtle rustic. But as a statesman Sir Wilfrid Laurier is great—the greatest of all French Canadians that are or have been—because by slow degrees, diplomatically, with infinite pains, he is leading the *habitant* into a higher plane of political thinking. There was a time when Sir Wilfrid Laurier was accused of "veiled treason" and a desire to break the Imperial connection. The charge was false, though it is still uttered by partisans.

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But there never was a time when Sir Wilfrid Laurier was not guilty of a discreetly disguised Imperialism in his dealings with Quebec. Quebec is not yet converted to a wider outlook by his splendid inconsistency. She sent a mere handful of townsmen to South Africa; she is neither for nor against the consolidation of the Empire. But, if Sir Wilfrid Laurier lives long enough, Quebec will become more than passively Imperialist. It may well be that the next generation will be active in Imperialism. Meanwhile we must remember that, all said and done, the French Canadian would sooner die than be drawn into the "orbit" of the United States and swallowed up in that wide welter of mortality, as were his fellow emigrants in Louisiana. It may be that the future of the French Canadian people, in whom the fighting instinct seems latent for the time being, is foreshadowed in the curious inscription under Le Chien d'Or, still to be seen gnawing his bone in a street of the upper town of Quebec. This is the dog's prophecy:

> Je suis un chien qui ronge l'os,
> En le rongeant je prends mon repos;
> Un temps viendra qui n'est pas venu
> Que je mordrai qui m'aura mordu.

The dog is Quebec; the bone represents his liberties; the biter that shall be bit is—the United States? But the career of many a *novus homo* of the Préfontaine type in Quebec politics makes for the belief that some day the dog will go abroad to look for a larger bone.

Howsoever reluctantly, Newfoundland, the first of the insular stepping-stones to the transcontinental Colony, must some day become the Tenth Province of the Dominion. Until the building of the transinsular railway and the establishment of steamship lines bringing the "outports" into regular communication with St. John's and the Canadian haven of North Sydney—all this was the work of Mr. R. G. Reid—Newfoundland was a mere circuit of fishing hamlets, shut off from the outer world. Then the Newfoundlander looked eastward

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toward St. John's, the window in which the phantasmagoria of British politics could be dimly discerned. His broad back was turned flatly on Canada—a land of foreigners, as he believed, who would use his babies for gun-wadding if he consented to enter Confederation. Now he looks westward for employment between one fishing season and the next, or for capital to use in his small business, and the old horror of the mainland and its inhabitants has dwindled into mere distrust. The removal of the French *condominium* and the breakdown of the fishing monopoly known as "Water Street" (from the name of the "down-along" thoroughfare of the capital) have given him prosperity and a new sense of nationality and renewed courage in the great task, the importance of which is not yet appreciated in his Mother Country, of asserting his right to the ownership of the Grand Banks. That great submerged plateau, thronged with the swift silvery squadrons of innumerable cod, is the Rand of the world's fisheries. It is a British possession by right of discovery. In the days of Elizabeth it was also the scene of a great annual market, since the Norman, Breton, and Basque fishing-vessels journeyed thither not only to catch cod, the staple victualling for the armies and navies of that age, but also to exchange goods with the English fishing masters. By means of the profit from this twofold business, Bristol and other ports of the west country grew into greatness as citadels of commerce and schools of admiralty. Every acre of that plateau is a sunken English churchyard; each wave out of the white mist above is a wandering grave, a shaken pall; vague *hic jacets*, in the soft tongue of Devon or Cornwall, are heard in the wind's passing. I call to mind the tale of the master of a "banker" who saw the ghosts of three fishermen from his own father's town in Devon sitting on a passing wave and warming themselves in the moonlight. We never won a naval battle in which seamen trained amid the perils of these pregnant waters did not play a glorious part. There were hundreds in Nelson's fleet at Trafalgar, and not a few in Villeneuve's. The people of Newfoundland, that "sea-girt Devon," are a garrison

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planted there by the forethought of England's genius to watch over and keep for us an industry that is necessary for the Empire's salvation. To-day the Grand Banks (with the subsidiary shore-fisheries) are more than ever the world's greatest school of seamanship, a thing not to be taught by German drill-books. If Newfoundland "will furnish, under suitable regulations" (I quote the words of Admiral Sir T. O. Hopkins, who formerly commanded on the North American station), "a tithe of its magnificent seafaring population as a naval reserve, it will produce a force in quantity and quality unsurpassable anywhere." Since there has never yet been a machine-made naval victory in all the annals of maritime warfare, it will be the height of folly if we fail to support Sir Robert Bond in his efforts to secure for the Empire the control of the Grand Banks fishing industry, which takes men of iron and transmutes them into the steel of sea-power. That is the key to Sir Robert's policy of retaliation against the United States, which must sooner or later drive the Gloucester fishing trust, an economic parasite, from Newfoundland's territorial waters. The second half of that policy—tariff discrimination against American imports—will add at least two threads to the nexus of Imperial Preference which already encloses the whole of Greater Britain—a cocoon which is growing wings. The Newfoundland Premier is an advocate of Imperial Preference, though, when the writer met him in 1908 on a journey from St. John's to Toronto, he did not see what the island could give to clinch a bargain. He knows better now. Of all Colonial statesmen, he is the most English and the least abstruse, though the simple straightforwardness of the man is veiled by a curiously decorative courtesy which proved as "interesting" to the London shepherdesses in the gala year of 1902 as it was "fascinating" to the envoy-collecting hostesses of eclectic Washington. There must be much stuff in a politician who awakens feminine curiosity in both London and Washington, who is also as much a friend of the salted fisherfolk of Newfoundland outports as of Theodore Roosevelt.

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Somehow he suggests to me a transplanted variant of Viscount St. Aldwyn, and no doubt both men have the quality of pliant obduracy, the will that bends but cannot be broken.

As in the case of British North America, so in that of Australasia—the Premiers of a continental and of an insular colony, which have many interests in common, are here to deliver yet another assault on the blind towers of Cobdenism. But there are reasons why New Zealand, unlike Newfoundland, is not likely to merge its personality in that of its mightier neighbour. Newfoundland can never become economically self-supporting—the lands of its interior, the pasturage of the caribou, are unsuitable for agriculture—whereas New Zealand can produce all the necessities and necessary luxuries of modern civilisation within its own sea-frontiers. In such matters, again, the degree of proximity counts for much; the sea voyage between New Zealand and Australia is fourteen times as long as that which separates Newfoundland and Canada. Nobody in Australia or New Zealand, so far as I know, now advocates the union of the two colonies. Indeed, Australian politicians would be more strongly opposed to such a step than those of "Maoriland," seeing that it is still no easy matter to keep the States of the Commonwealth corralled within the constitutional ring-fence, and the inclusion of "The Colony" (as Mr. Seddon customarily called his political principality) would greatly add to the confusion of local ideals. As yet the Australian Commonwealth—like the Canadian Confederacy in the seventies—is a political machine rather than a social organism, and Mr. Deakin is the only Australian statesman—not excepting Mr. G. H. Reid, in whose waistcoat pocket on the left side a Cobden Club gold medal[1] still shines balefully—who has purged his mind of sectionalism. They say in Victoria that he is not as good a Victorian as he was in the 'eighties, and that is a very high compliment, though not meant to be so considered.

[1] Sir Wilfrid Laurier has one of these curiosities, but none of his friends knows where he keeps it.

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He has a personality which provokes the making of epigrams, all of which are of a friendly nature. Thus it was said of him as a leader-writer that even the (Melbourne) *Age* could not stale his infinite variety; he has been described as the Balfour of Colonial politics, and a rival speaker once asserted that he could "throw a halo of attraction around the orifice of Hades"—a remark which, by the way, illustrates the prevailing fault, a weakness for the "thunderous huff-snuff" of Australian minor oratory. Mr. Deakin has always been more anxious to do his work than to seize the *spolia opima* of political victories. He is a great authority on irrigation, and I happen to know that his "Irrigated India," an established text-book on wet farming, has been an inspiration to President Roosevelt in the framing and carrying out of that "irrigation policy" which is turning the American South-west into a fertile chequer-board with myriads of squares, each square a farmer's homestead. He was a great factor in the Federation movement, which might have failed but for his mediation between the extremists. Indeed, he has always been the man with the political oil-can, injecting here and there and everywhere the slow-falling words of soothing courtesy which prevent friction between incongruous personalities seeking the same end. Bnt it is as the uncompromising advocate of Imperial Preference that he is best known in Great Britain. Here is his creed, a spoken passage which every Tariff Reformer should know by heart:

> It is usually urged that the British workman, or the Colonial purchaser, will have to pay something more. I do not admit that. Treaties can be made which would not raise the price of articles on either side, and which would still confer a mutual advantage. Others can be made which would, or might, incidentally or temporarily for the most part, raise prices. Again it is a question of so much. There may be an increase in price which is inconsiderable, and a compensating advantage which is considerable. The only figures I propose to quote are those which indicate the possibility of diverting within the Empire trade which is at present without it. I find that in 1903 the exports—including gold and bullion—into the Empire represented upwards of £900,000,000. Adding the exports of the Empire for the same year, I find the

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total trade was £1,600,000,000. There must be a large proportion of these imports which the Empire cannot produce profitably, and a large proportion of exports which we cannot consume. With these I will not deal. The enormous magnitude of those figures suffices to show the margin we have to work upon. They show the portion of our trade which now leaves only one of its profits within the Empire, and puts another profit in the pockets of our rivals and possible enemies. That trade may be retained within the Empire, to the lasting benefit of those portions of it which, like Australia, are but imperfectly cultivated and inadequately settled.

No such wide vision of the possibilities of Imperial Preference has yet been attained by Sir Wilfrid Laurier. But those who know that the development of the upper half of the North American prairie region is, and must remain, the mainspring of Canadian progress, and that markets must be found in the Pacific if that development is to proceed continuously, are thinking along somewhat different lines from Mr. Deakin's conclusion. When, in 1911 or thereabouts, the Dominion has three completed transcontinental routes—to say nothing of an emergency exit for Western freight by way of the Hudson Bay—the wheat production of the great prairie provinces will be too great to be absorbed by the British market unless a tax be levied on the grain of Russia, the Argentine, and the United States. In view of the fact that the whole Far East is now the theatre of a war of industrial conquest waged by Japan co-operating with China, Canada cannot find adequate additional markets in that quarter, and will be prepared to pay almost any price in the form of tariff concessions for the preferential treatment of wheat, the product of the pivotal industry of the West. Mr. Deakin has foreseen this change, and so has the Premier of Manitoba, the most far-seeing of all the Imperialists of Western Canada.

New Zealand will never be incorporated in the Australian Commonwealth, but as regards nearly all the larger questions of Imperial policy the two countries are of the same mind. Both understand the meaning of British sea-power, without which they might at any moment—now the sun of an Oriental renaissance with its chrysanthemum rays is above the horizon

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—be swamped by armies of emigrants, numerous as the Mongol hordes of the Middle Ages, and able to conquer by an economic *jiu-jitsu* or power of under-living, from the over-crowded lands of southern and eastern Asia. Both are anxious to profit by the evil experience of the United States, and prevent the creation of gigantic soulless trusts within their borders. Both are well aware that Germany and other foreign Powers are cutting into our trade along every stage of the "long trail" (of which Rudyard Kipling sings) and diminishing the hoarded prestige to which the keepers of India—the Holy Land of the Far East—are clearly entitled. Both will vote the same at the Conference through their chosen representatives, Mr. Deakin and Sir Joseph Ward. The New Zealand Prime Minister is not yet known to the people of the "Home-land," though he has visited London on several occasions. We are still haunted by the magniloquent personality of the late Mr. Seddon—a statesman of mass and momentum comparable with the mighty scrummagers, one at least of them a relation of "King Dick," who sported the red rose in the heroic age of Rugby football. To Richard Seddon New Zealand was "God's own country" (the same name has been given to the Saskatchewan valley on the other side of the globe), and his ruling ideal was to recreate England in its image. In the contemplation of this monumental patriot one was apt to forget that he was also the subtlest politician of his day, the wariest of party meteorologists, a benevolent Count Fosco working the wires of innumerable profound projects. He was the "lock" forward of his pack of Cabinet Ministers, of whom his successor was one of the cleverest in getting the ball. Though he cannot be compared with his immortal chief, there is no doubt that Sir Joseph Ward is a strong and able statesman. It has been said that he resembles Mr. Seddon as a bull-terrier resembles a bull-dog, no more and no less. The collection of these stray epigrams is an interesting hobby. Whether this particular specimen is more than half a truth remains to be seen. For the time being Sir Joseph Ward must govern according to the

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spirit as well as the letter of Cabinet law, and one doubts whether he is able or willing to become a political autocrat. As to his all-round ability there can be no question whatever. He was the best of Postmasters-General, an official after Mr. Henniker Heaton's own heart, and the story that when at Rome he read off a Marconigram and translated the dots and dashes into good Italian is a good illustration of the man's uncanny versatility. It will be long before a Postmaster-General in a British Cabinet—the place is given to party maids-of-all-work or to young men of a coming-on disposition—will be able to work the wireless telegraph personally. In the matter of preferential trade Sir Joseph Ward is not (perhaps) so zealous as his predecessor. Last year he was talking over the possibility of a reciprocity treaty between New Zealand and the United States with President Roosevelt, that heroic busybody.

And so we come to the three representatives of British South Africa, who will probably vote as a group in the Conference. Two of the South African Premiers—Dr. Jameson and General Botha—need no introduction. The former has been working out the political *testamentum militare* of the late Cecil Rhodes in the mother-colony of the sub-continent, and so laying the foundations of the third great Federation in the Empire. We all know that he is an advocate of Imperial Preference, as ardent and outspoken as Mr. Deakin himself. General Botha has filled the news-sheets of late, and there is nothing new to be said of this honourable soldier and honest politician, who will probably be as cordially welcomed in London as was Marshal Soult when he visited us after the collapse of the Napoleonic tyranny. His opinions in regard to Imperial Preference are as yet unknown; perhaps he himself does not know what they are. But he is defining his political personality day by day in admirable pronouncements, in which no trace of the Prinsloo self-deceiving is to be discerned. Perhaps there is a trifle too much nobility in these utterances. One distrusts any variant of the ineffable John Glayde who appears on the political stage. Besides, Mr. Hofmeyr was

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rather given to that particular pose. Lastly, there is Mr. Frederick Moor, the Premier of Natal, which, despite the suggestion of an untravelled Radical member of our own Parliament, is a very much more important thing than the poverty-stricken "workers' dormitory" of West Ham. Mr. Moor, who began by digging diamonds at Kimberley, was one of the party which carried responsible government for Natal. He has done a vast amount of administrative work, and was acting Premier when Sir Albert Hime was attending the Coronation Conference. There is no stronger advocate of Imperial Preference.

E. B. Osborn.

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# GALILEO IN THE VAL D'ARNO

THREE villas in the neighbourhood of Florence are of more than ordinary interest, not only for their historical associations and beauty, but because Galileo Galilei lived in them at different periods of his troubled life. Le Selve, near Signa, built by Buontalenti, was bought by the Marquess Filippo Salviati from the Strozzi family, and when Galileo resigned his professorship at Padua in order to become Court Mathematician at Florence, his friend Salviati lent him the villa. It is curious that two great Italians, Giovanni Boccaccio and Galileo Galilei, had a common ancestor in Bonajuto, Lord of Pogna in the Val d'Elsa. Chellino, one of Bonajuto's sons, was Boccaccio's grandfather. Another son, Giovanni, was the father of a celebrated doctor, Messer Galileo, from whom descended Vincenzio Galilei, a musician of some repute, his son, born in Pisa in 1564, was the famous Galileo Galilei. A descendant of Messer Galileo, the doctor, was Governor of Pisa about seventy years ago, and most bitterly resented any allusion to his relationship with a man who had been in the prisons of the Inquisition.

The room occupied by Galileo at the Selve communicates by a winding staircase with a small upper terrace on which he used to spend the nights in watching the stars. Here he discovered the spots on the sun, and here he wrote his treatise

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on the planets, his history of the sun-spots, and other works. He loved the country and country pursuits, and declared there was no better preservative of health than living in the open air. A wall at the back of the villa with a peculiar curve is always shown as having been built by him. If two people whisper to one another at either end, each can hear the other distinctly. The view from the broad terrace of the Selve is beautiful. Below a long fringe of tall poplars marks the winding river, and to the right is the picturesque old bridge which connects Beata Signa with Ponte a Signa. Farther away still are the fine old machicolated walls and towers of Lastra a Signa standing out against the lush green plains. On the summit of the hill opposite, rising abruptly from the river, stands the great Medicean villa of Artiminio, and in the far distance Poggio a Cajano rises high above the village clustering round it; the trees looking like shrubs beside the villa where Francesco I. and his second wife, Bianca Cappello, died of poison in October 1587.

In 1614 Salviati died and Galileo had to leave the Selve. About the same time a Dominican friar preached a sermon in Santa Maria Novella denouncing Galileo and all professors of mathematics. "Mathematicians are of the devil," he exclaimed, "and mathematicians, as authors of all heresies, should be driven out of every State." Monks and theologians denied the existence of the Medicean planets, some even insisted that the moon shone by her own unaided light. In 1617 Galileo rented a villa on Bellosguardo from the Segni family, where he lived for sixteen years. All learned Florentines, and every foreigner of any distinction who visited Florence, breasted the steep hill to listen to Galileo's conversation. Eloquent, sarcastic, brimming over with fun and humour, and full of learning, he was a delightful companion. Virgil, Horace and Seneca, he knew by heart and often quoted, as he did the poetry of Petrarch, of Berni, and especially of Ariosto. He never permitted Tasso to be compared with Ariosto, saying there was as great a difference between them as when a man

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tried to eat a cucumber after a good melon. Here he could indulge in his favourite occupation of pruning and tending fruit trees and flowers, for he looked on cities as prisons of the human intellect, and used to say, "the country is the book of nature, always open to him who cares to read and study with intelligence, for the writing and the alphabet in which it is written are so many propositions, problems and geometrical corollaries, by whose help some of the infinite mysteries of nature may be fathomed."

In the Segni villa, now known as the Villa dell'Ombrellino, Galileo wrote the *Saggiatore*, expounding convincing arguments in favour of the new method of observation and induction. Friends and devoted pupils flocked around him; yet he was lonely and longed for the family life he had himself made an impossibility by condemning his two daughters to become nuns as quite young girls. At last his son Vincenzio, having finished his studies at Pisa, married, and came to live in Florence in 1629. A happy year passed all too quickly, during which Galileo began to compose his famous *Dialogues on Motion*. But the following year the plague broke out and his son fled to the hills above Prato, from whence he persistently pestered his father for money, and complained that he gave away too much in charity. Galileo was, however, somewhat consoled by the love of his daughter Virginia, who had taken the vows at sixteen under the name of Sister Maria Celeste. Her letters are charming but very sad reading. It was then the custom that a nun might have a *Devoto*, or devout follower, sometimes a priest, sometimes a layman, who was admitted into the parlour, the nun being behind the grating, to ask for her advice or her prayers, he in return giving small presents to her or to the convent, which often was in dire need.

I look on you [she wrote to her father] as my Devoto (to speak according to our usage), to whom I can tell my thoughts, my pleasures and my pains. Finding you have always been ready to help me, I tell you, not of all my wants, for they would be too numerous, but of one which is very pressing as the cold weather is approaching, I shall be frozen if you do not send me a blanket.

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In return she sent her father candied fruit, or linen worked by her own hands. One December, with a rose, she writes:

> To enhance my gift of candied lemons and two fine baked pears I send you a rose. Being a rare flower at this season it may be pleasing to you, the more so that with the rose you will accept the thorns which represent the bitter passion of Our Lord, and also the green leaves which signify hope.

Proud of being the daughter of Galileo, she took an interest in his scientific and literary labours, begged to see the letters he received from celebrated men, and to be allowed to read the *Saggiatore*. When Galileo was very ill, the poor girl exclaimed:

> I do not mind being a nun save when I hear that you are ill, for I would wish so much to be able to come and see you, and nurse you with all possible care.

When Galileo left Bellosguardo his pupil Esau Martellini lent him a villa he owned at Arcetri, called Il Gioello. Here he lived after the second persecution he suffered at Rome in 1688, when at last he was permitted to return to Florence. Il Gioello was practically his prison, as the Inquisition forbade him to hold meetings, to give lectures, to receive friends, or "to commit any action showing a lack of reverence."

In 1684 he lost his beloved daughter, the nun, Sister Maria Celeste. From her death-bed she wrote to him:

> Accept these few words, offered with ardent love, to inform you of the state, by God's grace, of my mind. I long to pass to another life, for every day I see more clearly the vanity and the misery of this one.

Her death was a heavy blow to the sick and broken-down man, whose eyesight was rapidly failing. Urban VIII. and his worthy advisers, the Jesuits, continued their persecution and ordered that he was not to converse with any one, "not even with the most wise and respectable person." He petitioned the Pope, through the Grand Duke, to grant him some mitigation of such rigorous imprisonment, but the Inquisition

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commanded him to desist from further supplications on pain of punishment. Hobbes must have, however, contrived to evade these orders, as he saw Galileo frequently when he was in Florence in 1636. He admired the great Italian as being "the first that opened to us the gate of natural philosophy universal, which is the knowledge of the nature of *motion*. So that neither can the age of natural philosophy be reckoned higher than to him."

Some years later another Englishman visited Galileo. Milton was in Florence in 1638, and often climbed the hill up to:

> Thy sunny slope, Arcetri, sung of old
> For its green wine; dearer to me, to most,
> As dwelt on by that great astronomer,
> Seven years a prisoner at the city gate,
> Let in but in his grave-clothes. Sacred be
> His villa (justly called the Gem).
> Sacred the lawn, where many a cypress threw,
> Its length of shadow, while he watched the stars.
> Sacred the vineyard, where, while yet his sight
> Glimmered, at blush of morn he dressed his vines,
> Chanting aloud in gaiety of heart,
> Some verse of Ariosto. There unseen,
> In manly beauty Milton stood before him,
> Gazing with reverent awe—Milton his guest,
> Just then come forth, all life and enterprise;
> *He* in his old age and extremity,
> Blind, at noonday exploring with his staff;
> His eyes upturned as to the golden sun,
> His eyeballs idly rolling.[1]

Galileo became quite blind in 1638, and four years later he died. His favourite pupil, Viviani, braved the thunders of the Vatican and nursed his friend and master with the tenderness of a woman. He describes him as being "strongly built, of middle height, full-blooded, phlegmatic, and very strong. But hard work and much pain, both of body and of mind, had debilitated his frame, so he would often fall into a languid condition."

[1] "Italy." Samuel Rogers.



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Galileo was a good musician and played well on the lute, he was a clever draughtsman, and so able as an architect that the Florentines consulted him about the façade they proposed to build for their cathedral. After 1633 all his letters are dated "From my prison at Arcetri."

JANET ROSS.

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# COSMOPOLITANISM AND HUMOUR

"IN the whole of my life I have met only two women with a genuine sense of humour," a well-known literary man said to me recently. As an after-thought he added: "One I married." It was this remark which led up to an interesting discussion as to whether cosmopolitanism—in other words, the habit of mixing freely with men and women of many sorts and conditions—does or does not tend to foster the sense of humour in the individual already to some extent endowed with it. Ultimately it was suggested that "expert opinion" upon the subject should be obtained; and thus it comes about that I have now before me letters from a number of "specialists" who have been so kind as to favour me with their views.

Though of opinion that the sense of humour cannot be brought into being in the individual born without any germs of it in his nature, Mrs. John Lane thinks that even the germs can be cultivated, and, if a mixed metaphor may pass, can be actually fanned into flame provided they are taken in time. In short, the boy or the girl endowed by nature with a sense of the ridiculous and the wit to observe instinctively many of the absurdities that go to make up, if not the sum of our existence, at least a sensible proportion of it, will find that this power of observation becomes stronger, or fades away almost entirely, according to the mental atmosphere in which he or she is reared.

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And yet [Mrs. Lane continues], quite the dullest person I ever knew was a man who had spent almost the whole of his life in roaming about the world, and who, to my knowledge, had mixed with people of many different ranks and nationalities. Personally I am all in favour of encouraging humour so far as it can be encouraged. I think the reason so many people speak disparagingly of individuals said to be gifted with a sense of humour is that they—the people holding the opinion that humour ought to be discouraged—do not understand the true meaning of the word "humour."

That, without doubt, is so. Thus the dreadful person who slaps you on the back when he meets you in the street, deems himself a humourist. So does the habitual perpetrator of puns; so does the individual who "roars" over his own anecdotes; so does the club smoking-room cynic who sharpens his wit at the expense of his absent friends. An acquaintance told me once that his son had "such a sense of humour." I found out afterwards that the son, though a grown man, thought it a splendid joke to tie a tin can to his dog's tail and send the poor beast yelping down the street.

To Mr. Israel Zangwill "It seems obvious that if any one has a sense of humour he can make it grow with exercise." The idea of deliberately setting out to exercise one's sense of humour is amusing. "A sense of relativity and comparison," he adds, "being at the basis of all humorous observation, humour will naturally be fostered by mixing with all sorts of people who to themselves are absolute." He does not in the least hold with Ian Maclaren that "a sense of humour is a direct hindrance to practical success in life"; or that "young men should congratulate themselves if they lack this dangerous quality"; or that, if by mischance they possess it, "they ought to hide it behind a sustained and unimpeachable solemnity until they have a competence"; or, finally, that, as one of my unconsciously humorous Irish correspondents observes, "until a young man is old he most certainly ought not to cultivate the sense of humour."

A well-known barrister, who for an obvious reason desires to remain anonymous, thinks that "dulness and intense respec-

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tability generally go hand-in-hand." He goes on to say that after mixing with men and women of many classes for upwards of five and thirty years he has come to the conclusion that

the lack of humour, which spells infinite dulness, of many of the members of the various cliques that go to make up what is spoken of commonly as "county society," could hardly be surpassed. . . . This fact [he continues], I think, bears out what I take to be your own view; namely, the old saying that though a rolling stone may gather but little moss, a set stone acquires no brilliancy. In direct opposition to the stereotyped axiom of a great bulk of Englishmen that one should "never talk to strangers," I have long made it a rule almost invariably to talk to strangers, or at any rate give them an opportunity of entering into conversation if they wish to do so—for instance, in railway carriages, on omnibuses, at public gatherings, in hotel smoking-rooms, on board ship, at my clubs, and so on. I find that plenty of men are only too glad to converse. The reason so many refrain from opening a conversation is that they think the stranger they would like to talk to would perhaps sooner not be bothered to talk to them, and thus they refrain from speaking, out of consideration for the stranger's feelings. . . . Most emphatically I have found that the "cosmopolouse," as Kipling calls him—the man who rubs shoulders with members of the community in many walks in life, who, to a great extent, sets social distinctions aside and is ordinarily "human" with everybody he meets—has a far more finely-developed sense of humour, and a keener insight into human character, than his brother who insists upon "unbending" only when in the company of persons of what he calls "his own social standing." As a natural result the man of cosmopolitan habits, tastes and views is almost invariably much the more broad-minded of the two.

Finally, it is my opinion that if we Englishmen, as a nation, allowed ourselves more latitude in this respect, stood a little less upon our "dignity"—which in this connection is not true dignity at all, but a form of priggishness—and were less ready to take offence where no offence is meant, the wheels of life would run more smoothly with us and we should be less misunderstood and less often misrepresented by foreign nations.

The next letter comes from Mr. Max Beerbohm, who assuredly ought to be able to speak with authority upon the subject of humour in its relation to cosmopolitanism, and *vice versâ*. However, he is not of this opinion.

I am afraid [he writes], that my reply must be a refusal. Had you asked me to contribute to a discussion as to how many angels might dance on the point of a needle, I might have dared to try. But the schoolmen of old time

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seem to me to have been, in comparison with you, plain, practical, prosaic fellows. "Whether cosmopolitanism tends to develop the sense of humour" is a problem which would have mystified and affrighted even them. How much more must it affright and mystify *me*!

## Mr. Cecil Raleigh, on the contrary, does not fear to step in where Mr. Max Beerbohm will not tread.

Personally [his letter begins], I think that one is born with a Sense of Humour, or without it. To some the Sense is given in a greater degree than to others, but I do not think that a Sense of Humour can be, or ever is, developed.

We should not confound a *Sense* of Humour with the *Expression* of Humour.

The Expression of Humour is an Art. It is a very difficult Art to learn. But it is an Art that can be developed. For example, the well-known sporting nobleman who told his friend that he had been "ruined by slow horses and fast women," never afterwards uttered a word that might not have emanated from a tame rabbit. Yet he did upon the one particular occasion that I have indicated, give distinct evidence of latent talent. It might have been developed. But it was not. Remember, it is a very ordinary thing in the House of Commons for a man to make one brilliant speech and never say anything afterwards. The latent orator is there, but for some reason or reasons the oratory is never developed. It is so with the *Expression* of Humour.

A *Sense* of Humour is quite a different thing. Many people will do, and say, things that appear to them to have nothing but a serious meaning. But to other people these things are ridiculous beyond speech. The people to whom the things appear ridiculous are the people who have an inborn Sense of Humour, that is to say, they have the ability to see and appreciate Humour.

But what is Humour?

Here you get on to dangerous ground. For example, in a given action or a given speech, some men see no Humour at all. Others see a little Humour. Others see a great deal of Humour. Now which of them is right? Is there Humour in nearly everything, and are only those people right who can see it; or is there never any Humour in anything, and are the people who think that they can see Humour, people cursed with a perverted Sense?

Ask yourself this: You see a drunken man slip up and fall heavily upon the pavement. You roar with laughing. Why? The spectacle is one in which moral depravity is combined with physical pain. Is there anything humorous about it? There is nothing, if you permit yourself to think

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for a solitary minute. And yet you laugh. And possibly you, like many others, look with contempt upon people who are said to have no Sense of Humour.

Cosmopolitanism does not seem to me to affect Humour one way or the other. As a child I roared with laughter when I saw a man finish an angry speech by sitting heavily upon his own hat. I have travelled a good deal and I have seen many many lands, and whenever I have seen a similar incident or anything at all approaching it, I have laughed as I did when a child, but I have not laughed any more and I don't think it is likely I shall laugh any less. If your Mother had some words with your Father at the breakfast table, and in the excitement of the argument he dropped an "h" or two, if you burst out laughing and your Mother said "Basil, a family disagreement should not be the cause of merriment; you used to take these things seriously," would you reply: "Yes Mother, I know I did, but I cannot help laughing *now* because I have spent three weeks in Germany"?

Several of our leading actors consider that to be genuinely humorous is in itself an art, but they one and all make the mistake of confusing the verb "to foster" with the verb "to create." Even Mr. George Grossmith has to some extent fallen into this trap.

The humorist, like the poet [he says], is born and not mechanically manufactured, but in my opinion cosmopolitanism is an incentive to every branch of art.

The artist who spends the whole of his time in painting views of Hampstead Heath, for instance, must perforce remain ignorant of the other beauties of the earth. Travelling in itself is an education especially for the humorist. Mark Twain would never have been the brilliant humorist that he is if he had confined his observations of human nature to suburban surroundings. So it is with the gentlemen in my own line of humour. If they write songs like, for instance, "How mother cooked the apple pie," they will find themselves perpetually confined to gentlemen's "smokers," or, as the Americans aptly term them, "stag" parties. A knowledge of foreign nations, however slight, must be a great advantage to any home-made humorist, and it gives him a wider field for his work.

This reference to Mark Twain brings back to memory the days when he lived in Paris and I had the privilege of his acquaintance there, for we lived in the same hotel. He was a great believer in cosmopolitanism as an incentive to the develop-

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ment of the humorous faculty in the man or woman endowed with it. I have met many professional humorists, if one may call them so, who in conversation rarely smile, but few were "drier" in their manner than Mr. Samuel Clemens—"Mark Twain." Even when the most whimsical of remarks came unbidden to his lips he never really laughed. His eyes, which were set far back in his head, would at such times twinkle in a peculiarly attractive way and become almost hidden under his bushy eyebrows, and sometimes his mouth curved a little at the corners. But that was all. Yet I recollect his keeping an audience convulsed with laughter when one day at the British Embassy he read aloud some extracts from his "Innocents Abroad." But there were persons devoid of humour even in that audience. When, after the entertainment was over, I incidentally asked a lady who had been present at it if she had ever read Mark Twain's "Jumping Frog," she replied that she had. "But I couldn't see anything in the least funny in it," she added. "The thought of filling a poor frog with shot like that made me feel quite ill."

The clever humorist, Mr. Walter Emanuel, who writes week by week the "Charivaria" for *Punch*, takes the question seriously.

> In considering your inquiry [he writes], the personal equation comes in. There are many persons in existence who cannot see the humour of anything, not even of themselves, but, as regards those who have the necessary gift, my answer to your question is an unhesitating affirmative. The cosmopolitan has his horizon enlarged. He is enabled to take a larger purview of things. Not only will he find more subjects, but his humour should tend to become of a finer quality, for he will get a more correct sense of proportion, and it will be far easier for him than for the short-sighted man to recognise what things in the world are small, and what things are big—what may be ridiculed, and what should be respected. The really great humorist gets right outside things.

Mr. Arthur Sykes, another of *Punch's* epigrammatists, holds that "sparks of latent humour may be drawn by rubbing shoulders—without too much friction."

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Mr. G. B. Burgin is practically of the same opinion, and feels sure that cosmopolitanism "unconsciously gives one a means of comparison." He recalls to mind an occasion when he was on the Bosphorus, in a caïque, and his boatman wanted a sail, as he was too lazy to row. "So the boatman took off his trousers, and their baggy amplitude made a magnificent sail." Mr. Burgin feels confident that a Thames boatman would have been summonsed had he done this.

> When we reached the landing-place, my boatman put on his trousers again, and thanked Allah for being wafted ashore. The spectators gravely joined in — "To Allah the praise: Selim is a man of ideas!" Emphatically the "cosmopolouse" has a distinct advantage over his stay-at-home brethren.

In opposition to this, Mr. Barry Pain does not think that humour can be fostered.

> Either you have got it [he says], or you go without it. The sense of humour is a sense of proportion, and possibly the cosmopolitan has the advantage of more standards of comparison; but personally I should not like to encourage young men to believe that if they fail to see jokes, a week in sunny Lucerne will be any help to them.

The conclusion to be arrived at, then, would seem to be this. In the same way that what is one man's food may be another man's poison, so the sense of proportion and disproportion that constitutes what we call, for want of a better definition, the "sense of humour," while appealing in a greater or lesser measure to one section of the community, acts in a greater or lesser degree as an irritant to the section that itself lacks this attribute. Secondly, the sense of humour is a thing apart. It is born in some, and in those in whom it is born it develops more or less in proportion as their power of mental quickness and observation develops, and this power of mental quickness and observation is increased unconsciously in the individual of cosmopolitan habits. But to the man born without any spark of humour in his composition, so to speak, all knowledge of what actually constitutes genuine humour will remain a

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"closed book." Lastly, in the same way that laughter is closely allied to tears, and pathos is closely allied to tragedy, so, considered collectively, the men and women possessed of a keen sense of humour will be found, as a rule, to be beneath the surface the most serious-minded, and, in many instances, the most "human" and sympathetic.

BASIL TOZER.

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# LEISURELY AMERICA

DR. LORENZ, the Vienna specialist, in recording his impressions of the United States, said nothing would convince him that Americans really believed time to be money while they thought it necessary to be personally present whenever their shoes were being blacked. This peculiar practice is not exceptional but typical. It illustrates a national characteristic which can with difficulty be accepted by the newcomer, for he brings with him the preconceived notion that a higher value is set upon time in America than anywhere else in the world, but if he remains a few years in the country his experience reveals to him that America's true distinction among the nations is as a land of leisure.

An unprejudiced observation of life in their great cities soon leads to the conclusion that Americans have more spare time to play with than any other people. Throughout the morning the chairs in the entrance halls of the hotels are filled with gossiping dawdlers. In New York itself business is not so pressing but that the streets can be thronged and traffic suspended at 11 A.M. on account of a procession of the Order of Eagles or some other fantastic society. To attend the annual conventions of such orders, and of various patriotic or religious associations, tens of thousands of persons travel long journeys and are absent from their homes for several days at a time. Sporting and athletic events make at least as great inroads upon business hours as in the country whose devotion

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to the muddied oaf has been so often bewailed. All this in addition to the public holidays—Independence Day, Memorial Day, Thanksgiving Day, Labour Day, Washington's Birthday, Lincoln's Birthday (or in the South some Confederate equivalent) as well as New Year's Day and Christmas Day. And in his working days the American endures such filchings from his time by incompetence and bad management as no Englishman would tolerate. The New Yorker gulps his food, yet his lunch takes at least as long as the Londoner's owing to the delay in the serving of his order. And though he pays his hair-cutter or barber at a ruinous scale, the charge is not after all extravagant if it is computed not by the piece but by the hour.

But surely, it will be said, the American is on the whole a pattern of activity and speed when he is actually occupying himself with his business. That is by no means my own judgment after spending four years in New York and six months in Chicago. The average office on the other side employs a larger staff than with us, but it shows by no means as satisfactory an output of work by the end of the day. The art of concentrating one's attention on the matter in hand has been very imperfectly learnt. The manager of an important firm is seldom indisposed for a chat of half an hour or so over a cigar. English tourists report with ingenuous admiration that they are able to obtain an interview with a Cabinet minister at Washington without an introduction, and can talk over with him at their leisure the affairs of his department—an accessibility which they naïvely extol in contrast with the exclusiveness of Whitehall. Shopping in the big city stores—those stores which are commonly supposed to be a marvellous development of business sagacity—is a most painful trial of patience owing to the unconscionable time consumed in waiting for change and for the packing up of one's purchase. The arrangements of these houses appear to be designed on purpose to discourage cash payments, for the delay is obviously much less in the case of customers who run a credit account. Often

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too, the enterprise of a business house appears to exhaust itself in lavish advertisement, in the belief that if only the name of an article of merchandise is kept before the eyes of the public the actual sale of it will take care of itself. An English friend who was paying me a short visit was struck one day by the advertisements, in the street cars and on the hoardings all over New York, of a novel kind of stationery, and expressed a wish to see what it was like. I wrote at once asking for specimens and prices. A week later, when my friend had already sailed for home, a representative of the firm called, bringing samples of the article with him. He explained its merits elaborately and enthusiastically, but was not even then able to quote prices for all grades. In England my inquiry would, of course, have been answered by return of post. The slow movement of the American business man was again illustrated when I was rash enough to order through a leading bookseller a book recently published in London. I received it three weeks later than if I had written for it direct, although I paid the importer twenty-five per cent. on its value for his trouble. Needing a new ferule at the end of my walking-stick I applied to the repairing department of one of the biggest stores. I was told that the job would cost sixty cents, and that it would be done in ten days. Ordinarily this great achievement could be accomplished in seven, but the approach of Christmas would make it necessary to allow three days more. In the rural districts of America—and it must be remembered that only thirty-one per cent. of the population is urban—the gait of business is fully as slow in our own villages and small towns.

The quality of the means of communication in any country is a fair test of its regard for economy of time. In this matter America makes a poor showing indeed. The Director of the Office of Public Road Inquiries, an officer in the Department of Agriculture, has declared that "the United States has probably the worst system of public highways of any civilised nation of the first class." It has been demonstrated that it

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costs more to move a bushel of wheat ten miles over an American country road than to transport the same burden 500 miles by railway, or 2000 miles by steamship. In what other country would one see such a newspaper paragraph as this at election time? "Rochester, N.Y., November 4,—Country roads in surrounding towns are reported to be in better condition than on any election day in many years, thus insuring a strong rural vote." In January 1905 it was reported that the sheriff and detectives at West Farmington, Ohio, were unable to get over the fifteen miles separating them from the place where a certain "wanted" man was staying, because no horses could be obtained at any price on account of the condition of the roads. The rapid collapse of the cycling boom, as illustrated by the decrease in membership of the League of American Wheelmen from 103,000 to 5380 in five years, is due not only to the mutability of the American temperament but to the discovery that there was neither pleasure nor profit in riding except in the neighbourhood of a certain number of public-spirited towns. The scope of the motor-car is similarly limited. An enthusiast who travelled the other day from New York to Buffalo on his motor-cycle reported that he covered several hundred miles on the railroad sleepers, which gave him better riding than the highways. A party of English automobilists, landing in New York with the intention of making their way to the St. Louis Fair by motor-car, had to give up the attempt after a brief experiment.

Many of the large cities of the United States have been laid out on a system which consumes the maximum of time in getting from one point to another. The rectangular plan of street arrangement makes it necessary to traverse two sides of a triangle to reach any point which is not in the same street as the starting-place. The consequent delay in communications is enormously increased, for vehicular traffic, by the atrocious condition of the city streets themselves. The waste of business time in getting waggons out of ruts, even in important New York streets, must amount to a considerable

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total. Just after the construction of the Subway, when the repaving of the streets was supposed to be completed, there was left for many weeks at one point within my daily observation so great a depression in the surface—it would scarcely be an exaggeration to call it a gully—that again and again drivers of coal-carts would labour for half an hour at a stretch to get over it, with the result that they had in many cases to send at last for another team. The amount of time that has been wasted until quite lately by the neglect of the municipal authorities to guide the street traffic is beyond calculation. It was only on St. Patrick's Day, 1903, that any system was introduced for the regulation of the course of vehicles at the busiest corners of New York City. The general belief that New York is in advance of London in opportunities of "rapid transit" is by no means borne out by facts. According to Mr. H. H. Vreeland, the highest authority on the question, the electric tram-cars in the New York streets are so hampered by stoppages and blocks that their average speed does not exceed eight miles an hour—a rate which makes it still possible to speak respectfully of the London bus. In walking down Broadway from Astor Place during business hours I have sometimes compared my own progress with that of an electric tram-car starting abreast of me, and I have reached Canal Street—nearly a mile—before it quite left me behind. But an American in a hurry will unhesitatingly take a car for two or three blocks rather than cover the same distance more quickly by walking, just as he will wait two or three minutes for an elevator to take him down a flight of ten steps, or will bring the resources of his typewriter to bear upon a post-card which could be more speedily written by hand. After forty years New York has at last come round to the London opinion that an underground railway is the best means of rapid communication in a large city. In using electricity as the motive power for such a railway, it has followed the example set by the City and South London in 1890, a date considerably earlier than that of the first electric railways in America. The interim

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experiment of elevated railways is now thoroughly discredited, as shown by the outcry lately raised against the proposal of certain capitalists to connect the Williamsburg and Brooklyn Bridges by this means. It is not at all unlikely that as soon as the Subway system is completed there will be a powerful agitation for the pulling down of the elevated lines, their effect upon the health and comfort of the city having been shown to be increasingly mischievous.

As to the American railway system proper, an entirely erroneous impression is gained by those who interpret as normal the widely-advertised "records" of long-distance speed. To run an 18-hours express from New York to Chicago—a distance of 912 or 980 miles according to the route taken—is a brilliant feat, but it is of practical value to only a very small proportion of railway travellers in the United States. This spectacular achievement will be seen to be quite exceptional if we compare a business man's opportunities of getting from say London to Manchester or Plymouth with the regular service from New York to Washington or Boston. In the autumn of 1904 the *Scientific American* summed up its own careful and detailed inquiries in the generalisation that "in respect of the number and speed of fast express trains our railway service in this country simply cannot compare with that of France and England." It will probably surprise English readers to learn that in the neighbourhood of New York, on the main lines entering that city, there are no less than twenty-five drawbridges which expose the railway traffic to the risk of being tied up at the whim of any passing barge-master. On November 30, 1904, a brick scow, sticking in the mud of Cromwell Creek, near the Harlem River, prevented the drawbridge from closing. It thus blockaded forty New York Central trains, including through expresses from the West, besides causing some hours' delay to thousands of passengers waiting at the main New York station for the starting of their trains in the opposite direction. Until the hindrance was removed it was necessary to block important

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trains as far away as Albany, a hundred and thirty miles distant. And this incident, according to the *New York Herald*, has been paralleled on all the great suburban carriers entering New York.

The cars used on American railways are built with an equal indifference to considerations of speed. I have seen admiringly quoted in England, as an example of American "hustle," a description of the scene at a New York terminus on the arrival of a suburban train crowded with business men. "As the train rushes in, the men leap from the cars on both sides," &c. &c. In fact, this is precisely what never happens and never can happen at an American station. There may be from 60 to 100 persons in the car, but they must all squeeze their way out through one of the two narrow exits at the ends. And the much vaunted "express" system of dealing with luggage is irritatingly slow. It is usually necessary to have one's packing completed several hours before the train starts—if one is leaving home at eight or nine in the morning the luggage is called for overnight—and the delivery is always a considerable time after the passenger's arrival. Worries and delays in dealing with luggage are, in my experience, an invariable concomitant of American railway travel.

Every now and then prominent American postal officials report, after visiting Europe, that their own postal system is far ahead of that of other countries. But in Boston there are only four deliveries a day at private houses, the latest at 4.20 P.M.; at Washington there are three, the latest at 3.30 P.M., in the residential section, and four in the business section. The house in which I was living in New York was within a mile and a half of the General Post Office, but no letters ever reached it after about six o'clock. At an important suburb, reached by frequent trains from the Grand Central Station, there are only three deliveries a day, the last at four o'clock, and there are other suburbs as easily reached by train or ferry, where until a date within the present century all letters had to be called for at the office. Spending a recent summer in a



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Massachusetts township with 1800 permanent residents, a place only three hours by rail from Boston, and with a station of its own, I found that there was no delivery of letters, but they had all to be called for at the local post office. The mail-bags were transported twice a day to the office from the station on the tail of a cart, long after the passengers had disappeared and the other baggage had been disposed of. Even in the cities postal matter sent at a lower rate than letters—including circulars, proofs, and printed documents generally—regularly takes from one to two days longer in transmission than letters posted at the same time.

American journalism is commonly supposed to supply the most brilliant illustrations of the national devotion to speed. Where the mere recording and publication of news is concerned this reputation is on the whole well deserved, though even in this respect the use of the "fudge-box," unknown in America, gives our evening papers the lead. The chronicling of big disasters—for which the conditions of American life afford ample practice—is carried out rather more quickly and fully there than here, but in some forms of reporting America is certainly behind. The reporting of speeches, for example, is almost a lost art. Almost every important utterance is sent out by the speaker in advance, to be "released" at a certain date. Its length is consequently measured by the space it covers—*e.g.*, one reads of "Mr. Fassett's 7000-word speech" at the New York Republican Convention of 1904—instead of by the time it takes to deliver. An important speech given in Congress, if it is to reach the general public at all, has to be copied several days later by the newspapers from the official report. Editorial comment is even more belated. Here is a typical example. The *New York Times* of May 9, 1904, has a leading article headed "Mr. Cockran on the Issue." The first paragraph runs as follows: "The rage of the Republicans in the House when Mr. Bourke Cockran made his speech on April 23 is explained and even justified by the full report which appears in *The Congressional Record*."

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Imagine a Parliamentary debate discussed for the first time by a London daily paper more than a fortnight after the debate itself! A grotesque instance of editorial sluggishness was given by the *New York Tribune*, of October 29, 1904, which contained a leader eulogising the smooth working of the new Subway, although the news columns of the same issue reported a serious "tie-up" occurring before six o'clock the previous evening. Nothing is ever seen in American journalism comparable to the regular achievement of our London and Provincial press day after day during a general election. To provide well-written comment the next morning on political news that has not reached the office long before midnight appears to be a feat beyond the power of an American paper. The weekly papers of America are slower than ours in the publication not only of comment but of news. In this respect the religious weeklies of London are regularly from one to two days ahead of their most enterprising contemporaries in New York or Boston. Before leaving the subject of journalism, it is worth while to notice the incidental confirmation given to my general argument by the format of American papers. Their shape and size show that they are intended for a constituency which is anything but in a desperate hurry. Colonel Watterson, the most distinguished editor in the Southern States, has lately been warmly commending English papers for their conciseness. "London," he says, "compresses into a paragraph what New York would amplify into a column." A few years ago a single number of the *New York World* was issued under the direction of a well-known English journalist on the lines of a London halfpenny paper, but the experiment was not well received, the result being a sheet too compact for the public taste.

The conception of the American as impatient of technicalities, and eager to get immediately at the heart of things, receives a severe shock if one examines his handling of questions of law and government. In these matters America is pre-eminently the land of red-tape. The delays in the

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# THE IRISH UNIVERSITY QUESTION

THERE is no doubt that Ireland is an interesting country to dwell in. It is never free from the heat of one or more burning controversies. For over sixty years the Irish University question has been kept alive, and no legislative measure has as yet been able to extinguish it. Neither even Mr. Gladstone's ill-starred measure of 1873 has it been with such intensity as now, and to Mr. Bryce is due the credit of having contributed more fuel to the flames than even Mr. Gladstone himself. Sir Robert Peel, with the greatest courage and insight, established the Queen's Colleges and University to meet Roman Catholic disabilities, but was unable to do this, and on Roman Catholic emancipation and the Maynooth Bill, as probably has not been faced by any other country in the House of Commons in modern times. The basis of these institutions was secular—a basis familiar in Ireland in educational systems, and known as combined education separate religious instruction. No State aid was given to the colleges for religious teaching, and there were inherent in the system which laid it open to attack and hindered the efficient working of the whole scheme. To Cardinal Cullen, however, is due the failure that attended the Colleges and University as institutions for the higher education of the Roman Catholic youths of Ireland. At the Synod of Thurles, in 1850, the Archbishop, acting as apostolic legate

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administration of justice are a crying national scandal. A few years ago, on the hanging of the "Moat House" murderer less than three months after the discovery of his victim's body, surprise and admiration were generally expressed by the American papers at the speed of English justice. The *Philadelphia Ledger* remarked that a similar case in America would have occupied as many years, and the history of the American courts abundantly supports this opinion. In Vermont, for instance, a woman murdered her husband on August 18, 1902, was arrested a few days later, was shortly afterwards condemned to death, but in consequence of several appeals, was not actually hanged until December 8, 1905. A New York lawyer, arrested for murder in September 1900, was indicted in May 1901, was convicted in March 1902, and remained under sentence of death from that time until December 1906, when his punishment was commuted by the Governor of the State to that of imprisonment for life. A judge of the New York Court of General Sessions, when recently pronouncing sentence of death on a convicted murderer, and naming a date for the execution, declared his own sentence "a farce." "There is only one instance," he said, "of a sentence of death being carried out on the date fixed by the lower court. That was in the case of the slayer of President McKinley." The captain of the *General Slocum*, which was burnt in the East River in June 1904, with the loss of 1000 lives, was not tried until January 1906, and the owners of the steamboat, though pronounced equally culpable by the Government inquiry, have not yet been placed in the dock. At the beginning of 1906 the manager of the Iroquois Theatre, Chicago, burnt in December 1903, was at last notified that he would have to stand his trial, but his attorney immediately declared that they would attempt to secure a change of venue, and "this motion," the newspapers reported, "will be argued within a few weeks." It was not until March of the present year that the anticipated trial actually began. In all serious criminal trials, by the way, an amazing time is

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consumed in forming the jury, as in the notorious Thaw case.

In civil courts, also, American administration appears to be modelled on Jarndyce *v.* Jarndyce. A boy in Cleveland, Ohio, was injured by a railway train ten years ago, when he was eleven years old. The case has been bandied to and fro between the courts until the lad has come of age, and it is now ruled that whatever results have so far been reached are invalidated by the fact that he is an adult and must therefore plead in his own name. By a careful study of averages it has been found that a year must elapse for a jury case to be reached for trial in Indianapolis and San Francisco, two years in Boston, and three years in Chicago and New York. It has been estimated that an English judge disposes of twice as many cases in the time as his American contemporary. The same disinclination to be hurried shows itself in the management of what might be called semi-judicial cases—the determination of customs claims, for example. Not long ago it was reported that no less than 150,000 suspended protests were awaiting the decision of the general appraisers. In January 1905 a case was decided which had been carried on the calendar for nearly thirteen years. As a result of this decision a firm of importers obtained a refund of a dollar a dozen pairs on a consignment of gloves that had been imported, sold, and worn out in 1892.

In all departments of his service Uncle Sam allows himself to be regarded as an indulgent employer. The new Chicago Post Office has taken ten years to build. In 1902 a report of the Chief Constructor showed that there was not a single vessel under contract for the United States Navy that was not a year behindhand. Six submarine torpedo-boats, contracted for to be delivered in eight months, were still unfinished after twenty-five. The penalties provided for in such contracts are uniformly remitted. According to present indications there will be much edification to foreign observers in watching the progress of the Panama Canal—the undertaking in which

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President Roosevelt declared his intention of "making the dirt fly." The Government offices in Washington itself can scarcely be said to set a good example to the contractors. Not until February 1906 did the Department of Agriculture issue its "Report on the Relations between Climates and Crops," recording an investigation begun by order of the Secretary in February 1891, and completed in June of the same year. Congress itself devotes a considerable time every session to the discussion of Bills awarding compensation for damages to property, &c., received during the Civil War, concluded more than forty years ago. But the Congressman may be excused for thinking that he is expected to be behindhand, inasmuch as he is not allowed to take his seat until more than twelve months after the election at which he was returned.

In other American cities it is sometimes suggested that if you want to refresh your memory as to what the nineteenth century was like you should go to Philadelphia. A visit to America might in the same way be recommended to any Englishman desirous of reviving the sensations of a vanished past. Professor Wendell's favourite formula—"Eighteenth-century American = Seventeenth-century Englishman"—might be adapted to later centuries in many important relations. In spite of certain superficial signs of progress, especially in the application of electricity, it is still the conditions of the first part of the nineteenth century that meet the eye of the Englishman in America to-day. The law courts are choked by methods of procedure obsolete among us for generations; the municipal government smells rankly of the offences of the era of unreformed corporations in our own land; few of the most up-to-date cities have a postal service equal to that described by Sir Walter Besant as existing in the London of 1680; at public meetings everywhere one encounters a tiresome and elaborate ceremonial that was probably brought over in the *Mayflower;* even the tunes sung in the leading city churches are those whose linked sweetness long drawn out has been forgotten in England sinc

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the days of our grandfathers. How then can we explain the American's rooted conviction that his country is a "hustler" beyond all her competitors? It is mainly due to one simple error of observation—his belief that the speed with which a thing is done, and incidentally its efficiency, may be measured by the noise made in doing it. To the American success means, literally as well as metaphorically, making a noise in the world. The present Archbishop of Canterbury put his finger exactly upon this national characteristic when, speaking in Trinity Church, New York, he said: "In no surroundings which I have ever known, in no city which I have ever seen in any of the world's continents, have life's activities seemed to whirr and buzz so restlessly as here." "To whirr and buzz"—that is precisely the distinguishing feature of American activity of every kind, and in proportion as this ideal is attained is the American content. His trains and tram-cars are noisier than the English; therefore they must be faster. The incessant clang of the streets of New York is far more piercing than the noise of London; therefore New York must be the busier city. One reason why the typewriter has been adopted much more readily there than here is that the American believes himself to be writing to much better purpose if he can hear himself write. A curious illustration of the difference in national standards is afforded by the use made of fireworks. In England fireworks are something to see; in America they are something to hear. In an English celebration they are reserved until after dark; in America one lets them off in the day-time—sometimes all day long for several days running. Accordingly, the temper of the people might appropriately be expressed in these lines of one of their own poets:—

> Be strenuous, and let who will be clever.
> Strike crashing blows, nor shun them all day long;
> And so make life, death, and the vast forever
> One Chinese Gong!

There have been writers—Goethe and Schopenhauer are some-

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times quoted among them—who have made sensitiveness to noise one of the chief criteria of culture; who have contended that a man's refinement is in inverse ratio to the amount of noise he will tolerate complacently. Without expressing any opinion on this doctrine, one may at least point out that by his love of noise the American misses the one advantage of his sluggish pace—the advantage, namely, that slowness normally means restfulness too.

H. W. Horwill.

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# ALIEN IMMIGRATION TO THE U.S.A.

IN a former part of my "American Notes and Studies" I have treated the subject of emigration chiefly from the abstract side, and confined myself preferably to take a general aspect of the problem. I endeavoured to analyse its psychological features, and to throw some light on the metaphysical condition of the nation. In sketching the accomplishments, the thoughts, and the faculties of the people my principal object was to give a more correct idea of the national tendencies and to show to advantage the intellectual resources and the moral forces they have at their disposal.

In the present instance, however, I have made it my task to enumerate actual facts and figures, in order that a fuller and truer conception of the situation may be arrived at. And in this I have been greatly assisted by the statistical works which are in constant process of publication, and relating to life in its various aspects, commercial, social, and political. Among these works I would mention especially the great and comprehensive work called "Census," which is published by the State every ten years, and gives statistic tables on all kinds of subjects.

It is compiled in such a manner as to enable us easily to compare the various ramifications of the life and growth of the nation. Thus we are put in a position to obtain a general

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survey of the situation as it actually is, and as our studies on the question now under consideration have hitherto been of an analytical nature they now become necessarily synthetical.

The United States of America cover an area of 2,991,880 square miles, exclusive of Alaska and Indian territory, and are inhabited by nearly 77,000,000 souls. These astounding figures gain in eloquence when we remember that the nation is practically but a century old; that in the beginning of 1800 only about a fourth part of the land was inhabited, the total population amounting to a few millions. Surprising, indeed, is the rapid acquisition of land, but more remarkable still is the enormous increase of the population. The "Census" enables us to realise not only the actual facts and figures, but by its help we also obtain an insight into the development of the nation. We see, for instance, that whereas in 1800 the number of inhabitants of the United States was 4,306,446, a century later it reached to 66,990,788, not including the negroes, who are more than ten millions strong.

The fact is unique in the world's history, and it will be interesting to review the successive stages of this prodigious growth, and thus to realise the situation as it now presents itself. It is said that the remarkable increase of the population of America is not due to the ordinary laws of nature, that the births are not proportionate to the number of adults, and that the extraordinary wealth of the country is the cause of these abnormally high figures.

Apart, however, from the influx of people by immigration, we can verify by comparison with local birth rates that the growth of the American population has been enormous, and that without exaggeration we may roughly estimate it at a minimum of 25 per cent. per decade. It was below this figure between 1860–70, when the registers returned only 23 per cent.; but considerably above it during the first period of the second half of the century (1850–60), when the increase was maintained at 30 per cent. and over. The better to understand

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the position, we quote some figures from preceding census returns. We thereby see that the total population of the United States, which in 1810 amounted to 7,239,891, had in 1820 grown to 9,633,822, in 1830 to 12,866,020, in 1840 to 17,069,453, and finally in 1850 had reached to 23,191,876.

The first period of the formation and development of the American nation, rich as it is in interesting and startling detail, also shows the greatest increase in actual numbers. Afterwards there is a decrease, but in 1860 the census returns 31,444,321, and in 1870 38,558,371. The percentage rises again during the years 1877, 1878, 1879, and the decade 1880–90 closes with 50,155,783. The comparative decline during the last two decades—1890 closing with 63,069,756 and 1900 with 46,303,387—caused a general panic and outcry, demanding the immediate taking of measures to guard against the danger *of racial suicide*, Mr. Roosevelt being one of the most eloquent advocates in this movement.

It was estimated that the actual population of the United States ought in 1900 to have reached at least 80,000,000. This enormous figure is in itself startling enough, but it is still more surprising when we consider the different nationalities of which it is composed. Since the earliest settlers, Spanish, Scandinavian, Dutch, Portuguese, French, and English mariners, arrived upon the scene, there has been one uninterrupted flow of newcomers from all parts of the world. The emigration movement to North America is certainly one of the most remarkable facts of contemporary history. Both as regards the gigantic proportions it assumed as well as regards its moral consequences it can be compared only to the great migration of the Middle Ages.

The migration question has always had a great fascination for me, and my interest in it grew after I had personally made the passage to America as chaplain on board of an emigrant ship,[1] on which 2400 labourers from my own country, Hungary, were transported to seek a living in the Virginian mines. The

[1] See "To America in an Emigrant Ship," *Monthly Review*, December 1906.

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number of emigrants from Austria-Hungary alone has in the last few years exceeded 300,000 per annum.

It is interesting to mark the current and general direction followed by the wave of emigration which swept over Europe. In the beginning of the nineteenth century the arrivals were chiefly from the British Isles, and in the first place from Ireland. Towards the second half of the century the greater portion was furnished by Germany and Scandinavia. Recently, and especially during the last few years, the principal centre of emigration has been the Carpathian district, Galicia, Hungary, and various families of Slavs being in prominence. From Transylvania the movement spread to Roumania and across the great plains of Hungary to the south, into Slavonia and Croatia. The Balkan States will doubtless contribute their full contingent in the near future, if the current continues to follow the same course as heretofore, *i.e.*, in a south-easterly direction.

Dividing Europe into two parts, north-west and south-east, we note that the current of emigration, when decreasing in the north-west, increases in the south-east, and that with slight interruptions it follows a regular course, prescribed by the inscrutable rules of an unwritten law. In order the better to grasp the situation we give a few data from the official emigration returns. First we will note the general increase, and secondly the distribution of the newly arrived into original countries.

During the first decade of the second half of the nineteenth century, between 1850–60, we find that the total number of immigrants landed in the United States from various parts of the world amounts to nearly 2,000,000. The following decade shows an increase of 25 per cent., and the official figures exceed 2,500,000. Between the years 1860–70 immigration considerably declined, although the figure was still much above 2,000,000. The years 1870–80 again register a greater number of foreigners landed at the various ports of North America than at any previous time. Between 1880–90

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the immigrant returns reach the maximum figure of 6,000,000 —that is, an annual increase of over 50,000 souls. And, finally, within the last decade, 1890–1900, probably owing to the new legislation instituted by Congress for the restriction of immigrants, the numbers have fallen off perceptibly, although still exceeding the colossal figure of 5,000,000.

Such, in broad outline, has been the general movement during the last fifty years, and we will now for a moment consider the origin of these various new citizens. We see that between 1850–60 the arrivals were mainly from the north-west, and amounted to over 2,000,000, while Southern Europe was only represented by a few thousand souls. During the years 1860–70, although there is a slight general decrease, the number of arrivals from Central Europe is nearly doubled. Between 1870–80 emigration from the south-east received a stimulus, so that the United States registered six times as many immigrants as during the preceding decade, until in in 1880–90 the arrivals from Southern Europe exceeded 1,000,000. Fifty years ago immigration from Southern Europe was practically non-existing, but during the last decade of the past century it developed so rapidly that it outstripped the rest of Europe, and the returns for 1890–1900 give 1,842,000 for the south-east as against an approximate figure of 1,660,000 for the north-west.

The north-western wave shows a steady rise from 1850 to 1890, and a gradual increase per decade from about two millions up to nearly four millions. Then there is a perceptible decrease of about a third, the registers for 1890 giving a total of only 3,963,000. The last census registers only 1,668,000.

It was during this latter period of decline that the great organisations were set on foot for facilitating emigration from the Mediterranean and Adriatic ports. The great English and German steamship companies established regular services to the United States from the chief commercial ports of Spain, Italy, Greece, and Austria-Hungary. Agencies were formed in the remotest corners of the various countries, and gratuitous

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inquiry offices instituted in all parts of the Carpathian and Balkan districts. The diverse modes and means adopted for the propagation of this great emigration scheme are well worth studying, but they are outside the pale of our present inquiry.

From the columns of the "Census" returns we can gather in what manner and in what proportion the different countries of the European continent have taken part in the movement. Ireland has been the pioneer of this social upheaval, and this country, although so sparsely populated, sent no less than 1,000,000 of its children between 1850 and 1860. During the two decades 1860–70 and 1870–80 the Irish immigrants have numbered about half a million per annum. This figure is fairly well sustained during the subsequent years 1880 to 1900. In these five consecutive periods of ten years Great Britain is represented by 424,000, 607,000, 548,000, 807,000, and 842,000 persons, who left their native land to settle in the United States. Still reckoning by decades, Germany returns as follows in the same period of time—viz., 1850–1900: 952,000, 787,000, 718,000, 1,453,000, and, lastly, 544,000.

Estimating the Scandinavian returns at 25,000, 126,000, 248,000, 256,000, and 379,000 persons, all reckoned, we get an approximately correct idea of the situation and the influx from the north-west of Europe, which has so visibly decreased during the last decade. The south-east, on the contrary, shows a marvellous advance. Poland and Russia sent more than a million of their people between 1890 and 1900, as against scarce a couple of thousands between 1850 and 1860. Italian emigration made equally rapid progress, and according to the statistic returns over the five decades 1850–1900, they range as follows: 9000, 12,000, 56,000, 307,000, and 656,000. Austria-Hungary, which had absolutely no emigration to speak of in the first half of the century, only supplying a few desultory cases between 1850–60, in course of time registers as follows: Between 1860–70, 800 persons; 1870–80, 73,000; 1880–90, 356,000; 1890–1900, 597,000.

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We see, then, that the emigration movement spread more and more from its original centre towards the east and south of Europe, and that from the Anglo-Saxon and Teutonic races, where it originated, it passed on to the Slav and Latin populations. Whether emigration to the United States will ever become popular among the Asiatics is another interesting problem, but as yet too far in the dim future to form a subject of serious speculation. The number of individuals arrived in the United States from Asia was strongest between 1870–80, when about 127,000 were returned. The majority of these were Chinese coolies, but since restrictions have been put on Chinese labour their entrance into America has become much more difficult.

Pursuing our inquiry into the emigration movement of South-Eastern Europe, we find that it continues to spread, always in the same direction. In 1901 the number of Polish and Russian emigrants was 85,257. Their neighbours, the Hungarians and Austrians, surpassed this figure considerably, the total number of emigrants in 1891 from these two latter countries being 118,800, and from Italy 135,996. Ten years later we note a general increase, Poland and Russia returning 107,847, Hungary and Austria 171,989, and Italy 178,875 labour hands to America.

Since 1901 the growth of the movement has been even more remarkable, and from Austria-Hungary alone no less than 350,000 persons have gone to the States in the course of last year. This figure, high as it is, will probably go on increasing. In time the yearly returns may exceed all previous statistics, for the day is near at hand when the Slavs of Southern Europe, Serbs, Croatians, and their neighbours the Roumanians and Bulgarians, having become more familiar with the means of transport across the Atlantic, and having gained more accurate notions of the price of labour and the cost of living, will have less hesitation in venturing to try their fortune in the New World. We are not surprised at the expostulations of the American people against the invasion of the foreigners,

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for as we glance through the pages of the "Census," showing the emigration movement in all its magnitude, we cannot help being impressed with the seriousness of the situation. We also gather from these endless columns of figures the enormous possibilities this ever-growing increase of population opens for the near future.

Yet, however alarming the aspect may be at first sight from a national and from a social-economic point of view, as we consider the matter more closely and in its different relations our fears are dispelled, and we come to the conclusion that no really imminent danger exists.

To begin with, we must not forget that American society of the present day forms too compact a body, that its wealth is too safely secured and its nationality too firmly crystallised, for its foundations to be easily shaken or its existence jeopardised. North America, even before the great influx of mixed nationalities, possessed a fairly large indigenous population. These inhabitants—for the greater part descendants of the early colonists—were almost all of Anglo-Saxon and Irish origin—English-speaking people, keeping up the traditions and customs of their native land. Gradually the type changed to suit the new conditions, and the son of Albion grew into the Yankee. But after all they are both shoots of the same tree.

At the time when immigration began to assume vaster proportions the United States numbered already 14,000,000 inhabitants. The new arrivals in those earlier days amounted at most to some hundred thousands per year, and these were easily absorbed in the existing local populations. Even within the first generation after landing they became transformed and remoulded into the national character. We may therefore safely assert that up to now, at least, immigration has in no wise interfered with or compromised the development of the American nation. It is true that certain centres of foreign influx—some of the larger ports—have proved so attractive to the newcomers that they have massed together there and

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formed huge foreign quarters. It is also true that they have resisted the acceptance of the superior culture of their adopted land. And although this may be a matter of regret, it is not a serious danger.

According to the returns for 1900, the situation is as follows: The entire population of the United States of America was 76,303,387. The negroes, of whom I shall have occasion to speak presently, are 9,312,599 strong. The vast majority of the people, therefore, are white. We are further informed that, in the white totality of 66,990,788, the foreign element is represented by 10,250,079 people, who are soon and easily absorbed and remoulded to the new exigencies. The number of children born in the United States of foreign parents is estimated at 15,687,322. But we must not forget that, of the mass of children of foreign parentage, in about a third of the cases one of the parents is a native, generally the mother, which guarantees all the more surely an Anglo-Saxon bringing up.

Evidently, then, a careful examination of the "Census" leads us to the conclusion that the majority of the original American people are not only of Anglo-Saxon derivation, but the direct descendants of the planters' families who inhabited the land before the great immigration movement began—*i.e.*, before the fifties of last century. Immigration in its present proportions is of relatively recent date. The great influx did not begin until after 1870, when the American population was already very numerous. We may reckon the immigrants of 1870–80 to form an aggregate of about 2,812,191, as against a population of 50,155,783 souls, while the last decade, 1890–1900, returns 8,844,359 immigrants, as against a population of 76,303,387.

The present total population of the United States is estimated at above 80,000,000, of whom about 30,000,000 are foreigners. This seems a large figure, and in comparison with the national population far too great. But we must remember that a considerable portion of the foreign contingent, as we



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pointed out before, is of American parentage, and that many of them have been born on American soil.

In order the better to realise this fact we turn to the last census—which we may take to be as accurate as circumstances permit—and taking into consideration the many obstacles and difficulties attending such matters, we find that, classifying the foreigners according to their numbers, Germany head the list, Ireland ranks second, and Great Britain third, while the Scandinavians occupy the fourth place. Thus we see that the northern and western countries of Europe come first in point of numerical strength. France, especially considering the number of its inhabitants, sends but a minimum of emigrants. For the countries of Southern and Eastern Europe, where emigration has only assumed important proportions during the last few years, the figures are as yet low.

The official returns of original inhabitants of foreign nationality are, according to the "Census": Germans, 7,829,631; Irish, 4,978,378; English, 3,012,043; Scandinavians, 2,180,497; English Canadians, 1,301,796. Up to 1900 the foreigners of other nationalities, taken together, do not exceed one million, but the Italian and Slav contingents must have surpassed this figure during the last five years. In 1900 alone 731,981 Italians, 687,671 Poles, 685,176 Russians, 434,617 Austrians, 356,830 Bohemians, and 216,391 Hungarians have been registered.

Besides giving the numbers contributedby each country, the "Census" further tabulates them according to the nationality of the parents—that is to say, it subdivides them into families where both parents are aliens and families where either father or mother is of American extraction. Also, all foreigners born in the United States, and those born abroad but being American citizens, are classified separately. This enables us to form a fairly correct idea of the proportion of the foreign element in the United States, and to realise the contributions made by each country.

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In all these four groups Germany is most largely represented. Teutons with both parents aliens number 6,244,104; with either father or mother of American birth, 1,585,574 By far the larger number of these, viz., 5,155,286 persons, were born on American soil, as against 2,674,398 in Europe.

For the other States of Europe the "Census" tabulates as follows: Up to 1900 Ireland contributed 4,000,954 souls, both parents Irish, and 977,419, one parent alien. Of this number 1,758,263 were born in Ireland and 3,220,110 in America. The proportions of the English emigration are: Both parents English, 1,957,817; one English and one American, 1,037,226; born abroad, 1,152,943; and born in the States, 1,859,300. For the fourth large group, the Scandinavians, the returns are: 1,949,280, both parents Scandinavian; 234,217 of mixed birth; born in their native land, 1,070,028; and born in the land of their adoption, 1,110,469.

Applying the same method of subdivision to the emigrants from East and South Europe, we tabulate: (1) Persons born of foreign parents; (2) persons of mixed American and European parentage; (3) persons born abroad; (4) persons born in the United States.

Italy—(1) 706,789; (2) 25,492; (3) 487,995; (4) 243,986.
Austria—(1) 408,167; (2) 26,450; (3) 279,862; (4) 160,055.
Bohemia—(1) 325,379; (2) 31,451; (3) 157,019; (4) 199,811.
Hungary—(1) 210,300; (2) 6,091; (3) 143,633; (4) 72,753.

For Poland and Russia, where the emigration movement assumes constantly larger proportions, the returns are:

Poland—(1) 668,514; (2) 19,157; (3) 377,753; (4) 309,918.
Russia—(1) 669,464; (2) 15,412; (3) 422,263; (4) 262,913.

However high these figures may appear, they do not convey a fully adequate appreciation of the possibilities of the future, and, the next census returns will probably be a revelation to us.

The emigration movement in Southern Europe, emanating chiefly from the Carpathian and Balkan districts, has only

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properly started since the beginning of the present century. Only within the last two or three years, emigration *en masse* has manifested itself among these peoples. It is therefore the more surprising that since 1900 the number of emigrants annually leaving their southern homes considerably surpasses the highest figures furnished by the northern and western States of Europe during the same years.

In the first year of this century Italy alone contributed 135,996 newcomers; Austria-Hungary 113,390; Russia and Poland 85,257; and Roumania and Greece 13,065. As against this, the largest returns from the north-west of Europe for this same period of time (1901) are: Scandinavia, 89,234; Germany, 21,651; Ireland, 30,561; and England, 12,915 souls. In 1902 the general emigration returns are: Italy, 178,875; Austria-Hungary, 171,989; Poland and Russia, 107,847; Roumania and Greece, 15,300; as against the returns for the north of Europe: Germany, 28,304; Ireland, 29,138; and England, 18,388.

The growth of southern emigration is still more remarkable in 1903, when Italy alone sent nearly twenty thousand emigrants per month. The total figure for Italy in 1903 was 230,622; for Austria 206,011; for Poland and Russia 136,093. In 1904 the increase is sustained, and departures from Adriatic ports amount to double the figure reached in the previous years.

The chief interest of the emigration question lies, for me personally, in the movement from the south of Europe, where my native land is situated. We saw that nowhere in the south, with the exception of Italy, has emigration assumed such vast dimensions as in Hungary and Austria. But, considering the number of inhabitants of the two countries Italy and Austria-Hungary, the proportion of persons leaving their home is unquestionably greater in the latter country. Hungary alone, with a population of about 20,000,000 souls, has in the course of last year (1904) lost more than 150,000 of its children.

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The alarm created by such unprecedented desertion easily accounts for the preventive measures adopted by the Chamber in the last session of the House. Great agitation prevails to ward off the scourge of devastation which emigration brought upon Ireland; for there the population in times past was reduced to nearly half, leaving various tracts of land almost entirely depopulated.

The great grievances of our labouring classes, however, have not been ameliorated, or even modified, by these precautionary measures. The first thing that suggests itself for the improvement of the situation to those really interested in the matter, and anxious to help to bind the people to their native soil, is a revision of the system of taxation, for the heavy duties and taxes weigh especially upon the shoulders of the labouring classes.

The defective form of administration, with its despotism and corruption, is another grave cause which induces many to emigrate. These evils are very much the same all over Southern Europe, and from all parts angry voices are raised in protest against the prevailing oppression, causing hundreds of thousands of poor people to seek refuge across the sea. Their numbers will rapidly diminish as soon as the internal conditions of these southern lands shall be improved, as soon as more favourable social conditions and a better developed system of administration shall have been introduced. Stricter economic measures and better insured commercial prosperity are bound to create a reaction and keep the people at home.

In this respect the example of Germany is worthy of imitation. This country, which all through the second half of the nineteenth century supplied the greatest number of emigrants to America, has lost in the last few years only some thousands of its subjects. This proves the fact that the interior development of a State and favourable conditions of life are the surest means for retaining its population. Artificial obstacles, however, are as vain as they are illusory in restraining a free nation.

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Considering the question of emigration from the Trans-atlantic point of view, we see that in the United States the problem presents no less cause for uneasiness and precaution. Ever since the commencement of the expatriation movement in Europe anxiety has been expressed against a too bountiful supply of immigrants. These protestations have become more accentuated within the last twenty years of the past century, when Germany and other countries of North-Western Europe began to pour out their hundreds of thousands of labourers upon the shores of the American continent. America also objected to the grouping together of the new arrivals according to their nationalities, threatening an overcrowding of the large centres of emigration. Following the fortunes of the new-comers towards their various places of settlement, we find that the Germans are strongest in Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, Wisconsin, Michigan, Iowa, Missouri, Nebraska, and all the States of the basin of the Mississippi and the lakes. Their numbers in these parts exceed 5,000,000. A study of the map of the United States clearly shows why the Teutons should preferably fix upon this district. It contains the two large cities and centres of commerce Chicago and St. Louis. In both these cities the German population preponderates. At New York, in the manufacturing districts of New Jersey, and in the commercial centres of Pennsylvania the German inhabitants number over 2,000,000, and the larger portion of these find employment in New York City and the surrounding places. It has been ascertained that, after Berlin, New York has the greatest number of German inhabitants.

The Irish also seek the cities and the oldest established and best cultivated districts of the American Union. There they far exceed in numbers all other aliens, and, with a total of 3,000,000 souls, form about 60 per cent. of the rural population. In New England, Connecticut, Massachusetts, and Rhode Island they are over a million strong, and in New York they have long since surpassed that figure.

The average Irishman, landing in America as a simple

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journeyman or labourer, has from the first but one object in view—namely, to accumulate as soon as possible a little sum of money to invest in some great undertaking, often of a visionary nature. The impressionable character, lively imagination, and sanguine temperament of these children of Erin fits them better for intellectual than physical labour. Hence we find that they are eager to secure independent—if possible, commanding—positions. Among the lower grades of life the American police force counts many Irishmen among its members, and still lower in the social scale many an Irishman makes an independent living as cabdriver. In the higher stations of life solicitors, journalists, and judges are largely recruited from the Irish ranks, although on the whole the Irish prefer a political career. In the electoral campaigns, so numerous in the United States, the Irish element always preponderates. They take the lead in those fierce political battles, and are generally found at the head of the opposition.

The Scandinavians, on the contrary, prefer a quiet life; they penetrate ever deeper into the interior of the land, and are chiefly engaged in agricultural pursuits. In the western States they number 50 or 60, sometimes even 70, per cent. of the total population. The Scandinavian element is estimated in Illinois at 288,000, in Wisconsin at 238,000, in Northern Dakota at 93,000, and in Southern Dakota at 48.000.

The English are scattered about everywhere, and their occupations are varied. Generally they arrive in the New Country with a more correct idea than most immigrants of the land and its possibilities. Knowing the language, and being above all of an enterprising disposition, they shape their new life according to their own inclinations.

With regard to the immigrants from Southern Europe, it would be difficult to say as yet which way their predilections lie. The movement is of rather too recent date to judge, especially as there is always the possibility of their changing the whole tendency of their life under the new conditions.

The Italians, who form the largest contingent, seem to

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settle preferably wherever they see a chance of doing business in a small way. They are sober and simple in their habits, and indefatigable workmen. There is no trade they despise. We meet with them pretty well everywhere as sweeps, shoeblacks, match-sellers, lemonade vendors, hairdressers, and pastry-cooks. They are necessarily attracted towards the large towns, as offering the best market for their various trades. Very few of them come over with the idea of establishing themselves permanently in America; they are too fond of their own beautiful land, their warm climate, and the careless life led there, to make their home anywhere else. The majority, therefore, leave again as soon as they have made a few thousand dollars, which, multiplied by five, represents a respectable capital in their native land.

The Polish, Austrian, and Hungarian immigrants are quite different again. In the first place, they are mostly farmers, country born and bred, agriculturists who like a simple, outdoor life. They settle, as in Canada, on farms, and there they remain, assimilating themselves with their new surroundings, and developing with incredible rapidity. The anxiety felt in certain quarters of the United States with regard to the immigration movement, however justifiable at first sight, loses much of its force when we thus come to consider the question more closely.

It is undeniably true that the masses of immigrants now overflowing the New World lack the culture of the Old World colonists. The Teutons had more gifts for trade, more talent for making money. But, on the other hand, the Slavonic races have a peculiar *aptitude for assimilation*, and they are strong and steady. Intermarriage with the people of the country has caused a vigorous and healthy generation to spring up, and in the States of Ohio and Pennsylvania, where there are many descendants of such mixed marriages, the results have proved very satisfactory.

The great difficulty for these people is that, arriving in America without any prearranged plan of action, they feel, on

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landing, absolutely helpless and at a loss what to do. Thus they run great risk of coming to grief before they have had a chance of making their way. Heartrending tales of misery and failure come to our knowledge from the ranks of those forlorn and shipwrecked wanderers. All immigrants from the poorer classes of Southern Europe are very much in the same condition. In the poor quarters of New York, on the banks of the East River, where the Slav immigrants live packed together in squalor and wretchedness, or in the Jews' quarters in Second Avenue, swarming with families of Russian and Polish Jews, I have witnessed with my own eyes the same sad story of physical and moral degradation.

The Italian quarters, on the further side of the city, in the alleys leading down to the Hudson River, are easily recognisable by the general appearance of the streets. As in the narrow passages and alleys of Naples and Genoa, all kinds of laundry articles are hung out to dry on cords in front of the houses, disclosing in the faded and dilapidated state of the cotton fabrics the miserable condition of the owners. There also, as under the blue Italian sky, we see vegetables and fruit exposed for sale, just as on the other side of the town, in the Jews' quarters, all are second-hand dealers, and before all the doors are stalls piled up with used garments, rusty iron, and other refuse from the wealthier parts of the town.

The numerous suburbs of the capital shelter a very large number of these newcomers, but this is, as it were, the second stage. It is in the great factories in the neighbourhood of New York that the immigrants generally first find employment. Hoboken, Jersey City, Passaic, Paterson, St. Elisabeth, New Amsterdam, Yonkers, and many others, are centres of immigration.

The work given to the new arrivals is generally of a rudimentary nature, but it teaches them to work, and the wages, although low, at least enable them to live, besides giving them the chance of joining the great labour unions of the country and taking if ever so small a part in the

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industrial pursuits of the people among whom they have come to live.

The danger is always greatest during the first period after debarkation. Contracts signed abroad are illegal in the United States, and people arriving from the Continent with promises of work or contracted labour are not allowed to land. The Transatlantic liners have to repatriate them free of charge. The dangers and vicissitudes surrounding the newcomers may readily be imagined. Ignorant of the language and of the conditions and customs of the country, they are at the mercy of the inhabitants. To gain some idea of the awful sufferings to which these poor human beings are exposed, it will suffice to visit an immigrant quarter of some large harbour town, or one of the public squares at night, when thousands of homeless wretches seek a few hours' rest and forgetfulness there.

It is but natural that the authorities dread the increase of pauperism, and it is equally natural that the public should sometimes express its indignation and raise its voice when brought face to face with the dark side and the fatal consequences of immigration. The general feeling of dissatisfaction at the influx of foreigners has assumed more widespread proportions since the increase of immigrants from South-Eastern Europe. These people, more primitive, more backward, and more destitute than the original inhabitants, are not calculated to raise the moral and intellectual level of the country. Also being of such a heterogeneous nature, and so firmly rooted in their primitive usages, assimilation is more difficult for them. The majority, however, only remain for a comparatively short time. As soon as they have made a little money, sufficient to keep them in ease in their native land, they return home, where life is infinitely cheaper and the natural and climatic conditions are far more favourable.

The Italians rank first in numbers in the lists of this century. They find it particularly hard to become acclimatised. Life, they think, is too dreary without their eternal spring and

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their ever blue sky. The same applies, more or less, to all Southern races. They cannot get used to the Northern climate, and invariably long to go back to end their days in peace at home. And yet it is the south and east of Europe which now supply most of the immigrants. The statistics for 1903 give us a fair idea of the present movement. Whereas Great Britain, Scandinavia, and Germany together have sent over, in the course of 1903, 186,000 persons, the eastern and southern States of Europe have during the same period furnished 609,000.

This shows a marked increase of emigration from the South, including the countries where a short time ago expatriation was practically unknown. Roumania, for instance, contributed in the course of the nineteenth century but a few isolated cases, but in 1901 it figures in the "Census" with 7155, in 1902 with 7196, and in 1903 with 9310 souls. Greece during the same three consecutive years contributed 5910, 8104, and 17,090 persons. Portugal also ranks year by year higher in the lists of emigrants. During the first three years of the present century the Portuguese returns have been 4165, 5307, and 9870. Thus far Spain has contributed the smallest number of aliens to the New World, reckoning from the time of the constitution of the United States.

In 1901 only 592, in 1902 975, and in 1903 2080 Spaniards have been registered. The total number of emigrants from the peninsula of the Pyrenees in the course of the last few years is estimated at over 100,000. From the Baltic States the figure is higher still. Albanians, Illyrians, and Dalmatians also come well to the front, and all the men from the Adriatic coast are temperate and quiet in their habits. In British Columbia I have seen large colonies almost entirely composed of these Southerners. There certain months of the year are devoted to fishing, and the remainder to farming. They are appreciated in those parts more than any other foreigners.

Immigrants from South and Central America and from Canada also reach a fairly considerable total. The South

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Americans are estimated at 15,000, arrivals from the Antilles at 147,077, from Mexico at nearly 80,000, and from Canada at 1,051,000.

With regard to Asiatic emigration, the movement has only just commenced for Central Asia, and can therefore hardly be taken into account yet. Now and then one comes across a few Syrians doing a retail trade and gaining a modest living in the States. Turks, Persians, Syrians, Armenians, and Hindoos are estimated all together at not quite 100,000. What is generally understood by Asiatic emigration refers to the far East, Japan and China. Since the Chinese labour question and the problem of the Yellow Peril have stirred Europe to action special laws have been voted in the two Chambers, and all the States have unanimously declared against the introduction of this indefatigable, indestructible foreign element.

Upon the question of the merits and demerits of the yellow labourer and trader I have had occasion to speak more at length elsewhere. Here I confine myself to the statement that, notwithstanding all the restrictions, their numbers in 1908 amounted to 320,138. And these are only the officially returned figures. A closer registration is cunningly evaded.

With regard to the Japanese, more especially since the last war and the Anglo-Nippon alliance, the authorities have observed a more lenient attitude. And although up to now they have not dared to forego the preventive measures adopted against all yellow races, they have, under some pretext or other, made it easier for them to enter the country. Thus while in 1901 only 5865 Japanese were disembarked in the United States, their numbers increased in 1902 to 17,270, and in 1908 there were about 20,000 arrivals from the land of the Rising Sun.

Africans do not, so far, appear to be attracted towards the land of labour and action. Scarce a hundred have as yet ventured to cross the Atlantic. In 1902 only about thirty-seven were entered. The increase of negroes since the aboli-

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tion of slavery is quite surprising. They total nearly 10,000,000, or probably surpass that figure now.

The black races are more prolific than the white and the mortality, especially of infants, which at one time was so enormous, has notably decreased since the blacks have become more accessible to culture.

From the sixth continent, Australia, a totality of 286,291 immigrants has been returned.

In my classification of the emigration returns it has been my endeavour to present a clear and succinct idea of the distribution and the numerical strength of the various peoples of foreign origin established in the United States, and to give some details about emigration in general. For this question has become a very serious one, because of the colossal proportions expatriation has assumed in our days. Withal we should bear in mind that the population of North America has always been of a composite nature, and could never at any time claim to be purely Anglo-Saxon.

A few centuries ago the territory which forms the United States of America was almost unoccupied land. It was the habitation of nomadic tribes living by hunting and fishing, changing their abodes as the necessities of life demanded, or as urged thereto by superior force. Gradually driven back towards the distant coastlands, their prairies were taken possession of and peopled, while the original owners became more and more isolated in the reserves graciously portioned off for their special use. There they led a life of artificial savagery, unhealthy from a physical and fatal from a moral point of view. These unhappy remnants of once proud tribes in their encampments outside the gates of prosperous cities impress us the same as does a menagerie of curious beasts. They are incapable, so we are told, of passing from their nomadic state to be an agricultural population. For mercantile pursuits they have still less aptitude, and in the manufacturing centres it has never even been thought of to make use of them as working hands—that is, in the sense in which we understand

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work, and especially in the sense in which work is understood in the United States.

The population of the States, then, is almost entirely composed of aliens. Among all the various nationalities who in the course of ages have met on American soil, and who have helped in forming the gigantic nation which it now is, the first settlers were of Scandinavian, Spanish, French, and Dutch origin. The first Spanish planters arrived in the second half of the sixteenth century, and in Florida there are still direct descendants of those old Spanish families. The first English colonists came a little later in the same century, and they established themselves in New England, Maryland, Virginia, and Pennsylvania. The merchant class was well represented among them, and, generally speaking, those pioneers were of the flower of the Mother Country, and represented the cultured element in the New World. Their descendants form to this day a kind of aristocracy by seniority of birth. The large landowners, the "landed gentry" of American society, proud of their descent, form a very exclusive circle, in which millionaires are looked upon as "parvenus," and it happens not unfrequently that the door of the wooded "colonial homestead" is closed to them that dwell in marble palaces.

The Dutch pretensions of having been among the earliest colonists survive in such names as New Amsterdam and others. The descendants of those ancient families, known as "Nickerbockers," represent another distinguished and privileged element of New York society. The Roosevelt family is one of their number.

The blood running through the veins of the American people is certainly of a most composite nature. Ever since the time of the first colonists the States have been invaded by one incessant flow of people from almost every nation of Europe—indeed, from almost every quarter of the globe. From North and South, from East and West they came, first as invaders, afterwards as peaceful settlers. They all contributed something of their national proclivities to make up the stock of the

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nation. The lively Celt and the stolid Anglo-Saxon, the plodding Teuton as well as the easy-going Slav and the ardent Italian, all have had their share in the making of the national character of the United States. The physiognomic distinctions of the Yankee clearly show his mixed origin. There are dark-skinned and fair-skinned people, and every possible variety of build and feature. But there is one trait they all possess alike, and that is strength—strength in all its ramifications, expressive of decision, unwavering perseverance, fixed purpose and bluntness. This feature, in greater or lesser degree, stamps every citizen of the New World. No matter to what country they originally belonged, gradually they become moulded and express one common type. They receive the stamp of nationality by forfeiting certain of their national characteristics, and acquiring other peculiar qualities, indispensable to life under the new conditions. Some lose their light-hearted, sanguine tendencies, others get rid of their morbid temperament. The easy-going nature of the one borrows of the sterner properties of the other. In that life of rush and toil, tenderness and refinement have to give way before shrewdness and cunning.

The typical American, known as "Uncle Sam," is represented as a man of strong mind, of intense perseverance—a man of bold enterprise who fights for the mere pleasure of fighting; a man who can hold his own whether it be in the vast prairies of the West or in the money-market of Wall Street—a man who makes his way wherever he goes and whatever pursuit he follows, always ready to enter the arena, and always taking delight in the contest. The present-day American is remarkable for his soldierly qualities, the qualities peculiar to nature in action. The most prominent virtue of the people is its strength and its perseverance.

Strength characterises the individual as well as the nation. And this surely is the most precious heritage bequeathed to these brave children of every nation under the sun, here united in one common bond of citizenship with one common end

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in view. And in contemplating that immense population, roughly estimated at 80,000,000 souls, but now well nigh 100,000,000 strong, we must not forget the fact that this huge mass represents a selection out of a selection from every tribe and nation of the globe.

The emigrant who leaves his native land and, breaking with the past, henceforth determines to identify himself with his adopted country thereby manifests his individual courage. But this is only the first step; his strength has not been tried. Arrived on the foreign shore, he needs more than his own national qualifications to resist and to overcome the peculiar dangers and difficulties which beset the path of the newcomer. And if these are not now so much of a physical nature, they are no less serious or hard to overcome because they take a social and moral colouring. The weak cannot offer a prolonged resistance against the terrible odds; he must retreat or succumb, and is in any case doomed to failure. In that fierce, unequal struggle only the strongest of the strong prevail. It is the survival of the fittest.

VAY DE VAYA AND LUSKOD.

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# THE MONTHLY REVIEW

EDITED BY CHARLES HANBURY-WILLIAMS

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# THE IRISH UNIVERSITY QUESTION

THERE is no doubt that Ireland is an interesting country to dwell in. It is never free from the heat of one or more burning controversies. For over sixty years the Irish University question has been kept alight, and no legislative measure has as yet been able to extinguish it. Never since Mr. Gladstone's ill-starred measure of 1873 has it burned with such intensity as now, and to Mr. Bryce is due the credit of having contributed more fuel to the flames than even Mr. Gladstone himself. Sir Robert Peel, with the greatest courage and intrepidity, established the Queen's Colleges and University to meet Roman Catholic disabilities, facing such opposition on this, and on Roman Catholic emancipation and the Maynooth Bill, as probably has not been faced by any other statesman in the House of Commons in modern times. The basis of these institutions was secular—a basis familiar in Ireland in its educational systems, and known as combined secular and separate religious instruction. No State allowance was made to the colleges for religious teaching, and there were defects inherent in the system which laid it open to criticism, and hindered the efficient working of the whole scheme. To Cardinal Cullen, however, is due the failure that attended the Colleges and University as institutions for the higher education of the Roman Catholic youths of Ireland. At the Synod of Thurles, in 1850, the Archbishop, acting as apostolic delegate,

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carried a resolution of condemnation on the whole scheme, and from that date the Colleges were subjected to the active hostility of the Roman Catholic hierarchy, and branded with the contemptuous epithet of "godless." An equally active hostility was shown to Trinity College, and of late years every charge that the ingenuity of man could make against Dublin University has been hurled against it with a persistency worthy of a better cause. If the ability shown in destructive criticism in Ireland could be turned to a constructive account, there probably would not be in the civilised world a more prosperous or a more progressive nationality.

Notwithstanding all opposition, Roman Catholic students attended both the Queen's Colleges and Trinity College, but there is no doubt that numbers were debarred from university education in the thirty years following the Synod of Thurles, until the establishment of the Royal and the abolition of the Queen's University. Though this cleared the way for the Roman Catholic students, the legislation was highly mischievous from an academic and university point of view. Residence was now made optional at the Queen's Colleges, and a pure examination system, on the lines of London University, replaced the old teaching system. After a short trial the Royal University was condemned, notably by Archbishop Walsh, on the grounds stated, and also on the grounds of the unfairness of the whole system of examinations and the constitution of the examining board.

Fawcett's Act (1873) threw open every post and emolument in Trinity College to all classes and creeds; and although Roman Catholic students entered its walls and achieved high distinction, even to the election to Fellowship, the severest test of scholarship in any university in the world, yet the numbers have not been as great as was anticipated, nor as all friends of free institutions would desire. It is but fair here to state that, Trinity College opened her doors to Roman Catholic students fifty years before Oxford and Cambridge, and established foundation scholarships to meet the disabilities of the members

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of that faith put upon them by her constitution. In the life of the College they have always taken a prominent, in fact a leading place, considering their numbers, and no charge of ever interfering with the free exercise of their faith could be made against the authorities or students of the College. The whole atmosphere of the place is eminently free, tolerant, and independent; but she is Protestant from force of circumstance, and could not be otherwise from the predominance of the number of her students of that faith; her whole history and traditions are so, just as are those of Oxford and Cambridge. Being all this, she is under the ban of the Roman Catholic hierarchy, and will remain so until that nebulous thing religion without dogma replaces dogmatic religion. Throughout the whole of the long period of agitation for the redress of educational grievances the Roman Catholic hierarchy have been absolutely consistent in their demands in the matter of faith and morals. "Godless" institutions they will not have. Protestant colleges are equally condemned, for mixed education is an anathema. An institution with a Roman Catholic atmosphere, that and that alone will satisfy their needs. Any measure framed, however it may be branded "free of tests," that they accept may assuredly be considered safe as regards faith and morals, and will be subject to that Roman Catholic atmosphere to which they are pledged for conscience sake, and which they never will relinquish for any other consideration, no matter how great. Such consistency to an ideal, although not our ideal, is worthy of all respect, if not of admiration.

Thus we see that an avenging Nemesis has pursued all Parliamentary efforts to meet the Roman Catholic demands in the matter of higher education. The federal scheme of Peel proved a failure; this was followed by the federal scheme of the Royal, chiefly the creation of Lord Cairns, which proved an equally disastrous one, condemned as it is by its own senate and by Lord Robertson's Commission. The standard of examination that it set was high, and within its limitations good work was done by it. Large numbers of Roman Catholic

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students graduated under it, and its privileges were fully open to women, of which every advantage was taken by them. In every way it is to be regretted that the recommendations of Lord Robertson's Commission were not carried into effect by the late Conservative Government. It would have been easy without any disruption to existing institutions to have turned the Royal into a great teaching institution, and endowed a constituent Roman Catholic College in Dublin under it. This would have been moving along the lines of least resistance, it would have satisfied existing needs for a generation at least, and as the chief colleges grew in strength they would ripen out into the full manhood of independent universities. But the fatal policy of delay which characterised the last days of the Conservative Government dropped the Irish University question into the limbo of neglected and forgotten things; and now the Unionists, and especially those of Ireland, are face to face with the threatened destruction of a great and noble institution—namely, that of Trinity College. The danger was not unforeseen, and was often pointed to; the lowest form of political intelligence might have seen it. The political history of all countries furnishes plenty of examples of the destruction of noble institutions when needed reform was long delayed. Should evil befall Trinity College, the late Conservative Government must bear their full share of the blame, in not taking advantage of the opportunities offered to deal with the whole question.

The Liberal Government, urged by the Irish Nationalists, to whom it owes so much for their adherence in the contest over the English Education Bill, appointed a Royal Commission to inquire into all matters connected with Dublin University and Trinity College. The result was a very valuable report. The work of the Commission was conducted with great despatch and with great thoroughness, and the utmost credit is due to it for the manner in which the inquiry was conducted, and the rapidity with which the report was put into the hands of Parliament and the public. But where credit and considera-

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tion were most to be expected—namely, from the Government —it was there they were least received. With reckless impetuosity and with indecent haste, and before the public had time to give any consideration to the report of the Commission or the evidence put before them, Mr. Bryce rushed into publicity with an elaborate speech outlining the intended Government measure, prepared beforehand, on the Irish University question. Two hastily brought together deputations were summoned to meet Mr. Bryce in Dublin, on which an educational expert could hardly be said to be present, and without a single representative of Trinity College, and before such as these Mr. Bryce launched his scheme on the eve of his departure from Ireland, having previously resigned the office of Chief Secretary. The whole incident was unworthy of a high official, and it was still more so in ignoring the body of evidence in the report, the recommendations of the Commissioners, and the opinion of the responsible representatives of the institutions concerned. Mr. Bryce's action bears its own condemnation, and we cannot recall a parallel for it in the career of any statesman in recent times, not even in Ireland, where men so often lose their heads, without even the excuse of having them broken, as sometimes happens in the way of friendship.

Mr. Bryce's proposal is a new scheme of federation—an astounding one, considering the failures of the Queen's and the Royal Universities, and the failure of the Victoria University in England. The new Dublin University is to have as constituent colleges Trinity, Belfast, Cork, a new college for Roman Catholics in Dublin, and subsequently Maynooth, Galway, Magee College, Londonderry, with others as occasion may arise. In fact, Mr. Gladstone's famous Bill is taken out of its pigeonhole after thirty years' accumulation of dust has lain upon it, and presented to us again. The proposition does not bear a moment's consideration from any sane mind; but we feel compelled to criticise it, though it may insult the poorest intelligence. In the first place, what has Trinity College done that after over three hundred years' great and noble work

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she is to be dragged down from her high place, harnessed to provincial colleges young in years and, although doing good and useful work, inferior to her in experience and equipment, in the magnitude of the work done and the fame earned, and in the intellectual ability of the governing body and the professorial staff? Not only this, but she is to be placed upon the same standing as the newly established College, which must differ from her in ideals as far as the poles asunder. Such an alliance is a revolt against all human experience, and is an outrage to common sense. The unanimous Report of the Commissioners pays the highest possible tribute to the standard of teaching in Trinity College, the character of the work accomplished, and the zeal and integrity with which she has fulfilled the high trust imposed upon her. To injure her in the face of such a testimony would be a crime worthy of the deepest condemnation. Such institutions are slow in growth and require careful nursing, and cannot be tampered with impunity. Their fame and reputation can easily be injured by experimental legislation; but one thing no legislation, however wise, can accomplish, and that is, transfer that fame and reputation to another sphere of action. Mr. Bryce, indeed, professes the utmost desire to preserve the usefulness and great name of Trinity College—a profession, no doubt, in which he is sincere; but in imagining that the alliance he proposes will not level down Trinity College, while yet levelling up the other constituent colleges, he is imagining what the wit of man cannot in the one case prevent nor in the other compass. Against such an alliance every witness before the Commission who was competent to express an opinion, and especially those representing the various bodies concerned, offered an unqualified testimony. How Mr. Bryce could, in the face of this, propose such a scheme baffles our comprehension.

The most gross piece of injustice in the proposed measure is that, the graduates of the Royal University are to become automatically graduates of the University of Dublin—not only lowering the standard of her degrees, but swamping her

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graduates with an army of several thousand voters exercising the franchise in the representation of this body on the new governing board. Mr. Bryce's sense of equity and justice must have become strangely warped during his short term of office at Dublin Castle. Many charges and accusations have been made against the seat of government at the foot of Cork Hill, but if it is capable of such witchcraft as this we fear there must be some foundation for them. If Trinity College had been an institution deserving of condemnation, deserving of being thrown into the melting-pot and recast anew, one could understand such a policy; but, standing as she does free of any such thing, with a noble record of work behind her, and with the highest possible standard put upon her degrees for the scholarship they show, an institution whose honorary degrees are valued by the most learned men all over the world, on a par with those of Oxford and Cambridge, such a degradation of her degrees is a piece of political insanity equivalent to the debasing of the current coin of the realm, and unworthy of the Parliament of a great nation. We cannot think that such gross injustice will ever be put upon her.

In the composition of the governing body of the new University Mr. Bryce could follow no other lines than those upon which all such appointments in Ireland run when nominations are made by the Crown—namely, political and religious. The system, bad enough in any public board, is mischievous in the highest degree in the composition of the governing body of a University, where academic merit should be the only qualification for such a nomination. The detestable half-and-half system again, with the changes rung on Church of Ireland, Roman Catholic, Presbyterian, and Methodist, turn about, as vacancies arise! What a spectacle for the Universities of the Old World and the New to wonder, gaze, and laugh at! And yet this is the scheme proposed by a distinguished university man, whose life has been spent in academic circles; and he has the temerity to stand before the academic world as sponsor for such a misshapen changeling as

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this. Trinity College has never known any such interference with the management of her affairs in her three hundred years of autonomous existence, and the world may well ask, What has she done to deserve such a fate?

The new governing body is to have the control of the examinations, to appoint the university professors and direct their teaching. Mr. Bryce was careful to expound these powers, especially in all points where controversy on theological subjects might enter. He was emphatic in declaring there were to be no tests in the new establishment. But on any governing body elected the Roman Catholic hierarchy must be represented; and if anything has been made plain in the evidence elucidated by the Commissioners it is that, in the question of faith and morals the voice of the ecclesiastic carries the lay opinion with it. No man will be appointed to any professorial position who is not safe in all matters of faith and morals, and what is this but a test? Let there be no mistake about it. On that subject the Roman Catholic hierarchy are absolutely united; and no system which does not give them power in these, to them, vital matters will be accepted, or, if accepted, be considered final. The Liberal party have always set themselves steadfastly against denominational endowment; this was Mr. Gladstone's position in 1878, and their whole attitude was aptly hit off by Matthew Arnold as "that spavined, vicious-eyed Liberal hobby, expressly bred to do duty against the Irish Catholics." We have an equal dislike to the hobby. We are not appealing to it—far from it; but Mr. Bryce was riding another in this whole scheme, doubly vicious-eyed and spavined in every limb. Denominational endowment the new College will be stamped with; the governing body of the University, from the nature of its appointment, will never command the respect and confidence of some of the Colleges at least; the appointment of the professors will be tainted with the vicious element of tests; and a check will be put upon free speech, freedom of thought, and freedom of publication. In proof of this we have, in a pamphlet published

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by Dr. Hogan, of Maynooth, a perfectly candid and honest production from the Roman Catholic point of view, giving a criticism on the leading professors and fellows of Trinity College as men unsafe in matters of faith to act as teachers of Roman Catholic youths. We need only mention that among those condemned are Dr. Mahaffy, Dr. Tyrrell, Professor Bury, and Dr. Dowden. To what a level of mediocrity must a University sink that would be deprived of the teaching of such men as these! Is it any wonder that Mr. Bryce's scheme was received by the senate of Trinity College with a merciless criticism, and repudiated by the whole body of fellows, professors, resident masters, and others—a unanimity in that body unknown on any great question, we think, within living memory except in 1873? It has been equally condemned by the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, and Mr. Birrell, on whose shoulders the tattered mantle of the scheme has fallen, may well pause before presenting it, however well patched it may be, before the Parliament of the United Kingdom.

In the domain of science, philosophy, and history a boundary line is to be drawn beyond which no professor teaching Roman Catholic youths can go; and who is to be the judge of where the line is to be drawn? The Roman Catholic hierarchy determine the bounds of Catholic doctrine, and therefore the boundaries of the scientific region, as distinctly stated by Bishop Dwyer before the Robertson Commission. Men are to be appointed—there is no hesitation in the evidence given—who will prove safe in these matters. We do not quarrel with this, nor do we question the right of the Roman Catholic hierarchy to dictate, and the duty of "safe" professors to obey them here; but we do say it is contrary to the whole trend of modern thought, from the Renaissance down, and utterly repugnant to the men who live, move, and have their intellectual being within the walls of a free and independent University College. Such shackling of the intellect in the schools of Trinity College—and Dr. Hogan includes law as well as medicine with science, philosophy, and history, ancient

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and modern—would be her immediate ruin, and no man who had breathed her refreshing, invigorating air would long submit to the stifling atmosphere of the Middle Ages transported into her Grecian courts.

By establishing this federal scheme the students will be driven into hostile camps, and Mr. Bryce's airy optimism that the students will be drawn into friendly rivalry, to the promotion of good-fellowship and kindly feeling, shows a want of humour, as well as of foresight, which would be laughable were it not so serious. How can there be friendly rivalry between the Roman Catholic students of Cork, the Church of Ireland students of Dublin, and the Presbyterian students of Belfast? It is possible to have this among the constituent Colleges in Oxford and Cambridge, but an examination of the map of Ireland and a railway time-table would show Mr. Bryce (we will not couple him with a schoolboy) the absurdity of such a view. The new college in Dublin and Trinity College would indeed have rivalry, but the rivalry would not be friendly. Driven into these hostile camps, labelled Protestant and Catholic, the old traditions, the old hate and animosity, which we are happy to think men are rapidly forgetting in Ireland to-day, would be revived with all the old passion and all the old disastrous results. As has well been said, the floor of the new university would be a cockpit, with the various colleges spoiling for a fight. We shrink from the contemplation of such a catastrophe; and nothing more disastrous in the way of a scheme could be conceived, than that which would lead to the spectacle of its total wreckage at the first conferring of degrees. When the police of Dublin had to be called in to clear the hall of the Royal University buildings at a recent conferring of degrees, where the overwhelming majority were Roman Catholics, what, may we ask, would happen with rival bodies struggling for the mastery to the tunes of "God Save the King," "The Boyne Water," and "The Boys of Wicklow"? And all this the result of a well-meant scheme, by a benevolent man of most mature years, for the settlement of

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the Irish University question, in accordance with Roman Catholic claims!

We have dealt so far with the so-called federal scheme on its merits, and all the fair speaking and optimism of Mr. Bryce fails to convince us that it contains a single merit worthy of the name. It is absolutely destructive of the great seat of learning most nearly concerned, impracticable in working, not final in the settlement, and satisfies no one. There remains the dual scheme, one more attractive at first sight, and apparently more easily to be carried out—that is, a new Roman Catholic College, an equivalent to Trinity College, under the University of Dublin. This is the scheme which Archbishop Walsh strongly favours; but not so the body of bishops, as far as we can learn. It would be the destruction of the Royal University to a very great extent, in withdrawing the preponderating body of students from it to the new institution, thus leaving the Queen's Colleges to work out their own salvation as best they might. But all that has been said against the federal scheme from the point of view of the governing body, the appointment of professors, the selection of courses, and the segregation of students into hostile and rival camps, equally applies here. Trinity College would never submit to it, and if she did it would be to her degradation. Equal facilities for education such as are wanted and equal endowment are easily granted, inasmuch as this is a question of financial arrangement. But when the Roman Catholic hierarchy demand equality of status—they are demanding what no State aid can give, nor the ingenuity of Parliament can devise. The great prestige of Trinity College cannot be transferred by any act of the Legislature to a new-born educational institution, however great the desire to do so may be. Harmony between the two Colleges would be absolutely essential to the success of this or or any other scheme, and harmony there would not be in the dual no more than in the federal scheme. Sectarianism would enter, with all its virus, into every phase of the work of the two institu-

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tions, and every one in Ireland, and every one who knows the working of Irish institutions, know it. To try and brush this aside, as Mr. Bryce attempted, with "There cannot be Protestant mathematics and Catholic mathematics" is simply political platform talk intended to dull the senses of the Liberal voter. Had Mr. Bryce read Dr. Hogan's pamphlet he would not have committed himself to such a platitude; and we welcome the pamphlet for clearing the air as it does, in the matter of the qualifications of the fellows and professors of Trinity College as teachers of Roman Catholic students from the point of view of their Church. It cannot be too strongly emphasised that you can have Protestant mathematics and Catholic mathematics; and every other subject in the University curriculum will be duplicated when it comes to the question of an unsafe man. This is a test, and nothing but a test, and language can make nothing else of it, since it will be absolutely carried out in practice.

Merit, and merit alone, is the avenue to distinction within the present walls of the University of Dublin. Here honours and awards are open to every race and every creed under heaven, and she welcomes all who come and bring brains to her intellectual mint. To change her character, to check her career, to lower her prestige in answer to the cry for religious equality on the one hand, and to the political shibboleths of party on the other, would be a crime disastrous to her and disastrous to the cause of learning in Ireland for many generations to come. Well has she earned better treatment at the hands of the English people. Of all the institutions founded in Ireland since the Anglo-Norman invasion in 1170 she stands supreme. Established by Queen Elizabeth, and by Cambridge and Oxford men, on lands granted by the citizens of Dublin, she stands for freedom of thought and freedom of utterance, worthy of the site she holds—one of the finest in Europe—at the heart of the nation's capital. Proud of her splendid inheritance, untrammelled by any restraints put upon her progress, free from the curse and plague of rival parties,

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religious and political, she pursues her course, working out her own great destiny in the noble pursuit of truth. Stamping her own individuality upon her sons, they have proved no unworthy children to their *alma mater*. Responding to the call of Empire, they have ever given their life and service to its cause in whatever field duty led them, and from the days of James Ussher until now, the names of many of those that left her gates are empannelled amongst the greatest in the nation's history. While true to the call of the Empire, she has ever been true to the call of Ireland's needs and Ireland's wants. The statues of Burke and Goldsmith stand within the entrance railings facing Grattan, with hand outstretched, as if thundering for the independence of Ireland's Parliament; and never had Ireland a cause worthy to defend that Trinity College did not give a man to defend it. Ungrateful indeed will be the nation that would deprive her of her great inheritance, and degrade her proud head to the level of a provincial institution. Rather would her sons see the full whirlwind of destruction fall upon her, levelling her to the foundations in the dust, and her site sown with salt, than such a degradation as this should be her fate.

She stands before the world to-day proudly conscious of her own superiority, her dignity, her intellectual merits, and the great record of noble work accomplished, conscious that she is free of anything unworthy of her academic honour or of any duty neglected. She demands at the hands of the British people, who have ever been the champions of liberty, to retain the full possession of her charter of freedom, and to remain what she has ever been, a foremost figure in the great republic of science and letters.

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# GHOSTS OF PICCADILLY

## HARRIOT MELLON

A GLORIOUS, gorgeous creature was Harriot Mellon, who became Mrs. Coutts and afterwards Duchess of St. Albans, and her bright, comely face and jolly presence are a joyful memory of Piccadilly.

To write much of her earlier history is beyond my province, but something of it you must know if you are rightly to appreciate her. If you would know more, I commend to you the two volumes about her published in 1839, soon after her death, by Mrs. Cornwall Barron-Wilson, reasonably well written and full of curious glimpses of the life led by poor strolling players and successful London players of those days, with their patrons and parasites. There's her mother, for example, a character I wonder Thackeray never made his own, an Irish peasant turned hanger-on of the boards, enormously vain, violent, greedy, exceeding beautiful, not without a sense of duty towards her daughter and full of great ambitions for her. She was the more beautiful of the two, as Harriot always maintained, a brunette like her daughter, but with a fine oval face, whereas Harriot's was of a merry Irish roundness; like her daughter, she had beautiful teeth and black hair and a sweet voice. As for Mellon père, he was an agreeable mystery. The known fact was that a handsome young man, calling himself Lieutenant Matthew Mellon, came to Cork, where Harriot's mother was a girl in a mantua shop, and became the father of

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Harriot. The mother said, firstly, that he made her an honest woman and, secondly, that his name was not really Mellon at all, but that he was a great young man incognito. Harriot, a person of sense, liked to believe the former statement and laughed at the latter. But her mother, though she never saw Mr. Mellon again, insisted always on his noble birth—why did not Thackeray draw her?—and would end her scoldings of Harriot with "*You* to do so, Harriot, with such high blood in your veins!" Like many other excellent comedians in private life, she was no use on the boards, never in fact got beyond being dresser and money-taker. Whether she married Mr. Mellon or not, it is certain that she married, a few years later, one Mr. Entwistle, who is pleasantly described by Mrs. Barron-Wilson as "the son of a very respectable person, who occasionally played the organ at Wigan." Music ran in the family, more or less, for our Mr. Entwistle performed in the orchestra at the theatre. Otherwise he was not of much account. When Harriot became prosperous she got him the position of Postmaster at Cheltenham, where he passed his declining years in the neglect of his duties and the consumption of beer. I must not linger over these good people, but it is to be said for them that though they were not always kind to poor Harriot—the mother was often brutal—and were always eager to sponge on rich Harriot, they educated her as well as they could and were efficient guardians of her respectability.

Few young women have been better fitted than Harriot Mellon was to make the best of the rough and tumble in a strolling player's life. She had health and high spirits. Like her mother she was hot-tempered, but, at this period at least, she was placable and—then and always—the soul of good nature. She was popular with her comrades, and made good friends with "respectable" people, whom her playing first attracted and her merry kindly nature confirmed in affection. She was bred to live hardly when it was needful, and born to live heartily when it was possible. Yes, beyond question



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Harriot enjoyed herself very well as a strolling player. Also she was a good girl.

It was at Stafford that the great Mr. Sheridan saw her and promised her an engagement at Drury Lane. He was member for Stafford then—in 1794—and had come down to act as steward for the races. But Sheridan's promises were frail things, and it took much reminding from constituents who loved Harriot before he kept this one. Eventually, however, he kept it, and three years later she was installed in Drury Lane. And there she stayed for twenty years. It is improbable that she was anything like a great actress. She was fortunate in having been brought up to read for herself and to admire, and in having a quick and retentive memory. A "quick study" was in those days, when plays changed so often, more valuable than now, and Miss Mellon profited much by the accidental or unforeseen abstention of others. Then she was clever, and had constitution and good looks. Not that she was a great beauty. She was, a contemporary player records, "merely a countrified girl, blooming in complexion, with a very tall, fine figure, raven locks, ivory teeth, a cheek like a peach, and coral lips." Ah, well, these be good things truly even though, as he says, all they put you in mind of was "a country road and a pillion." Naturally, though she played a multitude of parts, she was best in country, bouncing ones—was a famous Audrey, and a splendid Peggy in *The Country Girl.*

I cannot keep my hands off one behind-the-scenes story, because it gives one the air and atmosphere of the life, and brings in Dicky Suett, a comedian whom Charles Lamb has made a lovable memory. She was playing Lydia Languish, and determined to make up fair, for, like other brunettes, as Mrs. Barron-Wilson says, Harriot of all things admired a transparent complexion. So she covered her face with powder, and covered the powder with rouge and made herself a perfect fright, and so played a couple of acts. Dicky, who was to act later in the evening, watched her from the front, and came round to remonstrate. "Why, Peggy, child"—I suppose he

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called her Peggy from her famous part—"what a fright you have made yourself! Your little nose, glaring with white, looks broader than it is long, and as for your fat cheeks, they look like two of your landlady's muffins. How dare you put on so much white paint?" Harriot said indignantly that it was only a little powder, but Dicky persisted. "Just let me lengthen the corners of your mouth upwards, and then you will be ready to act as clown in the pantomime. Go and wash your pretty face, Peggy; go and wash your nice brown, merry face!" And Harriot, furious, but knowing that Dicky knew, went to do as she was told. Alas! washing only made the matter worse, for the powder turned into little rolls all over her face. She was barely made presentable in time, but Dicky Suett applauded. "You bear a scolding very well, Peggy, and you've played your character very well also. Now go home and eat some muffins." One has the idea of a cheerful, homely little society behind the scenes of the great theatre, and that leading ladies of those days did not adopt what they believed to be the airs of great ladies.

Yet a great lady Peggy child was to be, for towards the end of her time at the Lane there entered the figure of Mr. Coutts, the great banker. Of himself I have not very much to say. His record is one for Mr. Samuel Smiles's pages rather than for mine. Men who come from Scotland young and poor and die enormously rich in London command my respect, but not necessarily my affection. It is to be said in Thomas Coutts's favour that since his first wife was a housemaid and his second an actress, he seems to have had the courage to "live his own life," which should be possessed by those who live in Piccadilly. He was not a vulgarian either. Rich and self-made men of his generation were frankly proud of their riches (and on the whole I prefer that to the bland irony about money practised by their successors); but if Thomas Coutts made no secret of his wealth when he entertained his friends—and I think the joyous Harriot helped to reveal it—he was a man of taste and dignity. He loved to be taken for a poor

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man. In those happy days for millionaires charity might be promiscuous and casual and unscientific; you could go out in poor array, and some charitable and really poor man would press a guinea on you, and you, slyly chuckling, would go home and drop him a handsome cheque. Such things are recorded of Thomas Coutts. A lean, ailing, shabbily dressed figure with a kind face—that is Thomas Coutts, if you meet his ghost at the corner of Stratton Street.

He was a very old man when he encountered Harriot Mellon. It might not be unfair to speak of senile passion, but I think his love was mainly a strong, fatherly affection. And if it is not uncharitable, either, to suppose that she looked with joy to marrying this wealthy old man when his wife, who was a lunatic, should die, she certainly had for him a true affection. Her manner towards him and her tone in speaking of him were always perfect, always dutiful and grateful. When at last his wife died, he was for marriage at once, but she would not. She consented at length to a private marriage in order to nurse him through a serious illness, and the marriage was publicly announced and celebrated on March 2, 1815. She had taken leave of Drury Lane for ever, where one of her last actions was secretly to relieve the necessities of Edmund Kean at the beginning of his career.

So behold Harriot installed at No. 1 Stratton Street, Piccadilly. It is pleasant to think of her there, frankly enjoying her wealth and splendour, and the good things of life, generously sharing them with her friends. She was nearing forty now, and the fine figure was something filled out, but she was handsome and lively and hearty. Great was the hospitality in Piccadilly, and at Holly Lodge, Highgate, and at Brighton—hospitality sometimes abused, but taken very kindly by the great world. Royal Dukes came, but old friends were not sent away. There are various stories of the Coutts's *ménage*. Gronow has one of the eminent jeweller, Hamlet, being brought into the dining-room while they were at dinner, and showing a magnificent diamond cross, which had been worn

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the day before at the Coronation of George IV. by the Duke of York. Harriot admired it, and Hamlet wanted for it £15,000. "Bring me a pen and ink," cried Thomas Coutts. Well: we should call it vulgar now, but it is pleasant (as we stand on the railings in Piccadilly and look in at the window) to observe the smiling old gentleman, the grateful Harriot, the admiring guests. Very likely, though, there is a touch of malice in Gronow here. There's another story of Harriot's dressing up as Morgiana, and prancing about with a dagger. All very jolly and gay.

Mr. Coutts was eighty when he married, but he enjoyed Harriot's society until 1822, when he left her his fortune. She continued her generous, expansive, somewhat flamboyant life. It was not all untroubled: the lives of those who have shot up like rockets are seldom untroubled. Blackmailers marked her for their prey, especially blackmailing "literary" blackguards. One of them wrote "The Secret Memoirs of Harriot Pumpkin," which was bought up. As a rule she resisted these gentry with a stout front, and affected a brave indifference, keeping on her table the rags which printed paragraphs about her. Another trouble was that her health was no longer so splendid as it had been, and she lamented that she might no more drink a glass of bitter beer—even as Byron, much about the same time, was lamenting the absence of beer in Italy. But I think we can be sure that she enjoyed herself pretty thoroughly. She gave much—much openly, and more in private—as kind in her way, though far less wisely, as the beneficent lady, her husband's granddaughter, who died in Stratton Street so lately. But it is idle to pretend that the good Mrs. Coutts was not ostentatious, and indeed I think it more fitting to the jolly radiant picture of her that she should have been. Walter Scott, her friend, said she was "without either affectation or insolence in the display of her wealth," and no doubt he spoke truly: there was no insolence in the display; she just enjoyed her wealth frankly and openly—but display there was. Lockhart describes her arrival at Abbotsford:

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Although she was considerate enough not to come on him with all her retinue (leaving four of the seven carriages with which she travelled to Edinburgh), the appearance of only three coaches, each drawn by four horses, was rather trying to poor Lady Scott. They contained Mrs. Coutts, her future lord, the Duke of St. Albans, one of his Grace's sisters, a *dame de compagnie*, vulgarly called a "toady," a brace of physicians, for it had been considered that one doctor might himself be disabled in the course of an expedition so adventurous; and besides other menials of every grade, two bedchamber women for Mrs. Coutts's own person, she requiring to have this article also in duplicate, because in her widowed condition she was fearful of ghosts, and there must be one Abigail for the service of the toilette, a second to keep watch by night.

If Dicky Suett could have foreseen all this when he told Peggy child to go and wash her pretty face! The superstition, by the way—if in these obscurantist days one is allowed to call anything superstition—is truly alleged: she had many superstitions, not being born of an Irish peasant and bred on the stage for nothing. I like the story of this Abbotsford visit. There were several ladies "of high birth and rank" in the house, and these were sniffy and stuffy, as we say, with poor Mrs. Coutts. Happily for her, Walter Scott was a gentleman: he took a marchioness aside after dinner and told her plainly that if she and the others were not disposed to be agreeable to his guest they ought to have left before she came. She told the others, and they came to heel, and presently Mrs. Coutts, her sensitiveness appeased, was telling stories of the stage and joining in the "Laird of Cockpen."

But we must get back to the corner of Stratton Street, which was soon to have a new inmate in the Duke of St. Albans. Mrs. Barron-Wilson gratifies sentiment in saying that he fell in love with Mrs. Coutts. And why not? I too might have fallen in love with her—at his age, for he was much younger than she; at mine, if the dogmatists about these things say true, one would have loved her better when she was Peggy child. And if the sentimentalists demand it there is no reason why she should not have loved the Duke. Let us suppose that the fair exchange of rank and money was merely a convenient addition to a union of hearts. In our

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days, when rank means so much less, a renowned mistress of millions would not be thought to have made a tremendous advance in becoming a duchess. Then, of course, it was a nine days' marvel, and even now it seems a pretty, picturesque end to an old tale—the old tale, eternally new, of the humble being exalted.

However much she may have loved her Duke, Harriot cared little for his *milieu*. She contrasted it with the atmosphere of the boards, where it was "all cheerfulness—all high spirits—all fun, frolic and vivacity," whereas here everything was "weary, stale, flat and unprofitable." The friend she was speaking to made the tactless suggestion that the difference was only that she was older, but Harriot would not have it. "In high life," said she, "there is no such thing as youth; people are old when they first come out; they are too fine and fastidious to enjoy anything." Since youth is always youth, it would seem that the youth of her new circle was not frank and familiar with Harriot, which was stupid on its part and a great pity.

Ten years of her Duke and his *milieu* she had, and then she died, in 1837, at the age of sixty. She fell ill at Holly Lodge, but insisted on being taken to Stratton Street. They made her bed in the drawing-room, for the advantage of the air, but she bade them take her to Tom Coutts's room, to die on his bed. When Lady Guilford, one of Mr. Coutts's daughters, came to her, she said that he had taken the shape of a little bird, singing at her window, just as he said he would if he could, and it is related that the old man had really made her this strange promise on his death-bed, and that even when well and strong she had believed in it, and would be happy when a bird had fluttered near her window. The vulgar cynics had laughed, but here at least we are, I think, at one with the biographer in seeing true love and kindness. Yes, it is a strange and true romance, that of old Tom Coutts and his Harriot, a strange and gracious memory for Piccadilly.

G. S. Street.

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# WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE

TO prevent misconception of the treatment which this much-debated subject is to receive in the present article, it may be stated at the outset that it is an endeavour to show that the extension of the franchise to women would be detrimental rather than beneficial to the *welfare of the community as a whole.*

It does not, indeed, require more than the average endowment of the faculty of looking ahead to perceive that in the political enfranchisement of women there can be no half measures, and that, *in the long run*, the franchise must be extended to all women or to none at all.[1] At present the hardship of non-parliamentary representation does undoubtedly press most heavily on women householders or ratepayers who desire the vote. But the inadequacy of this limit to the non-recognition of women in our present parliamentary system would become apparent as soon as it were removed by the extension of the franchise to this class of women, and followed, as it would inevitably be, by its extension to women lodgers. Women of property would naturally resent the disfranchisement that marriage would bring with it, and women lodgers would be in the same predicament. It is unnecessary to point out the confusion that would arise if some wives—those, namely, who are women of property—had votes and some had

[1] This naturally includes its corollary, manhood suffrage.

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not, or if wives and daughters in all classes of society could qualify themselves for the vote by money payments for rooms to their respective husbands and fathers. Or again, take those cases in which the wife and not the husband is the owner of the residence, and in which she and not he would be logically and legally entitled to the vote. In short, there seems no reason why, if women are to have the parliamentary vote, marriage should disqualify them for the exercise of that privilege.

When, therefore, we reflect on the tyranny of taxation without representation, we must also not shut our eyes to the fact that some forms of tyranny—and especially such forms of it as are likely to be exercised by the average fair-minded and conscientious English statesmen towards women and their interests—may be preferable to the political chaos that might ensue if the vote were given to some women and not to all, or if, as an alternative, all women were entitled to enter the political arena with the same rights and on the same footing as men.

It cannot, of course, be denied that here and there are to be found women who have in them the making of politicians, nor can it be asserted that clever women are not clever enough to become politicians or anything else for which intellectual qualifications are necessary. But this does not upset the view held by many people as to the inherent unfitness of women in the aggregate to participate, on similar lines with men, in the political life of this country.

The main feature of this unfitness seems to lie in the simple fact of a woman being a woman, and in all that womanhood involves and implies, both as regards physical and social functions. This statement is vague, but he who runs may read, and read into it much that cannot be said here, and that need not be, since it is a part of common daily experience.

The great and uncompromising gulf which nature has placed between the sexes, seems to be accentuated rather than

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bridged over by the refinements of civilisation,[1] and the result of this increasing differentiation in physique shows itself in many ways, but mostly, perhaps, in the highly emotional nature of woman and in her variability. *Souvent femme varie!* These words are no more familiar than true, and the same may be said of Scott's oft-quoted refrain on some of the characteristics, charming and otherwise, of the sex.

It would, however, at the present day—when we are confronted with a new order of psychological philosophy known as "Pragmatism," which lays great emphasis on the emotional element in all intellectual processes—be unwise to underrate the part contributed by feeling and sentiment towards the formation of the political convictions of either sex. But however this may be, it must be admitted that the emotional nature of woman, all valuable as it is as an incentive to many activities in the home and beyond it, is not to be relied on for guidance when the matter in question is one in which the hereditary instincts and intuitions of her sex cannot help, and which calls for farsightedness, broadmindedness, logical reasoning and impartiality—in short, for all the qualities which go to make what we call a well-balanced mind. Such a type of mind is not too common in either sex, but the contention here is that it is much more rarely found in a woman than in a man.

Ignorance of politics and absence of interest in them is not a prerogative of either sex, an assertion which will be

[1] Mr. H. G. Wells, writing on this differentiation between the sexes in his book, "A Modern Utopia," says:

"The trend of evolutionary forces through long centuries of human development has been on the whole towards differentiation. An adult white woman differs far more from a white man than a negress or pigmy woman from her equivalent male. The education, the mental disposition, of a white or Asiatic woman reeks of sex; her modesty, her decorum, is not to ignore sex but to refine and put a point to it; her costume is clamorous with the distinctive elements of her form. The white woman in the materially prosperous nations is more of a sexual specialist than her sister of the poor and austere peoples, of the prosperous classes more so than the peasant woman."

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borne out by many who engage in the work of canvassing for elections, parliamentary or otherwise. But the importance of granting or withholding the vote does not depend on the attitude of incompetent voters of either sex towards the franchise, since, in the political game, the ignorant and non-reflecting members of the community must always be the prey of the clever, and their votes represent not the convictions or even the opinions of the voters but the electioneering spoils of the most adroit canvassing. *Apropos* of the extension of the franchise to women on the ground of the incompetency of masses of male voters, Ruskin's remark in "Arrows of the Chace" may well be quoted here. "So far," he says, "from wishing to give votes to women, I would fain take them from most men."

Turning to another aspect of the question of female parliamentary representation, we may consider the application to it of the principle that fitness to exercise new powers and responsibilities can only be acquired or proved by affording opportunities for its use.

Here we find ourselves drawn into a comparison with the laws which govern physical as well as social evolution. The evolution and development of any physical function depends on its use, and disuse means, in the long run, atrophy. Similarly with social functions, use brings increase of power to use, and inaction incapacity, and in both cases habit becomes, as we say, "second nature."

"And the moral of that is"—easy to see, and to apply to the case in point. Given the opportunity to become practical politicians, and to play a full part with men in the rough-and-tumble game of party politics in England, women might, at least the majority of thinking women might, develop the fitness for this new departure in their activities, but *at what price?*

Mr. Asquith, in his recent reply to an address presented to him by a deputation of East Fife ladies, hints at the possible "price" in the following ominous words:

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Better that no addition should be made to the opportunities for ventilating, and perhaps remedying, special grievances or special interests of particular classes of women than that they should be dearly purchased in the interests of the sex and of the community at large; if at the same time you may have to pay as your price for suffrage—and I am very much afraid you would have to pay it—the putting in jeopardy of the status, the position, the real authority, the unique influence of women as a whole in the community. The one thing sounds tangible and direct, the other intangible, almost abstract; but you must weigh them against one another. You may be sure that any change of this kind will not commend itself to the general opinion and the intelligence of the nation unless you can satisfy them that you can carry it through without permanent injury to the best interests of women themselves.[1]

Such are the apprehensions of a modern statesman, and from them we can turn our minds backwards through the years and recall some not unsimilar forebodings on the part of John Bright, when he saw the vote exercised in municipal elections by the women of Lancashire. He says:

I know one place in my own neighbourhood where scenes of the most shocking character took place. Women were served with what certainly was not good or wholesome for them until the poll closed. I know at another borough in Lancashire at the last general election there were women by hundreds drunk and disgraced under the temptations that were offered in the fierceness and unscrupulousness of a political contest. . . . I confess I am unwilling, for the sake of women themselves, to introduce them into the contest of our Parliamentary system. I think they would lose much of that which is best that they now possess, and that they would gain nothing from being mingled or mixed with the contest and the polling-booth.

Let us hope that the conditions which John Bright describes here are now an impossibility under any political system in this country, but his concluding words fit the situation as much to-day as when they were uttered, and express a sentiment which is very widely spread amongst men, and which still numbers amongst its sympathisers many women.[2]

[1] Quoted from a report of the speech which appeared in the *Daily Telegraph*.

[2] With apologies to the *St. James's Gazette* for Nov. 1, 1906. (It was only some time after writing the above passage that the writer learnt that this quotation and a similar application of it, strangely enough almost in the same words as those used here, had appeared in that journal.)

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So far in this article the question of female suffrage has been approached mainly on the theoretical side, but now let us look at it from the practical point of view and ask, "Do the majority of English women desire the parliamentary vote, and the political status and responsibility which it entails?" Information on this point is difficult to obtain, and even if statistics were available, perhaps knowledge of the *type* of women who desire or who do not desire this change in our political machinery might be a surer guide to its value from the sociological standpoint.

At present nearly all the agitation has been raised by the women who do urgently desire the change, and on the other side there has been mostly silence. But now there are not wanting signs of the times which show that this silence may not always be taken for the slumber of indifference; and it would be dangerous to take for granted that all feminine political interest and activity is on the side of those women whose goal is the political emancipation of their sex. In Mr. Asquith's speech, from which quotation has already been made, he asks: "What is the evidence that the change is desired by the majority of women themselves?" and adds:

> I have yet seen no satisfactory evidence on that point, and I do not know that such evidence is procurable. Allow me to assure you that has been a serious hindrance, for this is after all a very great constitutional change, and there is no case in our history in which a constitutional change of this kind has been effected without the clearest possible proof that it was desired and, indeed, demanded by the vast majority of those in whose interest it was made.

These words of Mr. Asquith show the gravity of this "practical" aspect of the question in its strongest light, and need no addition to them here. But whether or no the majority of the women of this country desire the vote, there can be no doubt that in the event of universal adult suffrage, the majority of the *voters* would be *women*, a fact which is sufficiently startling to "give us pause" when we consider its revolutionary features.

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A few rough statistics may help to bring this home in a practical sense.

Roughly speaking the male population of the British Isles is twenty millions, the female being twenty-three millions. These figures, of course, include those under age who are not qualified for a vote. But if we divide the numbers roughly, taking the statistical figures of four to a family, we have ten million adult men and eleven and a half million adult women.

These figures do not pretend to be accurate, but—if we once admit the principle that it is the right of women to exercise the franchise on equal terms with men, and if we at the same time recognise a tendency of the times which may eventually lead to manhood suffrage—they serve to indicate a proportion of female voters which is sufficiently formidable to foreshadow a change in our electoral system besides which even the Great Reform Bill shrinks into comparative insignificance!

Such a change might conceivably result in female parliamentary representatives, indeed the outcome of it might even be a preponderance of female Members of Parliament. But the present writer feels unfitted for the task of peering into a political and parliamentary future so far removed from present conditions that it would need the power of a Mr. H. G. Wells to transport us thither.

The return to more beaten tracks leads to the consideration of another practical side of the association of women with politics.

Our existing system, although excluding women as voters, does already allow of a very considerable outlet for feminine political influence and activity, and *with this advantage*, viz., that now those women only who have leisure, taste, and aptitude for the work are drawn into the net.

This, then, is the answer to those who argue that it is absurd to draw the line at full political emancipation for a woman when so many other new doors of activity are open to admit her, at her will. "At her will!" But in the event of

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the Suffragists having their way, her "will" is not consulted, and the political responsibility of the vote, and of all that this may ultimately entail, is forced upon her quite apart from her individual wish or fitness to assume this responsibility. And there is another advantage attaching to the political work now undertaken by the women of this country, in that it is mainly concerned with those departments of it in which the natural efficiency of the average woman finds fullest play. Politicians are eager to recognise and to avail themselves of the valuable help rendered by women in the work of political organisation on its social side. This is the side which calls for tact, patience, tolerance of detail, personal sympathy and interest, and many such qualities which are often mostly conspicuous by their absence in the sterner sex. Women suffragists will probably regard such work as this as being on too trivial a scale to satisfy the mildest of their aspirations, and from their own point of view they are of course right not to rest content with it. But even they must admit that it is a sphere of political work which, if not covered by women, is not likely to be covered at all, and also that it is one in which the political ambitions of a good many of their sex find satisfaction.

And now we come to the consideration of that which is, from the national and imperial standpoint by far the most important of the issues involved in throwing open the doors of political life to the women of this country, viz., the possible effect of the movement on the health and on the physical responsibilities of our women, on the mothers of the race. So much might be said upon this side of the question, and so much also that is sufficiently obvious to speak for itself, that it is only necessary here briefly to mention one or two of the more important points connected with it.

The first which comes to mind is the decreasing birth-rate in the upper classes of English society. What effect would the addition of political life, to the many and complex demands now made upon the time and powers of the women of these

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classes—in a score of directions undreamed of by their grandmothers—have upon child-bearing? One can almost picture a condition in social life in which women might say, "We have no time for children, our lives are otherwise occupied, our powers must be reserved for other uses!"

Then, take the question of infant mortality among the lower classes. Here generally there is no lack of child-bearing, but a lack of child-rearing. What would be the effect on the mothers in these classes of bringing the contentious influence of party politics into their already crowded and often ill-regulated lives, thus affording them one more opportunity for neglecting to learn how to be useful in their own homes? The woman who is too ignorant or too careless to preserve the lives of her own offspring has no claim or ability to take part in legislation.

Then, again, consider the effects which the excitement of a Parliamentary election, or of any special political agitation, public meetings and the like, might have upon many women in "delicate health," and especially those of the less protected classes, if called upon or at least entitled to take part in it all and swell the numbers of their respective political parties. Surely the community, which does not permit its women to "take up arms" in its cause, has some right to shelter them from the risks attendant upon political warfare.

Apart from these special considerations there is the general increase of wear and tear, and of mental and nervous strain, upon the more delicate frame and constitution of woman, which is entailed by her entrance into political life, and which cannot fail to leave its mark on her physique, and, if on her physique, ultimately on that of the race.

In short, there seems so little to be said in favour of political life for woman from the point of view of her physical well-being, that that little must be left to others to discover. It will probably be urged that women voters would conduce to the passing of measures for the redress of woman's grievances and wrongs, and thus tend to promote in general ways the physical well-being of the sex. But people who argue thus

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seem to forget that it does not need the practical machinery of a Parliament elected in part by women's votes to redress women's wrongs, otherwise women would not hold the high position or wield the powerful influence in political and many other circles which is theirs to-day. The statesmen whose work and achievements will stand the test of time are those who recognise that the best interests of women are bound up with those of the race,[1] although not all such men may hold that their interests may be best served by inviting women themselves to drive the political machinery which is, after all, but the means to their end. As well might it be said that children's votes are needed to further the interests of children (not that any comparison between women and children is here intended); and yet, so susceptible are the hearts of even male legislators towards the claims of the most powerless members of the community, that one of the saddest of their evils, child-labour in mines, found its remedy mainly through the emotional havoc wrought by a poem, and by a poem written by a woman.[2]

Child-labour in *mines* is no more, but child-labour in *homes*, and of a dreary and deadening description, is still with us, as we learn from the report of recent investigations made by the Home Office into the work of "juvenile carders" in Birmingham. And it is much to be regretted that the women who waste their strength in combats with the police, and their time in Holloway Prison, cannot find in this or kindred objects a more enticing field for the zeal they display as agitators.

But misdirected energy and sentimentality are among the political curses of our age and country, and women of public spirit, whose combined efforts might achieve much useful work, spend their powers in clamouring for the technical

[1] "We hear of the 'mission' and of the 'rights' of woman, as if these could ever be separate from the mission and the rights of man."—RUSKIN ("Sesame and Lilies").

[2] Elizabeth Barrett Browning's "Cry of the Children." Since this passage was written, Mr. Punch's prophetic soul has announced that "Childhood Suffrage" has only twenty years to wait!



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political recognition of the suffrage. As if the suffrage were the panacea for all the ills and disabilities which feminine flesh is heir to, instead of being the merest phantom of one!

They would be better advised to show their ability as politicians by formulating some definite remedial proposals with respect to the grievances for the redress of which they desire the power behind the vote, and in that case they would not improbably find that our present parliamentary system, though it "grinds slowly," is yet sufficiently representative to secure to each section of society its "rights," whether that section be armed with the vote or not.

There is, no doubt, a considerable class of suffragists, and especially of the older type of suffragist, to whom these strictures do not apply. But they probably do apply to a good many of the women agitators of the present day, from whose tactics it may reasonably be surmised that their political outlook is largely bounded by the *idea* of the vote, rather than by the purposes for which the vote is wanted. For instance, in the last raid [1] by the Suffragists on the House of Commons, a good portion of the raiders were said to be extremely young, and it may be naturally inferred from this that their political horizon, though it may have been rosy, was a limited one.

In truth, the disabilities of women in trade, in the labour market, and in every department of life *where she enters into competition with men*, are due, not to want of direct political representation, not to antagonism between the sexes (for such antagonism is, *au fond*, against nature), but to her own natural disabilities, the disabilities of womanhood. The man is first the wage earner, the woman first the mother, and on these two laws hang all, or nearly all, the inequalities which women suffragists are so confident of diminishing by means of women's votes.

There is a side-issue involved in the making of women-politicians which may be touched on in conclusion. One of the weak points in a woman's intellectual activity is said to be

[1] This refers to the one in February.

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her absorption in the details of a question, even to the length, sometimes, of blinding her view of the point which is of paramount importance. The truth that lies in this is probably due to the fact that all the details which go to make up the complex structure of modern domestic, family, and social life are, to a very large extent, the woman's province. The adjustment of these details, their organisation and distribution, call for powers and energy of no mean order, and their neglect by women would inevitably result in social chaos. It follows, therefore, that her passion for detail, so far from being detrimental to a woman's mental equipment, is necessary for the preservation of social order; and farther, that, if a woman must divest herself of this or any other valuable characteristic, in order to don the mantle of the politician and the legislator, the community, *as a whole*, stands to gain far less politically than it loses socially, by the political enfranchisement of its women.

E. Maud Simon.

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# A PLEA FOR SHORTER NOVELS

THERE is a group of questions or phrases almost any one of which can be heard wherever and whenever the subject of books, their writers and their readers, forms the topic of conversation. These questions have been set so frequently that they may now be considered hackneyed or stereotyped. Their substance approximately is this:

1. Why are modern novels "spun out" to such excessive lengths?

2. Why must a story that could quite well be told in 50,000 or 60,000 words be "padded" out to 100,000 words or more?

3. By whom is the length of a six-shilling novel regulated—the author, the publisher, the bookseller, or the reading public?

4. Does the reading public necessarily prefer long novels to short?

5. Who directly suffers and who directly benefits through books being "padded" and "spun out"?

Let me frankly state, to begin with, that I not only have occasion to read in the course of the year a great mass of books, the bulk of them modern novels, but that in addition I mix with general readers of vastly different grades and tastes, from the solemn man of letters who confines his reading of fiction to the works of writers of a past generation, leavened with only a few volumes of our more serious modern novelists, down to the utterly bored woman who "skims" half-a-dozen

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library books in a morning and then clamours for the names of "some new books that really are worth reading, you know."

This being so, I may, I think, claim a right to enter a plea for the condensation of the majority of our novels that will pour from the press during the next twelve months and long afterwards, and to endeavour to demonstrate in this article the manifold advantages that would accrue to the author, to the public, and I cannot help thinking also to the publisher, if the majority of novels in preparation, instead of being "padded," as they presumably will be, with superfluous and therefore irritating verbiage, were to be cut down by about one-third.

To take the questions in regular rotation—Why are novels "spun out," and what is the object of "padding" them? The reply to this would seem to vary in accordance with certain fixed conditions. Four publishers out of six—I have consulted a great many—will tell you with a bright smile that "It must be done." Then they will grow silent, or else turn the conversation. The fifth will remark with some show of acerbity, "Surely the reason must be obvious!" The sixth will appear to take you into his confidence by declaring that "the booksellers insist." None of which replies can be deemed satisfactory.

Go to the booksellers, and they will advance a good reason at once—"Our customers who buy novels," they will say, "would not look at a six-shilling book if it contained 'short measure.'" Inquire next at the lending libraries, and much the same reply will be given: "Our subscribers won't take out books that look short. They would think they were not getting value for their money. Besides, six-shilling books are always this length, or longer." The last statement is added almost invariably, and possibly it betrays—though I don't wish to pass judgment—the general level of intelligence that marks the rank and file of lending-library managers, especially in provincial towns. Their clerks, as a body, are more sensible.

According to the booksellers and the subscription-library managers, therefore, the generality of our novel-readers actually

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prefer to struggle through page after page of utterly wearisome verbiage, that in most cases has nothing to do with the thread of the story and serves only to retard its movement, to reading through in less time a story that is well told, well-knit together, and that consequently compels attention literally from the first page to the last. Is such a statement credible? Surely it would be as rational to argue that a restaurant which provided a dinner of eight courses all of indifferent quality would be more largely patronised than one which provided at the same price a meal of only five courses, but every course well served and of good quality.

From the fact that one hears so many subscribers to lending libraries—and the lending-library public constitutes the great bulk of novel-readers—complaining that most modern novels are unconscionably "padded" and "spun out," and adding in a matter-of-fact tone that "naturally one skips the rubbishy parts," it is reasonable to conclude that novel-readers themselves emphatically do not want "padded" books, and that therefore the booksellers are mistaken in believing that they do. Who ever heard a reader recommend a book to a friend "because it is so long"? Indeed as nine-tenths of the subscribers to a lending library skip, as a matter of course, "the rubbishy parts," the question naturally suggests itself—Why write "rubbishy parts"? Why fill page after page with "padding" when we know in advance that all those pages will most likely be left unread? Assuredly the prevailing practice of "padding" injudiciously must be bad policy from every standpoint, except perhaps the standpoint of the printer. Again the plea will be advanced, "The bookseller insists." But why does he insist? He would not insist if he did not believe it to be to his advantage. And yet if you put the question to him squarely he cannot give a single valid reason for his dogged insistence that a six-shilling novel, that is to say a novel of the class which he usually stocks, must contain a minimum of so and so many words. His only "reason," as we have seen, is that six-shilling novels always have, to the best of his know-

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ledge, contained that minimum, and so for that "reason," he argues, they must continue to contain it. In short, in common with so many other of his unenterprising and ultra-conservative countrymen who, as an Irishman said once, speaking of such people, "travel always in a rut in every direction but the right one," he will not or dare not attempt to establish a precedent by offering his customers better value of less bulk at the price of bulk only that is of inferior quality. And as the publishers must supply the bookseller with what he asks for, so they go on sending him novels "padded" and "spun out" to an extent that in very many cases destroys the symmetry of the story or transforms what might have been a vivid and "living" romance into an involved or turgid narrative.

Then—By whom is the length of the six-shilling novel regulated? We have seen that it is not regulated by the reading public. Emphatically it is not regulated by the author. Probably there are but few authors—by whom I mean especially novelists—who are not conscious that they could do themselves far more justice if they were not compelled to "pad." None but the veriest "hack," or the writer who does not take any personal pride in his work, can actually wish to "spin out" a story which he could tell better in, let us say, 60,000 words instead of 100,000. But a publisher driven to supply the unreasonable demands of inexorable booksellers becomes himself inexorable and so commissions the author to write a book of not less than 100,000 words, agreeing to pay him for it—when the book is to be bought outright—at the rate of so much a thousand words; and the author has nothing to do but comply. If the publisher offered him a sum equal to fifty per cent. more per thousand words for the same story on the understanding that the story should contain as small a proportion of "padding" as the author deemed to be consistent with good work, and that its maximum length should not exceed, let us say, 70,000 words, none would feel more gratified than the author himself, more particularly as the impression is prevalent among the general reading public

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that the author is the person to blame when his books are adjudged too long. Therefore it at once becomes manifest that it is also the bookseller who indirectly regulates the length of novels, in the same way that dressmakers and tailors regulate or create fashions in wearing apparel. Some day, no doubt, booksellers' eyes will be opened to the delusion they have cherished for so many years that what the reading public wants is quantity rather than quality. As a member of the reading public I can truthfully say that I would sooner pay six shillings net for a readable book containing only 60,000 words, than four shillings and sixpence for a book dragged out to 100,000 words and so rendered more or less "impossible." Moreover, I feel convinced that the great majority of general readers would say the same if the question were put to them.

Next—Does the reading public necessarily prefer long novels to short? I do not think that it "necessarily" prefers long novels, though probably it will choose the longer novel rather than the shorter if a friend who is competent to criticise and who has read both books pronounces the longer to be "good all through." Within the last few years of course long books—books of 150,000 and even 200,000 words—that are "good all through" have been published, but by comparison with the hundreds of books that have been issued which are not "good" even to the end of the first fifty thousand words, their number is infinitesimal. Novelists, indeed, can in some respects be likened to race-horses. A big proportion of our thoroughbreds are, in the vernacular of the Turf, "good to win" a five-furlong race; but how many are "good to stay the distance" in a long race? In just the same way plenty of clever writers of fiction can produce a story of sixty or seventy thousand words in length that is in every way admirable, who break down completely when they try to "stay the distance" in a story covering a hundred and twenty or a hundred and fifty thousand words. In such cases it is not the pace that kills, but the uninterrupted strain.

Again—Who directly suffers and who directly benefits

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through books being "padded" and "spun out"? Obviously the reading public is the principal sufferer, but then the reading public is like the rate-paying public, it is not taken into consideration. It has something flung at it in return for payment made, and it ought to feel grateful for that. The next most serious sufferer is the author. Yet inasmuch as he receives payment and gives in return merely the fruit of his brains—a bagatelle, of course—his case is not a hard one, neither is he deserving of sympathy. At least that would seem to be the common impression. Then how about the publisher? Ah, there you come to the kernel of the question. The poor publisher is harassed by booksellers whose obtuseness prompts them to go on demanding long novels, while he, being a man of acumen, knows quite well that the reading public would buy more books and subscribe more largely to the circulating libraries if the books placed upon the market were of smaller bulk but superior quality. Yet he must perforce remain impotent and go on paying printers' inflated bills without openly complaining. Then who does benefit? None, apparently, but the printers and the paper-makers.

Emphatically, therefore, it is time that the modern novel should be metamorphosed. Lord Northcliffe inaugurated the era of our up-to-date tabloid journalism. Who is going to inaugurate the era of up-to-date capsuloid fiction? That the change is bound to be made is certain, and it needs no prophet to foretell that the bookseller to take the lead in stocking novels whose standard of excellence will be gauged by their literary merit, their dramatic force, and their terse and convincing phraseology rather than by their authors' ability to make twelve words do where half-a-dozen would suffice, is not, to borrow an expressive phrase from America, "going to get left." An American said to me the other day—"Our story-tellers in the States *can write all round* your men," and, though this was an exaggeration, one must admit that two clever American writers of fiction, whose names will suggest themselves to habitual readers of the novels of the two nations,

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have lately succeeded in getting placed upon the book market short and admirably done novels of the type that I am endeavouring to recommend.

Another remark often heard in a mixed assemblage of readers and non-readers is—"How is it that nowadays so many inferior novels get published?" The question may well be asked. Setting aside the proportion that is published at their authors' expense, and that needs no comment because the majority of such books practically fall dead from the press, there remains a considerable proportion in which publishers have speculated, with results disastrous to themselves. The knowledge of this naturally gives rise to a feeling of doubt as to whether book-publishers, as a body, are able to gauge accurately the very catholic taste of the reading public. One could name off-hand three or four publishing houses which appear to have an unerring instinct in this connection. It may be intuitive, or it may be the peculiar instinct apparently possessed by the "mental telepathists," but whatever it is it is there, with the result that these houses almost unfailingly publish books which command success from the first. With other certain houses the reverse is the case, and one is led to wonder whether the heads of the latter firms, to say nothing of these firms' staff of readers and literary advisers, are men with enough of general knowledge of the world to render them capable of, so to speak, looking at Life from the many different standpoints of the assemblage which goes to make up what we call "the reading public."

For this power of looking at Life from the standpoints of groups of persons who have views different from our own and different from each other is, I venture to think, a peculiar and very precious gift which but few of us possess, though it can be cultivated and developed by those among us who do possess it. A man who lives metaphorically in a groove, or who mixes only with one set or class of men and women, has little or no opportunity of cultivating the power even if endowed with it. A man of literary tastes, let us say, who gives way to

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his natural inclination to mix with literary people only, cannot by any possibility form a just opinion as to what a community composed, for instance, of spinsters of a commonplace order of intelligence and with no aim in life higher than the ambition to get married, is likely to care to read. Yet it is precisely of women of this class, and their relatives, that a sensible proportion of the readers of lending-library books is made up. Consequently should that man happen to be reading for a publishing house, as he is very likely to be, he will be almost certain to reject MSS. which, if published, would appeal to the group referred to, and to its sister groups to be found scattered broadcast over the face of England, and that therefore would prove pecuniarily successful.

Take another case. As publishers' readers are to be found among men in many different walks in life, let us take as an example a literary adviser who at the same time holds a post of private secretary of some kind. We will suppose him to be a man of more or less retiring disposition, conscientious, untravelled, with a sound and classical education. Now, what can that man know of the class and style of book that most appeals to what one may call the "unemotional" country-house division of society? I don't mean, of course, the country-house society that spends half the year in town or in rushing about, and two or three months abroad, but the humdrum country-house population that vegetates in oblivion for eight or ten months out of the twelve. Yet this "body-corporate" also is a strong supporter of the circulating libraries, and its "literary" appetite needs tantalising quite as much as other people's. Let it be added that what has been said of the publisher's literary adviser applies hardly less forcibly to the publisher himself.

Therefore I think I have shown that in a measure the failure of some publishers to gratify the taste of the vastly varied public for which publishers have to cater is due not so much to publishers' and their literary advisers' want of power of discrimination, as to their lack of first-hand knowledge of

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the actual requirements of the different bodies which together make up the reading public. "Then," somebody will ask, "what class of men would you recommend for this work, and where are such men to be found?" The set of men I would be so bold as to recommend as publishers' readers is to be found chiefly among the leading newspaper reporters of wide experience. Newspaper reporters, it always seems to me—and I may claim to know something about them—possess a wider knowledge of civilised mankind of almost every rank than is possessed by any other one body of men. It is but natural that this should be so. In the ordinary course of events they are for ever on the move. They are for ever rubbing shoulders with people holding different views upon politics, religion, literature, social conditions, in short almost every conceivable subject, and being *ipso facto* men of quick intelligence and keen observation there are but few striking points in the amazing kaleidoscope of life in its broadest sense that escape their notice. Where, then, could you find men better qualified to give an opinion as to what the general mass of the community is likely to enjoy reading? The publisher's difficulty will of course lie in securing the services of such men.

To return to the novels, and the plea for their compression, I would ask the reader who is sceptical as to the possibility of their being "pruned" to advantage to pick up almost any lending-library volume that he may have by him, and make the experiment for himself. If he does not find a pretty woman "padded" out into "a female possessing considerable personal attractions"; an ocean liner alluded to as "a white towering immensity"; or an Elizabethan mansion of quite ordinary type described in eight or ten lines instead of two, he will come upon phrases and paragraphs of the same nature and equally diffuse. Many persons who read novel after novel mechanically, the while wondering what it is that makes many novels so dull, quite overlook the fact that dullness and want of "holding-power" is eight times out of ten directly due to the book being overloaded with words. A writer who packs five

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thousand words into a chapter where four thousand would be ample, makes his story "drag." The writer who crams in six thousand instead of four thousand renders the story practically unreadable. This is the reason that journalistic work generally proves so excellent a training for the writer of fiction. In journalism every sentence, almost every line, has to be condensed as much as possible; and the journalist able to convey the greatest amount of solid news in the shortest possible space is the man who, other qualifications being equal, will get to the top of his profession the quickest. This power of condensing, indeed, is an art, call it a knack if you will, not acquired easily or in a very short time.

To say that all descriptive passages ought to be omitted from a work of fiction would of course be absurd, but, if I may repeat the hackneyed phrase, there are descriptive passages and descriptive passages. A graphic and really powerful description in writing it is always a delight to read, but how seldom we come across such descriptions. One could count on the fingers of one hand the writers who possess the wonderful gift of painting scenes and scenery in words which seem to bring the picture before one's mental vision as though the whole thing were some sort of conjuring trick. The strenuous attempts of the less-gifted writers who struggle to perform the same trick, but fall short, are as distressing to read as the antics of unskilful acrobats are to watch. Many a modern writer can construct and develop an ingenious plot; many another can produce readable and in some instances brilliant and witty dialogues; but the gift of painting in words situations, localities and landscapes is apparently denied to all but a favoured few. For this reason it is to be regretted that more of our novelists of ordinary ability do not cultivate the art of leaving a great deal more to the reader's imagination than they do leave. The practice of describing in detail the features, the expression of the eyes, the exact tint of the hair of the chief characters in a book, not to speak of these characters' general appearance, their dress, and the inflections of tone in their

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voices, has fortunately gone out of fashion except among writers of fiction of a very low order. But the habit of loading a story with indifferent descriptive passages still prevails to a great extent, though it might with considerable advantage be dispensed with. A beautiful woman loses her charm when every good point she possesses, from the creamy smoothness of her complexion to the alluring curve of her eye-brow, is described separately and in detail; and in the same way a glorious scenic panorama metaphorically falls flat when every square mile of it is analysed and dissected. These faults are of course commonest among young writers, but they are flagrant enough still among some of our novelists who have served a long apprenticeship.

Lest it be thought that I write in a captious spirit let me add that no such desire is in my mind. I have had the presumption to draw attention to points that have struck me forcibly and on many occasions, and I know that they are points which must frequently strike many thousands of British novel readers. Who ever read a book by Daudet, Hugo, or de Maupassant that brimmed over with superfluous verbiage? It may be said in answer to this that I have selected three of the most polished writers of fiction that France ever possessed. True, but even if the rank and file of the French novelists be studied carefully it will be found that they seldom err upon the side of overloading their work with unnecessary vocables and third-rate descriptive passages. Is it too much to hope that this plea for the condensation and consequent "strengthening up" of the great bulk of our British novels may not have been advanced in vain?

BASIL TOZER.

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# A FORGOTTEN POET: JOHN CLARE[1]

## I

WE are told in the introduction to a volume of poems by John Clare, published in 1820, "They are the genuine productions of a young peasant, a day-labourer in husbandry, who has had no advantages of education beyond others of his class; and though poets in this country have seldom been fortunate men, yet he is, perhaps, the least favoured by circumstances, and the most destitute of friends, of any that ever existed." If the writer of the introduction had been able to look to the end of the career on whose outset he commented, he would have omitted the "perhaps." The son of a pauper farm labourer, John Clare wrote his earlier poems in the intervals of hard manual labour in the fields, and his later poems in lucid intervals in a madhouse, to which ill-health, overwork, and drink had brought him. In a poem written before he was seventeen he had asked that he might

> Find one hope true—to die at home at last,

and his last words, when he died in the madhouse, were, "I want to go home." In another early poem he had prayed,

[1] I am indebted to the kindness of Mr. Walter T. Spencer, of Oxford Street, for much help in the preparation of this article, and in particular for the loan and for permission to make use of the Clare manuscript in his possession. I wish also to thank Mr. Billingham, bookseller, of Northampton, for his help and for a copy of a letter written by Clare in the asylum.

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seeing a tree in autumn, that, when his time came, the trunk might die with the leaves. Even so reasonable a prayer was not answered.

In Clare's early work, which is more definitely the work of the peasant than perhaps any other peasant poetry, there is more reality than poetry.

> I found the poems in the fields,
> And only wrote them down,

as he says with truth, and it was with an acute sense of the precise thing he was saying that Lamb complimented him in 1822 on the "quantity" of his observation. It is difficult to know how much of these early poems were tinkered for publication by the too fastidious publisher Mr. Taylor, and what is most smooth and traditional in them is certainly not what is best. The ballads and love-songs have very little value, and there is often a helplessness in the language, which passes from the over-familiar to the over-elevated. Later on he would not have called the glow-worm "tasteful illumination of the night," nor required so large a glossary of provincialisms. As it is, when he is not trying to write like Burns, or in any way not quite natural to him, he gives us, in a personal and unusual manner, a sense of the earth and living things, of the life of the fields and farmyards, with a Dutch closeness, showing us himself,

> Toiling in the naked fields,
> Where no bush a shelter yields,

in his hard poverty, and with his sensitiveness to weather, not only as it helps or hinders his labour. You see him looking up from it, looking and listening, and noting down everything he has observed, sometimes with this homely detail:

> Now buzzing, with unwelcome din,
> The heedless beetle bangs
> Against the cow-boy's dinner-tin
> That o'er his shoulder hangs.

No one before him had given such a sense of the village, for Bloomfield does not count, not being really a poet; and no one

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has done it so well again until a greater poet, Barnes, brought more poetry with him. Clare's poetry begins by having something clogging in it; substance, and poetical substance, is there, but the poetry has hardly worked its way out to freedom.

That it should have got so far on the way there is one of the most astonishing things in literature. These poems, in which there is so much that is direct and novel, were scribbled on scraps of paper in the intervals of a life which had never had what is called a single "advantage." John Clare was born, says his biographer Martin, in "a narrow wretched hut, more like a prison than a human dwelling; and the hut stood in a dark, gloomy plain, covered with stagnant pools of water, and overhung by mists during the greater part of the year." This hut was in the little village of Helpston, which lies between Stamford and Peterborough, and Clare was born there, prematurely, and one of twins, on July 13, 1793. The father was dependent through ill-health on parish relief, and the chief food of the family was potatoes and water-gruel. At seven years of age Clare was sent to look after sheep and geese on the heath, and at twelve worked in the fields, though with hardly strength enough for the lightest labour. When he was a very small child he had set out one day to walk as far as the sky, that he might touch it, and when he was older he fancied that there were ghosts ready to attack him in the swamps, and as he was seen reading books among his cattle, and talking to himself, people thought him something of a lunatic. His head had been filled with old songs from the time he was seven, by an old woman who kept the cows near where he kept the sheep, and he had learned to read and write at night-classes after his work was over, and had tried in vain to learn algebra as a kind of magic speech. He fell in love with Mary Joyce, but her father, when he found it out, would not let the "beggar-boy" see her any more. She was never wholly out of his mind, and came back finally into it long afterwards, when he was mad, and seemed more actual than his living wife.



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He was thirteen when the sight of Thomson's "Seasons" showed him that he was a poet. He read it twice through under the wall of the park, and scribbled down on a piece of paper the lines which were afterwards to come out as "The Morning Walk." From that time he wrote verses on scraps of paper, which he would stuff in a hole in the wall, and his mother would use for lighting the fire. He worked for some time among the gardeners in Burghley Park, and was taken by them on their drunken carouses, and would sometimes lie all night in the open air in a drunken sleep. Then he ran away, and at last went back to his home, where he returned to farm work. He showed some of his verses to a foolish person who asked him if he had learned grammar. The endeavour to learn grammar hindered him for some time from writing any more verses, and then he enlisted in the makeshift army that was to repel Bonaparte when he attacked England, and soon came back helplessly with a "Paradise Lost" and part of the "Tempest." He again fell in love, and as that came to nothing, joined the gipsies, who taught him to play the fiddle, but he was not with them long. Then he found work at a lime-kiln, where he had hard work, but enough leisure to write half a dozen songs in the course of a day. It was at this time, in 1817, that he met Martha Turner, the "Patty" of some of his poems, whom he married, after many hesitations and differences, in 1820, a month before the birth of a child.

Between the meeting with "Patty" and his marriage Clare had come to almost literal beggary, and had put down his name, like his father, as a pauper claiming relief from the parish. He had spent a guinea in printing a hundred copies of a prospectus, which he called "Proposals for publishing by Subscription a Collection of Original Trifles on Miscellaneous Subjects, Religious and Moral, in Verse, by John Clare of Helpston." Only seven subscribers could be found, and it seemed as if the poems would never be printed, when by good luck they fell into the hands of a Stamford bookseller called

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Drury, who, after many delays, and against the advice of a Rev. Mr. Twopenny, of the parish, sent them up to his relative, Mr. Taylor, of the firm of Taylor and Hessey, Keats' publishers, who saw their value, announced them in the first number of their new *London Magazine*, and on January 16, 1820, published "Poems descriptive of Rural Life and Scenery, by John Clare, a Northamptonshire Peasant," with an introduction, written by Mr. Taylor, which was almost an appeal for charity. The success was immediate: praise in the *Quarterly*, which had just attacked Keats, praise in all the reviews; Madame Vestris recites some of the poems at Covent Garden, and Rossini sets one of them to music. Clare is taken to London and has a wild week of dinner parties and theatres. In his own neighbourhood lords have thrown guineas into his lap and asked him to dinner, but in the servants' hall; here he dines by their side, dressed in a smock-frock covered by a borrowed overcoat, and makes good and helpful friends in Lord Radstock and the kind, flighty Mrs. Emmerson; and goes back to his home, to be ceaselessly called out of the fields where he is labouring by a succession of idle interviewers, not yet deadly and professional. Subscriptions are raised, the money is invested for him, and he finds himself with an income of £45 a year.

On that income Clare thought he could live without working. By day he wandered in the open air or sat writing in the hollow of an old oak; at night he sat in the inn-parlour and received his admirers. He bought Burns and Chatterton, and people sent him books. In 1821 he brought out a new book, "The Village Minstrel," containing better poems; but the novelty had gone off, and readers, after all, had been more interested in the peasant than in the poet. He had already tempered that "rustic Cockneyism, as little pleasing as ours of London," which Lamb was afterwards to counsel him against, and he would no longer allow his publisher to correct what he wrote, except in grammar or spelling. In 1822 he went for the second time to London, and stayed there long enough to

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get well acquainted with London taverns and slums, and to fall in love with Mlle. Dalia, of the Regency Theatre, and to write love-songs to the young wife of old Cary, taking her to be his daughter, and meaning it as a polite compliment. He met Gifford and Murray, and supped with Lamb.

The freedom and gaieties of London had done Clare no good. He wrote verses copiously, and tried to make better bargains in selling them. But he could get nothing, and the little money he had dwindled away, and he stinted himself in food and soon got seriously ill. Whenever he got a little better he would sit out of doors, soaking himself in sunlight, until he had brought on a relapse. At last Mr. Taylor took him up to London, where he began to recover, and would spend the whole day looking out of a window on the ground floor into Fleet Street. Through the glass he could for the first time look calmly at the beautiful women who seemed to him to make up the enchantment of London. At Taylor's house he met Coleridge, Lamb, Hazlitt, De Quincey; and, getting into the crowd at Byron's funeral, was knocked into the mud, and his only good clothes were spoiled. On going back to Helpston he gave up drink and lived on bread and vegetables, which weakened him so much that he was unable to do the draining and ditching work which he had got with difficulty; and, writing to Taylor, he says: "I live here among the ignorant like a lost man."

The circumstances of Clare's life prevented him from being what he had at least some of the impulse to be: a natural man whose thoughts came to him in verse, and who put down his feelings just as they came to him. He had an instinctive facility which he sometimes took to be literal inspiration, and obeyed too literally. At other times he forced himself to write at full speed in the continually deluded hope of making money. Sometimes his poverty and his cares, sometimes drink, sometimes what was almost starvation, prevented him from writing at all. His pension of £45 was not enough on which to keep himself, his wife, his children, his

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father and his mother. Sometimes he could not get work when he wanted it, and sometimes he had not the strength to do it when he had got it. He took every help and advice that was given to him, but was never able to turn either to account.

"The Village Minstrel" had had little success; "The Shepherd's Calendar," published in 1827, was almost unnoticed. Clare went again to London, to be the guest of Mrs. Emmerson, with whom he had imagined himself to be so madly in love; and in London accepted the dubious advice of his publisher to buy back the remainder of his books at cost price and to hawk them himself about the country. He returned home suddenly, coming back to the house in Stratford Place and saying, "I must go," because in walking over Primrose Hill he had come upon a violet.

Clare tramped the country for twenty or thirty miles a day, and at the most sold two or three volumes in the course of a week. Then he advertised that the books were to be bought at his cottage, and was sometimes invited to the big towns in the neighbourhood, and once walked as far as the coast, and saw the sea for the first time, and the sight kept him awake all night. Then came sickness, and debts, and Clare tried to write for the annuals, which he hated, and which sometimes forgot to pay him; and then, with the help of Allan Cunningham, who was always a good friend to him, he took to farming again, and for a year seemed to be almost prosperous. Next year he began to sicken again, and one of the "noble patrons," meaning it for the best, gave him a pleasant new cottage at Northborough, three miles from Helpston. To leave his native place and the cottage where he had always lived was more than he could bear. As the time came near, he roamed about, muttering incoherently, and the people thought he was going mad. When he got to the new cottage he wrote one of the finest of his lamentations over his old home. A seventh child was born that winter, and Clare wept when he saw it. Sickness returned to him, and his

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whole mood seemed to change; he would not go out, but sat indoors reading theological books, and writing paraphrases of Job and the Psalms. One day he said that he had seen his old sweetheart pass the window, and he wrote some lines to her, which he showed to a friend, who rightly thought them beautiful. But the friend did not know that Mary had long been dead.

Clare now began to speak of himself in the third person, and thought that his wife and children were strangers. He recovered a little, and wrote a pathetic letter to Taylor, wanting to consult a certain doctor in London before it was too late. "Mrs. Emmerson, I think, has forsaken me," he wrote. "I do not feel neglect now as I have done; I feel only very anxious to get better." No one would give him the money to go to London and back, and he gave up all effort, and was sometimes calm and rational, and sometimes talked, as John Clare, to Mary, treating his wife as if she were not there. His new book of poems, "The Rural Muse," was now published, containing only a small selection from the verse which he had written, and was generously welcomed by John Wilson in *Blackwood's Magazine* for August 1835, and then dropped quietly out of sight.

Meanwhile Clare began to show violent excitement, and one night, when he had gone to the theatre at Peterborough with the bishop's wife, he shouted at Shylock from the box and tried to get upon the stage. It was not at first realised that this was more than a poet's eccentricity, but before long Earl Fitzwilliam proposed that Clare should be sent to the county asylum. At the same time Taylor offered to send him to Dr. Allen's private asylum at High Beach, in Epping Forest, where he was treated with great kindness, and set to work in the garden, and allowed to take long walks, often in the company of Tom Campbell, the son of the poet. He wrote a number of poems, some of them addressed to Mary. In the early summer of 1841 he escaped from the asylum and made his way homeward on foot. The narrative which he

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afterwards wrote in the form of a journal tells the whole story of the terrible journey with marvellous precision. "I seemed to pass the milestones very quick in the morning," he says, "but towards night they seemed to be stretched further apart." He started early on the morning of July 20, without a penny in his pocket, and on the 23rd had come nearly to the journey's end, when, as he says,

> a cart met me, with a man, woman, and a boy in it. When nearing me the woman jumped out and caught fast hold of my hands, and wished me to get into the cart. But I refused; I thought her either drunk or mad. But when I was told it was my second wife Patty, I got in, and was soon at Northborough. But Mary was not there, neither could I get any information about her, further than the old story of her having died six years ago. But I took no notice of the lie, having seen her myself twelve months ago, alive and well, and as young as ever. So here I am hopeless at home.

He wrote a letter to Mary, calling her "my dear wife," and saying, "I have written an account of my journey, or rather escape, from Essex, for your amusement."

At Northborough Clare was visited by two country doctors, who signed the certificate which was to shut him up in the Northampton Asylum for the remaining twenty-two years of his life, on the ground of having spent "years addicted to poetical prosings." In a letter dated March 8, 1860, now preserved in the public library at Northampton, he wrote to a Mr. Hopkins:

> Dear Sir,—I am in a madhouse. I quite forget your name or who you are. You must excuse me, for I have nothing to communicate or tell of, and why I am shut up I don't know. I have nothing to say, so I remain yours respectfully,
>
> John Clare.

Neither wife nor children ever came to see him, except the youngest son, who came once. He sat most of the time in a recess in one of the windows, looking out over the garden and the town, and would sometimes sit under the porch of All Saints' Church, watching the children play and looking up into the sky. When he could no longer walk he was wheeled into the garden, and before he died he crept once or twice to

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the window, to look out. He died on May 20, 1864, and was buried under a sycamore tree at Helpston, as he had wished to be:

> The grave below; above, the vaulted sky.

## II

It must not be assumed that because Clare is a peasant, his poetry is in every sense typically peasant poetry. He was gifted for poetry by those very qualities which made him ineffectual as a peasant. A common error about him is stated by Mr. Lucas in his Life of Lamb: "He was to have been another Burns, but succeeded only in being a better Bloomfield." The difference between Clare and Bloomfield is the difference between what is poetry and what is not, and neither is nearer to or farther from being a poet because he was also a peasant. The difference between Burns and Clare is the difference between two kinds and qualities of poetry, and no comparison is called for. Burns was a great poet, filled with ideas, passions, and every sort of intoxication; but he had no such minute local love as Clare, nor, indeed, so deep a love of the earth. He could create by naming, while Clare, who lived on the memory of his heart, had to enumerate, not leaving out one detail, because he loved every detail. Burns or Hogg, however, we can very well imagine at any period following the plough with skill or keeping cattle with care. But Clare was never a good labourer; he pottered in the fields feebly, he tried fruitless way after way of making his living. What was strangely sensitive in him might well have been hereditary if the wild and unproved story told by his biographer Martin is true: that his father was the illegitimate son of a nameless wanderer, who came to the village with his fiddle, saying he was a Scotchman or an Irishman, and taught in the village school, and disappeared one day as suddenly as he had come. The story is at least symbolic, if not true. That wandering and strange instinct was in his blood, and it spoiled the peasant in him and made the poet.

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Clare is said to have been barely five feet in height, "with keen, eager eyes, high forehead, long hair, falling down in wild and almost grotesque fashion over his shoulders." He was generally dressed in very poor clothes, and was said by some woman to look "like a nobleman in disguise." His nerves were not the nerves of a peasant. Everything that touched him was a delight or an agony, and we hear continually of his bursting into tears. He was restless and loved wandering, but he came back always to the point from which he had started. He could not endure that anything he had once known should be changed. He writes to tell his publisher that the landlord is going to cut down two elm-trees at the back of his hut, and he says: "I have been several mornings to bid them farewell." He kept his reason as long as he was left to starve and suffer in that hut, and when he was taken from it, though to a better abode, he lost all hold on himself. He was torn up by the roots, and the flower of his mind withered. What this transplanting did for him is enough to show how native to him was his own soil, and how his songs grew out of it. Yet the strange thing is that what killed him as a human mind exalted him as a poetic consciousness, and that the verse written in the asylum is of a rarer and finer quality than any of the verse written while he was at liberty and at home.

Clare educated himself with rapidity, and I am inclined to doubt the stories of the illiterate condition of even his early manuscripts. His handwriting, in a letter written in 1825, enclosing three sonnets on the death of Bloomfield, contained among the Bloomfield Papers in the British Museum, is clear, energetic, and fluent, very different from the painful and incompetent copy-book hand of Bloomfield; and the only oddity is that the sonnets are not punctuated (anticipating Mallarmé), and that the sign for "and" is put, whimsically enough, at the beginning of a line. The pencil scribble on the back of a letter dated 1818 of a poem published in 1820, is in no sense illiterate. We know from Mrs. Emmerson's letters in the Clare Papers in the British Museum that by 1820 he was familiar with Percy's

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"Reliques," and in the same year she sends him Coleridge's and Akenside's poems, and "two volumes of miscellaneous poems, which contain specimens from most of our British bards." In the same year, sending him a Walker's Dictionary, she reminds him of "those authors you possess—Blair, Addison, Mason, Young." In 1821 Taylor saw in his cupboard copies of Burns, Cowper, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Keats, and Crabbe. And in a printed letter of 1826, addressed to Montgomery, Clare says that he has "long had a fondness for the poetry of the time of Elizabeth," which he knows from Ellis's "Specimens of Early English Poets" and Ritson's "English Songs." It was doubtless in Ellis that he found some of the metres in which we may well be surprised to find him writing as early as 1821; Villon's ballad metre, for instance, which he uses in a poem in "The Village Minstrel," and which he might have found in poems of Henryson and other Scottish poets quoted in Ellis. Later on, among some poems which he wrote in deliberate imitation of Elizabethan poets, we shall find one in a Wyatt metre, which reads like an anticipation of Bridges.

Thus it cannot be said that in Clare's very earliest work we have an utterance which literary influences have not modified. The impulse and the subject-matter are alike his own, and are taken directly from what was about him. There is no closer attention to nature than in Clare's poems; but the observation begins by being literal; nature a part of his home, rather than his home a part of nature. The things about him are the whole of his material, he does not choose them by preference out of others equally available; all his poems are made out of the incidents and feelings of humble life and the actual fields and flowers of his particular part of England. He does not make pictures which would imply aloofness and selection; he enumerates, which means a friendly knowledge. It is enough for him, enough for his success in his own kind of poetry, to say them over, saying, "Such they were, and I loved them because I had always seen them so." He begins anywhere and stops anywhere. Some simple moralising, from

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the fall of leaves to the fading of man, rounds a landscape or a sensation of autumn. His words are chosen only to be exact, and he does not know when he is obvious or original in his epithets. When he begins to count over aspects, one by one, as upon his fingers, saying them over because he loves them, not one more than another, setting them down by heart, with exactly their characteristics, his words have the real sound of what they render, and can be as oddly impressive as this:

> And the little chumbling mouse
> Guards the dead weed for her house;

or, in a poem on "The Wild-flower Nosegay," can make so eager and crowded a grouping of names:

> Crimp-filled daisy, bright bronze buttercup,
> Freckt cowslip peeps, gilt whins of morning's dew,
> And hooded arum early sprouting up
> Ere the white thorn bud half unfolds to view,
> And wan-hued lady-smocks, that love to spring
> 'Side the swamp margin of some plashy pond;
> And all the blooms that early Aprils bring,
> With eager joy each filled my playful hand.

His danger is to be too deliberate, unconscious that there can be choice in descriptive poetry, or that anything which runs naturally into the metre may not be the best material for a particular poem. Thus his longer poems, like "The Village Minstrel," drop from poetry into realism, and might as well have been written in prose. He sets himself to write "Village Tales," perhaps to show that it was possible to write of village life, not as he said Crabbe did, "like a magistrate." He fails equally when he sets himself (perhaps in competition with Byron's famous and overrated "Dream") to elaborate an imaginary horror in the poem which he too calls "The Dream"; or, setting himself too deliberately to secure in verse the emphasis of an actual storm, loses all that poetry which comes to him naturally when he is content not to search for it.

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To Clare childhood was the only time of happiness, and his complaint is that "Poesy hath its youth forgot." His feeling towards things was always that of a child, and as he lived so he wrote, by recollection. When, in "The Shepherd's Calendar," he writes the chronicle of the months, he writes best when he gives the child's mood rather than the grown-up person's, and always regrets that reason has come with years, because reason is disheartening. Yet still, as when he was a child, he is friends with all he sees, and he sometimes forgets that anything exists but birds, insects, and flowers. By this time he has a firmer hold on his material, and his lists turn now to pictures, as when he sees

> Bees stroke their little legs across their wings,
> And venture short flights where the snowdrop hings
> Its silver bell, and winter aconite
> Its buttercup-like flowers that shut at night;

or looks up to where,

> Far above, the solitary crane
> Wings lonely to unfrozen dykes again,
> Cranking a jarring, melancholy cry,
> Through the wild journey of the cheerless sky;

or, in May, sees in a quaint figure

> The stooping lilies of the valley,
> That love with shades and dews to dally,
> And bending droop on slender threads,
> With broad hood-leaves above their heads,
> Like white-robed maids, in summer hours,
> Beneath umbrellas shunning showers.

His epithets strengthen and sharpen; earlier he would not have thought of speaking of "bright glib ice," or of the almanac's "wisdom gossiped from the stars." A new sense of appropriate melody has come into the verse, which has lost none of its definite substance, but which he now handles more delicately. One even realises that he has read Keats much more recently than Thomson.

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Much of the verse contained in the last book published by Clare, "The Rural Muse," of 1835, appeared in annuals of the time, and would seem to have been written for them. He repeats all his familiar notes, with a fluency which long practice and much reading have given him, and what he gains in ease he loses in personal directness. Others besides himself might have written his meditation on the nightingale and on the eternity of time, and when he questions the skull on Cowper's Green we remember with more pleasure the time when he could write of the same locality as he really knew it. Here and there, as in the coloured fragment on "Insects," he is himself, and there are a few of the many sonnets which convey a sudden aspect of nature or comment aptly upon it. But it may be questioned whether the impression made on us by "The Rural Muse" is wholly the fault of Clare. Mr. Martin tells us that Messrs. Whittaker & Co., "fearful of risking money in printing too large a quantity of rural verse, so much out of fashion for the time, had picked those short pieces from about five times as many poems, furnished to the author." I have before me the original manuscript, in Clare's handwriting, from which his book was printed. It is written on 188 folio pages, often in double columns, in close handwriting, and contains, curiously enough, exactly 188 poems, though the average of length varies considerably. The choice made for publication may have been well calculated for the public of the day, though, as the book failed, perhaps it was not. A number of long tales in verse, some of the more trivial comic pieces, the poems written in series, like the "Pewit's," the "Pettichap's," the "Yellow Wagtail's," the "Yellowhammer's," and yet other birds' nests, were left out with little or no loss; but some of the rollicking and some of the quieter poems are more personal than anything in the published book, though a little rough and unfinished, and there is a curious and really simple and charming piece of autobiography called "The Progress of Rhyme," from which I must quote a few lines:

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I felt that I'd a right to song,
And sung—but in a timid strain
Of fondness for my native plain;
For everything I felt a love,
The weeds below, the birds above;
And weeds that bloomed in summer's hours
I thought they should be reckoned flowers;
They made a garden free for all,
And so I loved them, great and small,
And sung of some that pleased my eye,
Nor could I pass the thistle by,
But paused, and thought it could not be
A weed in Nature's poesy.

There are more good sonnets among the unprinted than among the printed ones, and here is one of the best:

THE INSTINCT OF HOPE

Is there another world for this frail dust
To warm with life and be itself again?
Something about me daily speaks there must,
And why should instinct nourish hopes in vain?
'Tis Nature's prophecy that such will be,
And everything seems struggling to explain
The close-sealed volume of its mystery.
Time, wandering onward, keeps its usual pace,
As seeming anxious of eternity,
To meet that calm and find a resting-place;
E'en the small violet feels a future power,
And waits each year renewing blooms to bring;
And surely man is no inferior flower
To die unworthy of a second spring?

From 1835, the date of "The Rural Muse," no more of Clare's poems were published until, in the year 1873, Mr. J. L. Cherry brought out at Northampton his very interesting "Life and Remains of John Clare," in which he published for the first time a selection from "the manuscripts of more than 500 poems," written by Clare in the asylum, together with others of an earlier date, scattered in various magazines and annuals. Mr. Cherry tells us that of the asylum poems, "scarcely one was found in a state in which it could be submitted to the

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public without more or less of revision and correction." As I am anxious to restore the original texts of such of these poems as I shall include in a selection from Clare's poems which I have in preparation, I am most desirous of seeing these manuscripts. So far, notwithstanding the kind help of Mr. Cherry himself, of the asylum authorities, and of others who have interested themselves in the matter, I have not been able to trace them. If anyone who reads this can tell me of their whereabouts, or help me to a sight of them, I shall be deeply grateful.

And the more so as it is in these poems, for the first time, that Clare's lyrical faculty gets free. Strangely enough, a new joy comes into the verse, as if at last he is at rest. He seems to accept nature now more easily, because his mind is in a kind of oblivion of everything else; madness being, as it were, his security. He writes love songs that have an airy fancy, a liquid and thrilling note of song. They are mostly exultations of memory, which goes from Mary to Patty, and thence to a gipsy girl and to vague Isabellas and Scotch maids. In some of them the hallucination is evident, but it makes a better poetry. A new feeling for children comes in, sometimes in songs of childish humour, like "Little Trotty Wagtail" or "Clock-a-Clay," made out of bright, laughing sound; and once in a lovely poem, one of the most nearly perfect he ever wrote, called "The Dying Child," which reminds one of beautiful things that have been done since, but of nothing done earlier. As it is little known, I will quote it.

THE DYING CHILD.

He could not die when trees were green,
  For he loved the time too well.
His little hands, when flowers were seen,
  Were held for the bluebell,
As he was carried o'er the green.

His eyes glanced at the white wood-nosed bee;
  He knew those children of the Spring:
When he was well and on the lea
  He held one in his hands to sing,
Which filled his heart with glee.

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Infants, the children of the Spring!
  How can an infant die
When butterflies are on the wing,
  Green grass, and such a sky?
How can they die in Spring?

He held his hands for daisies white,
  And then for violets blue,
And took them all to bed at night
  That in the green fields grew,
As childhood's sweet delight.

And then he shut his little eyes,
  And flowers would notice not;
Birds' nests and eggs caused no surprise,
  He now no blossoms got;
They met with plaintive sighs.

When Winter came and blasts did sigh,
  And bare were plain and tree,
As he for ease in bed did lie
  His soul seemed with the free,
He died so quietly.

It is only rarely, in this new contentment, this solitude even from himself, that recollection returns. Then he remembers

I am a sad lonely hind:
Trees tell me so, day after day,
As slowly they wave in the wind.

And it is in one of these remembering moods that he writes,

I am! Yet what I am who cares or knows?

in what is perhaps his last poem, a poem which has found its way into anthologies and become almost famous.

ARTHUR SYMONS.

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# THE POLITICAL SIGNIFICANCE OF MR. HALDANE'S ARMY BILL

OF all the numerous Bills dealing with the British Army system which have, during the last few years, received the approbation or the condemnation of public opionion, and which have, after a brief (sometimes too brief) trial, been consigned to the limbo of the past, it is possible that none has been received under more favourable auspices or with a more general chorus of welcome than that which Mr. Haldane is now engaged in engineering through Parliament. It is not difficult to discover solid reasons for these all but unanimous expressions of good will and pleasure. Amongst the Conservatives, or at least amongst the more forward section of that party, the fear that the natural reaction which inevitably occurs after any party has held undisputed sway over the country for many years, might drive the new Government to adopt a line of conduct diametrically opposed in all its branches to that of the late Ministry, was a very real and insistent fear, and, at one time, appeared to be fully justified by the utterances of some of the leading lights of the Liberal party. This advanced section of the Conservative party was well aware that, even on their own side of the House, approval of the successive army schemes which their leaders had brought forward was far from being general. Among their opponents they knew well that



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a strong feeling was growing up which advocated a drastic change in the military policy of the country. Consequently their relief was proportionately great when they saw in the new scheme no endeavour to shirk the imperial responsibilities on which they had themselves so often insisted. The more old-fashioned Conservatives also, those who, if the word can still be said to delineate any political party of the present day, might perhaps be most fitly designated as Tories, felt a perhaps natural satisfaction that their political enemies should have been forced to turn to them, the Parliamentary representatives of the territorial magnates of the country, in order to secure the success of the scheme for a National Army.

It would be idle to pretend that the opinions of all the numerous parties which go to make up the great force that musters under the pennon of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, are entirely in favour of the proposals of his War Minister. It would, in fact, be almost a sheer impossibility to suggest any one single subject now before the British electorate on which the whole of such a motley throng could be relied upon to express a single decision. While, however, complete unanimity cannot be looked for or expected in a force composed of such diverse elements, there can be no doubt that the vast majority of the Liberal Party are well satisfied to find that Mr. Haldane's ingenuity and application has produced a Bill which is, in its main characteristics, in entire accord with the best traditions of Liberal statesmanship. The formation of the present Liberal Party is of very recent date, and can only be said to have begun with the close of the last South African war. In the same manner as, when the late Mr. Gladstone, reversing his original opinion of those who, in his own words, were "marching through rapine and murder to the dismemberment of the Empire," decided to hand over to those politicians the government of Ireland, did many otherwise stalwart Liberals recoil from the duty which their chief would have forced upon them, so, when the present leader of the Government talked glibly of "hecatombs of slaughtered babes," did many honourable

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men of pronounced Liberal opinions hesitate, in a time of national emergency, to join the ranks of a party which unhappily countenanced such wild statements. With the close of hostilities however and with the governmental opinions on the question of Home Rule for Ireland left in a delightfully vague condition, the great Liberal party is rapidly resuming the importance and the respectability which it possessed previous to its disruption at the hands of Mr. Gladstone. Supporters of the policy of the late Government should not, however, consider the improvement in the calibre among the rank and file of the party of their opponents as an unmixed evil. It is certainly pleasant to see one's political friends in a great majority, it is certainly annoying when people, whose integrity and ability would render them valuable assistants, decline to look upon all objects from exactly the same point of view as ourselves; but the safety of a country cannot but be in danger when such an enormous majority of those possessing a real stake in the country are forced to band themselves together under one political flag as was the case in 1886. Such a state of affairs naturally throws the opposing faction into the hands of their most extreme supporters, supporters who, in the case of the Liberal party, favour a policy dangerously approaching that of Socialism or spoliation. Consequently the return of many of these wanderers to the Liberal fold, while it has given Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman such an overwhelming superiority over a somewhat dispirited Opposition, has yet achieved the important result of affording powerful support to the Ministers of their party when the extreme section thereof would desire to force their leaders to accept dictation from their followers.

It is therefore on the support of this phalanx of Moderates that Mr. Haldane has been able so confidently to rely for the successful passing of his Bill and for the keeping at bay of the Nationalist, Labour, and Socialist sections of his leader's party. The attitude of the Nationalists towards the British Army has, to do them justice, never been concealed, and may be easily

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discovered by a brief perusal of the pamphlets issued by the political organisations which return the Irish Members to Parliament. The Labourites and Socialists also have always placed the regular soldier in the same category as that of the drone, and, as these parties when combined would be able to poll nearly one hundred and thirty votes, it is not difficult to see what would have been the fate of such a statesmanlike effort as Mr. Haldane's had he not been so fortunate as to be supported by a powerful body of Liberals of the old school.

Numerous reasons may be adduced for the loyal attitude towards their War Minister adopted by these Moderates. Perhaps the most influential of them all was the certainty that the new proposals would, if agreed to, result in a very considerable reduction in the size of the Army Estimates. It could not escape the notice of Liberal Members that the great bulk of their supporters at the last General Election had become sorely disappointed at the total failure of the Government to redeem the pledges which they had scattered broadcast in order to secure their return to office. Here, however, was an excellent opportunity of proving to their constituents the sincerity of their frequently expressed protestations that a mandate from the country would be followed by far-reaching economies at the War Office. They were strongly influenced also by another consideration. It is as stupid as it is wrong for Conservatives to imagine that they alone hold the monopoly for patriotism, self-sacrifice, and pride of empire. Undoubtedly there are many members of the Liberal party who would like to see England relieved of the burden of imperial responsibilities; undoubtedly at least one member of the Cabinet has publicly expressed opinions on the British Army of which he is now probably heartily ashamed. It can, indeed, be no pleasant recollection for any man of integrity that he was once so foolish as to allude to a large class of honourable servants of the Crown as "gilded popinjays," to express an ardent desire to indulge in a bout of fisticuffs with any one of them, and then, when a representative of this class, a man no longer young, who had

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already in the execution of his duty received a severe bullet-wound, had offered to accommodate him with the desired pugilistic encounter, to reflect that he failed to seize this opportunity of vindicating, at least, his reputation for personal courage. The great bulk, however, of the Liberal party are just as solicitous of the safety of the Empire and the honour of their country as are their political foes, and they were therefore prepared to give a warm welcome to any scheme which tended to place our military forces in a sound position. Such a position they have conceived that the new Bill will provide for and this in itself would have been sufficient reason to enlist their enthusiastic support. Yet another cause for self-congratulation is, in the opinion of the Liberal rank and file, to be discovered in this all-satisfying measure. When in Opposition they had protested vigorously against any suspicious word which might possibly be twisted into conveying a wish for compulsory service. Consequently they hailed Mr. Haldane's remark, that the present Bill was designed to "dig earth-works" against the advancement of any such scheme, with shouts of pure joy. The thought that it had been left to a Liberal Minister to make the first move towards invoking the assistance of the country in the formation of a National Army undoubtedly would very rightly give them a sensation of pride and responsibility in the work of their leader. They were secure from the reproaches of both friend and foe. An honest endeavour had been made to reduce existing estimates, and, at the same time, to maintain efficiency. It could not even be urged against them that their Bill was framed in a partisan spirit, inasmuch as, in the great majority of cases, it was a moral certainty that the future management of the new Territorial Army must be vested in their political opponents, should the scheme of county control be given a fair chance of proving its value.

It may be a matter of wonder therefore that the new Bill has not been more enthusiastically received by the country at large. Certainly, lukewarm praise is the most that can be said to

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have heralded its arrival. The natural reason for this coldness is not hard to discover. The country is divided into two extremely hostile camps, Conservative and Radical. Of late years adhesion to the Conservative cause has practically only been open to those who are prepared to accept as the keystone of their political faith, the necessity of a voluntary hired army vastly exceeding in number (and therefore in expense) that provided for in Mr. Haldane's estimates, or, as an alternative, a system of national compulsory service in order to provide the country with a home army of conscripts. Now the rank and file of the Conservative party cannot be expected to see as clearly as their representatives in Parliament the, to their mind, deplorable number of desertions from their code of faith, the consequent futility of resistance to the will of their immensely powerful enemy, and the very great danger of irritating him, by useless opposition, into listening more kindly to the clamour of those who press for yet further reductions in the army. Consequently the Conservative papers throughout the country have teemed with letters and articles pointing out the various crimes of which the War Minister has been guilty and insisting on alterations and extensions which would entail further expenditure. With some of these letter-writers it is impossible not to feel sympathy, for the objects which they would press upon the public are, to them, of the very last importance to the country and the Empire, but there can surely be but one opinion regarding the unwisdom of urging on these views at the present moment. In exactly the same way do the majority of the Radical periodicals raise their voices against the adoption of any policy which savours, however remotely, of moderation. The many weary years which have been spent by their party in Opposition have embittered the disciples of their cause and rendered them only too willing to listen to the parrot cry of "Down with Everything" which is so frequently the burden of speeches delivered by political orators of the Socialistic type. There are also certain of the

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leaders of their party who cannot be excused from having given vent to utterances which were, to say the least, seriously misleading. The principle of *væ victis* which figured so prominently in some of the speeches of the Premier were misinterpreted by many of his followers so as to apply to a complete reversal of the imperial policy instead of to the devout expression of an intention to despoil those who had supported the other side. Naturally, therefore, many supporters of the Government suffered serious annoyance when they found that in spite of the great triumph at the polls the world still went on much as usual, that our fleets were not put up to auction to be knocked down to the highest bidder, that taxation remained very much as it did before, and that there was but little sign of the weapons of the British Army being altered into agricultural implements. It cannot, therefore, be any longer a matter for surprise that extremists of both parties view Mr. Haldane's Bill with dissatisfaction. The Bill is in fact, in spite of its apparently sweeping changes, very much in the nature of a compromise, and is therefore bound, if it is a fair compromise, to be received with rather mixed feelings by both sides.

To many observers, however, the chief danger to the Bill may be expected to come, not from its enemies but from its own inherent weaknesses. It is the very thoroughness of the Bill which causes the greatest anxiety to its friends. It is easy enough, by a few strokes of the pen, to completely abolish the Militia, the Yeomanry, and the Volunteers. It is equally easy to decree the formation of a Territorial Army. What is not so easy—what is, in fact, an absolute impossibility—is to eliminate the basis of speculation on which this Bill has been based. It is all very well to hope that this Territorial Army will find its ranks filled to overflowing by 300,000 men representing in every way the pick of the nation. It is probable that it is the sincere wish of the major part of both political factions that such a happy state of affairs may come to pass. Sincere good wishes do not, however, create armies,

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and it cannot be denied that, when it comes to a question of speculation, the speculation of the pessimist appears to have at least as much of solid common sense behind it as has the speculation of that cheery optimist, Mr. Haldane.

To begin with, Mr. Haldane hardly seems to have sufficiently weighed the very important point of the various social classes which are tapped by our existing auxiliary forces. He appears to have produced his Bill on the understanding that the average militiaman will find himself just as much at home in the ranks of a crack Volunteer battalion, say the Civil Service Rifles, as a man of that corps would in an equally efficient Militia battalion. It is difficult to say what reasons can have been produced to cause Mr. Haldane to so confidently expect such a desirable state of affairs. Certainly the social difference between the rank and file of some country Volunteer battalions and the Militia battalions to which they are affiliated, is not so great as it is in the case of urban corps, but still even there it exists to an extent which Mr. Haldane can surely not have quite realised. Although it was long before his time, and although there can hardly be any auxiliary officers now serving who can remember such a state of transition, the writer well recollects having been told by old Militia officers that it was the formation of the Volunteer Force which struck the first and deadliest blow at the strength and efficiency of the Militia. Up to that time, the Militia had provided the sole means of which the business man who had an inborn fondness for soldiering could avail himself during his yearly holiday, for at that time the Yeomanry corps were reserved practically exclusively for those whose circumstances permitted them the ownership of a horse. Even at this period the majority of militiamen seem to have been drawn from the class they at present recruit from, but the leaven of those enthusiasts who joined for the sake of a cheap holiday on the lines they most preferred, is said to have been very considerable, and to have had the best possible effect upon the whole force. With the formation of Volunteer battalions, these men drifted naturally

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into the new force, where they found more congenial surroundings, where they had greater liberty (especially in the matter of the rifle shooting in which they were so much interested), and where the shorter period of the annual camp was found by them to be more convenient than was the month demanded by the Militia authorities.

Denuded of the valuable support of these "amateur" militiamen, as they may perhaps be styled, the force was made to entirely depend upon the "professional" militiaman, a man who was attracted by the pay, by the rations, and by the bounties with which rich colonels sought to maintain the strengths of their battalions. The struggle for existence has now become so acute in these islands that no man who can get regular work can afford to risk losing it by insisting on a month's holiday, which is generally far more than the average employer is in a position to concede. Consequently, the militiaman of the present day is a man who relies mainly on casual jobs for his livelihood. It is for this reason that longer trainings, with the periods judiciously selected to suit the particular districts, will probably have no ill effect on the recruiting for the force. In the Midlands, in the mining districts, where work is plentiful during the winter, it is obvious that summer is the most suitable time for calling out the Militia, while in agricultural districts winter is the slackest time of the year from the employees' point of view. These men, then, who constitute practically the whole of the rank and file of the force, are attracted almost entirely by financial considerations, so much so that, at one time, it was computed that quite twenty thousand men of the force were enlisted in more than one battalion. It has happened more than once to the writer, and probably at one time or another to most officers who have served any length of time in the Militia, that on the first day of the training, an old soldier has strenuously denied all knowledge of the name in which he had enlisted in your battalion, the poor fellow having got mixed in his names by many changes in many corps during the intervening eleven months, and imagining that you

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have laid a deep trap wherein to catch him. Now it seems hardly likely that many of these men will take the trouble to join the new Territorial Army if, as Mr. Haldane has intimated, the force is to be raised on the lines of a Volunteer army, and merely paid out-of-pocket expenses, instead of on that of a hired army wherein the labour entailed is paid for in hard cash. One colonel of Militia is reported to have said that not more than fifty per cent. of his men are likely to accept service in the new army, and it is extremely likely that even this estimate is too rose-coloured, and that 25,000 men is the very utmost that may be expected to change service with the disbanding of the Militia. Should this unfortunately be the case, the loss to the country will be very serious in more ways than one. The militiaman may be, and often is, an exceedingly rough diamond, but the force to which he belongs constitutes, in the opinion of many, the very best fighting material in the country. The physique of the force, especially in soundness and chest measurement, is really extremely good, far better in most cases than it is in the Regulars. It is largely the weediness of the boy recruits which spoil the paper returns of the physical condition of Militia battalions. An enormous proportion of these lads, however, are almost immediately pushed (depôt sergeants are adepts at this) into the line, and the real strength of the Militia rests on the large number of ex-soldiers and broken men who drift into its ranks, nearly all of them men in the prime of life. To these the abolishment of the Militia will be a very serious matter. They have looked to their battalion for years to provide them with a home when opportunities for work are few and far between, and to furnish them at the end of the training with a couple of extremely useful sovereigns wherewith to tide over any bad times that may lie ahead. Not only, therefore, does the country stand the chance of losing some most excellent fighting stuff, but there is a very great probability that what will be a relief to the Army Estimates will be a considerable addition to local rates. There is no immediate prospect of an improvement in

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trade, twelve millions of our inhabitants are (presumably) still wobbling on "the verge of starvation," and therefore it would appear as if the ex-militiaman must inevitably seek refuge in the local workhouse, leaving the hapless ratepayers to provide him with food and lodging, and to cogitate on the simultaneous increase in the rates and the disappearance of a fine force.

The Volunteer also, however much flattered and pleased by the serious consideration for which he has so long asked, and with which Mr. Haldane has now supplied him, may be expected to view the new condition of service with some apprehension. A Volunteer is usually in a position where strict attention to his business or to his employer's business is an absolute essential if he desires to succeed, or even to keep his place, in the fierce struggle for existence which is now the case in almost every phase of commercial life. Such a man, while remaining very willing to devote the whole of his spare time towards rendering himself fit to bear arms in the defence of his country, cannot afford to ignore what his unfortunate position would be should he be called out for six months' training in case of war. To be mobilised in order to combat an enemy which has actually made its appearance in the country is one thing; to be asked to acknowledge, on enlistment, one's liability to be embodied and drilled for six months at a stretch, merely because a hostile army is rumoured to be about to invade the country, is quite another; and the responsible class which forms the best, as it does the largest, part of the Volunteer Force, may very likely find itself prevented by business considerations from coming forward as it has done hitherto.

Should such a pessimistic view of the possible condition of the new Territorial Army prove to be a correct one, it must be admitted that Mr. Haldane's position will not be an enviable one. He will then be in the awkward fix of having done away with ninety thousand of the best trained of his auxiliaries, of having failed to get the well-knit army of three hundred

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thousand men for which he is hoping, and of being left with a reduced Regular Army which, although it may be numerous enough to provide garrisons, depôts, and an expeditionary force, cannot possibly also provide us with a home army as well. In such an unfortunate state of affairs as the above, Mr. Haldane will find that his new Bill, so far from having thrown up earthworks against conscription, has simply dug a pit for the opponents of compulsory service to fall into, for the terribly exposed position of the country, with absolutely no force of armed men at all behind its hired army of Regulars, will be so clearly demonstrated that some form of military service is almost sure to be insisted on.

Even should failure be his portion, however, Mr. Haldane will have undoubtedly deserved well of his country, for he has made an honest attempt to shake himself free from party politics, and to enlist the sympathies of all interested in Army Reform; and, if his scheme does come to nothing, he will be entitled to claim that its defeat will be entirely owing to a lack of that patriotism on which he has so greatly and properly relied.

CARDIGAN.

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# THE AMERICAN TRAMP

IT was that most magical hour of a long summer's day, when all the voices of the Great Plains are hushed in a magniloquent silence, as I walked up to the huge railway-tank four miles from Calgary, and flung myself down in its narrow westward shadow. The chinook wind was playing one of his timeless barbaric melodies in the harp of telegraph wires hung overhead: Nicotina's little fantastical smoke-elves tripped to the tune about their altar-fire (unkindled since breakfast-time) and anon floated off on the ground-swell of the air into the hither sunlight; and the virginal thoughts of that poor Undine, imprisoned in the tall iron reservoir behind me, made the shadow as dulcet-cool as the mountain source of her nameless river. The dreary sense of time, the weary sense of space, soon ceased to vex; soon I lay between sleeping and waking, with half-closed eyes fixed on the diamond point of a single snow-clad sun-lit peak far above and far behind the bank of clouds which veiled the Rockies; and, if in the end—as I believe it to have happened—I stopped pulling at my pipe, no wonder he thought I was asleep.

For I had not spent many heart's beats in that resting-place of heart's ease, when all my outlook on the world was filled with the apparition of a horrible, ridiculous head. An untrimmed fringe of grey beard, a wide mouth full of broken teeth, a long loose upper lip, a short stiff snub-nose, a pair of

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beady eyes set close together, a bald pate shaped like the small end of an egg and tilted backward at the simian angle —such were the details of a physiognomy, which, however, might yet have been that of Socrates distorted in the eye of his dullest critic. For the moment I could but ask myself, where and when—if anywhere at any time—I had seen so strange a mask; and indeed, it was not until I observed his grin of infantile malevolence, the hieroglyphic of some naughty purpose, and felt the air warm with his eager breathing, that I began to take thought for myself. Presently a hand was softly laid on my heart or thereabouts and as softly withdrawn; next the top buttons of my coat were discreetly unfastened; and, finally, the hand crawled cautiously on its finger-tips into the deep inner pocket where I kept my papers. The moment I heard them crackle in his grasp, I flung my left arm across my body and with my right hand grasped the intruding wrist. Then, jerking myself into a sitting posture, I grasped my stick and began to take stock of the would-be thief, who for his part made not the slightest effort to escape.

Never before or since have I clapped my eyes upon so grotesque a specimen of the "hobo" or tramp of the new world. He had the narrow-ridged breast of a young pullet, the tapering throat and sloping shoulders of an oil-flask, the hairy, attenuated limbs peculiar to certain spiders; yet in the midst of such a set of misbegotten and dwindled members lay at ease or moved at leisure a monstrous stomach. The thought incarnate of some master-mason of the Middle Ages —good old Father Gluttony come down from his cloister wall and walking in the flesh—a mere human bag conscious of nothing save his own vacuity: such was my first misconception of the man and such, likely enough, had been yours! And it was not until I came to hear his own interpretation of himself that I found a better way of taking him and admired with understanding certain subtleties of his anatomy—for one instance, the surprising length and stealthy alacrity of his

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great toes, and for another, the quaint patch of bluish-purple skin in the crook of his left elbow—which were the outward signs of inward things to be spoken of hereafter.

No doubt it was a consideration of his rags which set me thinking my second thoughts. Though these had hardly served to hide the nakedness of a scarecrow, his manner of wearing them conveyed a very definite but altogether indefinable impression of blackguard smartness. Here was, in fact, the Beau Brummel of his squalid world of tatterdemalions; herein was seen the *bel air* of the selectest purlieus of his Bohemia. Though I cannot describe his wardrobe (scanty as it was the rag-bags of a continent must have been ransacked to match it), I can give reasonable grounds for saying he was as exquisitely dressed as any dandy of them all. For—*ex pede Herculem*—let us consider his far-fetched boots. Plainly he had been laving his feet that morning in the dusty puddle under the dangling length of hose, and was drying them in the tintillating rays of the sun when my advent drove him into ambush. His footgear lay with the soles up just beyond the north-western side of the Tank, so that subsequently I had a good sight of them. The one was a huge clog of wrinkled raw-hide such as is worn by workers in the slippery drifts of Sierra Nevada rock mines; the other was a decrepit affair of patent leather with elastic sides and a long pointed toe such as may be seen every second of the lunch hour on a New York side-walk. It follows, therefore, that the fellow had travelled from the Atlantic to the Pacific to find footgear to his mind—after which the longest expedition of history's dandies in search of gloves or waist-coating sound, however told, the cheapest of cheap trips.

Leaning back against the smooth cool wall behind me so as to focus him, I must have twitched the poor devil's puny wrist.

"Look a-here, boss!" he croaked out, "don't be scroudging a poor man's wrist all to jam! Why I ain't got no gun nor knife, ner I ain't no fightin' man, and if I'd ever a thought o'

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skinning out, my bit of a stomach 'ud say 'nop.' If it's a deader[1] in the pen[2] I'm here!"

"Very well," said I, leaving my hold, "but don't you move or"—— The rest was a flourish of the stick.

"I sees it, boss, I sees it!" he said, chafing his wrist, "and I'm wantin' no timber lesson this morning. . . . I beg an' beseech you, kin' gentleman, to remember a poor man wiv——"

"Drop that cant!" I rapped out. His teeth snapped together, and, swallowing the tail of the sentence, he sat quiescent in a quiver.

"I see we shall get on well together," I proceeded, "and as the sun seems too much interested in our proceedings, and you are not wearing a hat, I think we'll walk round to the north side. As I am in a sense your guest, you shall lead the way. Git up!"

Accordingly we retired ceremoniously into the northern shadow, where was a wealth of tall grasses and the blood-red spire of the prairie-rose. He would have sat down on the tail of my eye as it were (within arm's length of his boots), but I made him sit opposite me. Then I fell to asking him questions, which he answered fluently enough.

Knowing that the great ignoble army of hoboes and crooks have no regular camping places above the boundary line—Canada being a cold and lonesome pitch, and Canadians by no means warm in welcoming such gentry—I began by asking him how he came to be on the high prairies.

"Now I'll tell the truth, Judge," he cheerily replied. "It was news of the Lardo diggins as brought me and many o' my maties up here. I catch a scrap of Canuck news-sheet down East as told me miners was pulling out by the carload from the West States, and I guessed I'd be along wiv 'em. So I beat my way to Winnipeg, and there I stay three days in a Tag's Home,[3] free lodgin', snap[4] when I had a pain. Gosh! a great house, and I groan that bad they spen' the best part

[1] A life sentence. [2] Penitentiary; too long a word for general use.
[3] Immigrant's shed. [4] Brandy.

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of a bottle on me till they call in the Doc. and Doc. he fire me out. Then West by the C.P.R.—a mean low-down road for a man to travel on his face. Not a breakie that knew me and was hearty. I had to travel on the trucks, for every time I tried the roof the ole man[1] had me fired off. I'll be glad to see the Pigs[2] again, seein' that among friends I'm the Chicago Fatty, and well known as a king of hobo men."

The vanity of the creature—proud of what he was, prouder still of what he was not—was manifest. I assumed an innocent look and asked him if he found work in the Lardo mines.

"Me work!" he cried, with the magniloquence of Aristides accused of stealing an obol—"Me work! The gumps alive! No, Sir! The Fatty's no half-way beggar! If you on'y knew, they'd haul down the stars an' stripes"—pointing towards the Tank—"over there if they heard I'd been askin' work on a dirty little rock-mine up here. No, Sir! I come in to pick up the pickins. There's never no timber-lessons[3] in a mining camp an' the boys is free wi' broken wittles, an' when they're loaded up wi' tangleleg[4] a poor man has a shin-plaster for a grin. That was not '49 by a belly-full, but I done none so bad. Here's six dollars in my pants, which I ain't worked for neither wiv my ten fingers nor wiv my ten toes."

Then and not till then did I notice his great toes, which were worth as much to him as an extra pair of thumbs and perhaps more. When he was speaking deliberately, the one would rub against the other caressingly; when he talked vehemently, they moved to and fro and backwards or forwards with incredible celerity. Twice also that forenoon, when a mosquito had settled on his shank, I saw him lift his lean furtive foot curved inwardly and not only crush the insect but also gently soothe the tiny wound with a long, meditative great toe.

[1] The conductor. [2] Chicago, generally, but sometimes Cincinnati.

[3] Thwackings. Such lessons are common enough in the South, where niggers generally execute them. [4] Red-eye whisky.



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I take this thumb-like toe to be the hall-mark of the hobo of genius. It is no physical sign of a psychical lapse, no bodily hint of the soul's hankering after the old arboreal life, no mere footnote to the Darwinian hypothesis; rather it is the fine flower of the individual's experience, the peculiar and personal issue of a myriad experiments, the sum total of the talent and usurer's interest thereon over a lifetime. The singer's voice, the actor's gesture, the painter's brush, the poet's pen—add to these the hobo's great toe. Nature having flung my friend together in somewhat of a hurry, had given him but loose ramshackle joints. Necessity, the mother, and patience, the foster-mother, of all invention, had enabled him to turn her carelessness to a good account. For at all times and in all places your free companion of the road would fain to be scratching himself—it is the most ancient form of introspection—and even the English tramp, who pads it at his ease on the King's highway, would doubtless find it mighty convenient to be able to reach his legs without even bending his back. But the American hobo, who beats his way about a more spacious world and has no time to walk, must learn to use my friend's peculiar art or die before his time of a myriad stings of consciousness; for whether he rides clinging to the trucks of a car or balanced at full length on the curved roof thereof, Death is ever his fellow-passenger, and for ever watching to catch him at loose holds for a moment.

"Six dollars are a sum of money," I said after a while, "and if you will tell me how you mean to use it then . . . then I will let you keep it. If not"—and a flourish of the stick closed the sentence.

He considered my face for half a second, and then—"Have you seen the regishry?" he asked with an air of mystery.

"The Registry?" I repeated, mystified.

"What we calls the regishry," he explained—"seein' that this place is an hotel wiv a saloon for we 'uns. Take a squint back behin', Sir, an' you'll see it, may be."

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I arose, and walking behind him, I looked up at the side of the Tank. At first I could seen nothing save two or three patches of reddish rust, where the paint had peeled off; so soon, however, as my eyes became used to the change of light—for I was now standing in the sun-glare—I saw that the whole length of the wall as high and as low as a man can reach was scribbled over with chalk marks and scratches—sentences, words, letters, and meaningless signs. In a corner to themselves I at last discerned a collection of single letters surrounded by triangles, squares, lozenges, and so forth. In particular, there was a large F, with a half-circle about its head; and around four or five of the other symbols complete circles had been drawn.

"You've found the needle," said Fatty, following my gaze; "and now what d'ye make of it?"

"I can't read a line of the thing," I replied.

"For six dollars," said he, "I will read it truly."

"If so, you shall keep your money."

"The big F with a hat on's head," he explained, pointing with a crooked forefinger, "is my own little mark. I wrote it comin' out West, and all that ha' come out a'ter me on this road will study it an' know that I ain't yet skipped East. But 'fore I do start East—this very evenin'—I'll finish the round; when all frien's comin' this way will know I'm gone. An' watch them marks wiv a round about 'em! They, bein' frien's of mine, will guess thereby as they come along that I'm asking 'em to a spree at home; an' they will look at all the regishries from here to Chicago so's to keep in my track. Most all roads run through Chicago, and I never hear tell of hobo or crook who lef' the West wi'out seein' the Pigs. Sooner or later sure as sure we six'll rush the growler together[1]—a dollar o' fliff[2] to each boy! Gopher Tom—that T in the triangle's his mark—will be there; he's a sight older'n me, and is a man who knows. Ole Looker—the L in the square's hisself, will be along; he, when I saw him last,

[1] To drink in company. [2] Beer.

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was rustling on the crook, an' before that was a fawny,[1] and I ain't set eyes on him this four years. The other three marks is young men, but'll not be so raw when they've met us. We write our marks in a corner 'cause a many brakies know the regishry, an' times an' times'll rub it out just to vex we 'uns—for a many breakies were half-way beggars or even hobo men one day!"

I felt that an apology was necessary. "I am not the man," I said, with some feeling, "to break up a gentleman's party. Keep your money and—as there seems to be a heart in your carcase—you shall have a pull at my flask." And I proffered it with a bow not altogether ironical.

He took a dram, and then pulled out a paper of scraps and began to eat in a hurry. As soon as he had finished I resumed my seat, and we drank together like old friends. The liquor made him talkative, and he told me much about himself and his manner of life. A merry, harmless soul I should have said, and yet—whence and why the twinge of distrust, which set me gripping my stick every moment I looked at him? For a time he prattled and then, as I remember, began to preach his gospel in a big ranting voice.

"They raise a terrible gabble," he cried, "about Freedom nowadays, wheresoever I beat my way, but 'ceptin' myself and a friend or two, I never seen a free man. You an' such-like that snips out lives into jobs and sits listening on the city-clocks croakin' an' crankin'—what sort of a blamed show d'ye get to be free? 'Work and pray!' I hear a preacher say at camp-meetin' way back in the Dakotas—'work an' pray, if ye want to live free an' die happy!' A little bloat of a man he was, an' good for no kind o' rustling, I could see plain, an' couldn't even pray wi'out losing his temper. I'd a mind to pull him down from his tub, on'y there was a crowd o' tough-looking brethren around, nursin' likely lookin' clubs same as you. I never worked, an' never will; yet here I be alive an' happy an' free an' six dollars in my pants. How would he explain that, now?"

[1] Pedlar of bogus jewellery.

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Anybody could have explained it, and so did I—but without a tub-preacher's twang of conviction.

"Very well, Minister!" he replied, "if all you 'uns are bendin' your back like jack-knives all day long just to keep we 'uns in wittles an' drink an' pants an' pocket-money, I'll say no more, though it ain't done as well as my pa did it."

"Cur'ous it is," dropping his sarcasm; "never I done a scratch o' work, but I was led on an' on an' to do more till I brought up in jail. One cold day last Fall it came into the back o' my head to clout my shoes—which I did right away, an' lost more'n you'd think. First I'd to rustle around to find a scrap o' leather and a needle and a flick o' twine; and then, not being handy at such-like jobs, I lost a mornin' fixin' up the thing, while the boys I was in with were snoozing in the sun. Nex' day I an' my best chum an' his kid—he'd a kid to beg for him—pulled out for the coast, and every stoppin' place the kid starts in chaffin' me an' callin' out: 'Cobbler-man, Cobbler-man!' It all come to a scrapping-hitch [1] afore we was through the mountains, and he being a Britisher born, put up his hans so that I could hit him a kick wiv my knee-bone. That laid him out fine an' good, but all same I was 'bliged to quit follow'in' the sun an' go back to Chicago for fear of my chummy, who'd an ugly clutch to him, and 'ud surely ha' gotten me, while sleepin', sooner or later. Paddin' the side-walks there the shoe looks wholesome as if bought an' paid for, I thinks, and too dandy, thinks I, for my ole pants. So wi'out studin', I try to hook a pair out of a Jew's door, an' the Jew smell me out, an' the screw [2] catch me just as I'm steppin' into the pa-a-nts, an' where be I? In the pen for a month o' fine weather!"

Here he must stop to rub his left arm, and for greater convenience he pulled up his sleeve; so that I got a fine view of that strange parti-coloured patch, to which I have already referred.

"How did you get hurt like that?" I asked.

[1] Rough-and-tumble fight. [2] A policeman.

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"The question's been put to me afore," he replied, caressing it, "but I won't deceive you. That's my old soldier. Many's the nickel he's put in my pants. He was made wiv' a warm horseshoe, when I took the road first, and I keep him alive an' hearty a many year, ticklin' him up iv'ry now an' then. The American people took consid'rable stock in him, and the year my kid skinned out—for I'd a kid in those days to do my patter and set out my meals an' shoo the flies off—which yarn might ha' been somthin' concerning the flare-up of an oil-well, or the Apaches on a spree, or a fire in a sky-scraper or what-not. Whatsoever the American people most wanted to hear, they heard. Just as when Teddy Roosevelt speaks 'em a speech. But it was work, Sir, work keepin' him alive, and it hurt some; and it was more work waiting on the kid an' seeing he didn't eat or sleep too much, so I healed him up an' sent the boy home. Since when I done my chores myself."

Yet again he sat silent—hugging himself as before and smirking with half-shut eyes, and moving his lips like a babe remembering his last lollipop.

Presently he began to feel about for the flask, found it as quickly as though there had been eyes in his finger-tips, and drank it out in a breath. The effect of the draught was a kind of left-handed miracle. It was as though a devil had suddenly entered into possession of a corpse. His eye glittered at me like the point of a rapier; he clenched his fists and flung his legs apart: at last he laughed aloud—a tuneless, fleering laugh that brought the blood to my ears.

As soon as he could fetch his breath—"Where's the use," he cried in a black fury—"where's the use in preachin' to such a set o' pin-headed noodles? Let 'em dig till they've dug a grave. Let 'em squat in their office chairs till the wood grows into 'em—what's it matter to me an' mine? Trampin'—so the mean trash call my trade—is above and beyond 'em; for, whatever you may sit there an' think of it, to live as I live an be happy is a bigger bag o' tricks than paintin' picters or makin' songs or singin' 'em You there ain't a man that works

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reg'lar day in day out (never mind how I read it), an' you don't live down a city rat-hole an' creep out once a year for a day's holiday—yet if you'll swear that you've never felt uneasy about the nex' job since you lef' the last I give you the stamps I scooped in the Lardo. What say?"

Having nothing to say, I said nothing, but merely nodded assent. He gave me back my nod and replaced the sheaf of bills with the air of a victorious gambler. The sting of the liquor had stirred in him a brief madness; but now that he was fulfilled, body and soul, with that noble fever of drunkenness, he could put away his quarrel with the world, and speak of things past, present, and to come with a certain solemn glee. Alas! if only the famous jar of Diogenes had held the body of wine instead of the spirit of wisdom, I think Alexander would have been treated with the courtesy he deserved.

"If God lives," he resumed, with a wave of the hand that might have been a benediction, "then God's truth is that the old hobo man wouldn't chop seats wiv a king, 'cepting, maybe, at meal-times. Aye, there's just one spot in this weary wide world that is easier to my mind than any go'den throne piled full o' silken cushions! Many, many times you seen it and yet you'd never, never guess!

"When I'm there I'm feeling that the sky above and the earth below, an' the far away waters are mine, an', better still, I know that myself b'longs to myself, and, best of all, that to-morrow's as much my own as to-day or my own pelt. An' there's another pointer, an' yet you'd never guess.

"There, if a man had a mind to work, he couldn't; and, if he could, he wouldn't for all the dust on the Coast. There a bit of breeze is al'ays blowin' fit to cool a man's temper, even when the lightnin' plays hide-an'-seek in the Foot-hills an' the air of the Plains curdles, and even a nigger has the brow-ache. It's a holy fright how you're frownin', but you'll never, never guess!

"*A-top of a car runnin' full speed through a summer night* —that's the spot. Often I lay there an' look up an' do a pile

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o' thinkin'—mostly skeery thoughts, that don't seem to fit into words. I seen a many cur'ous sights up there. If so be the train slip round a kink in the line, the sky'll turn swift as the Missouri in a bend o' the bank at Helena, an' the stars dart away like a school o' gold-eye, an' the moon, if she's anywhere round, 'll dodge from left to right, or from right to left, like a screw's lantern down a dark alley. And I do often look to see my face in the sky like as in slidin' water, an' seen it, too, or thought I seen it! But the pretty-prettiest sight of all is, the light from the windows on the steam blowin' past from the loco's steam-stack—many's the night I seen fine gay women dancing in it not a foot from my han'."

Here he paused, and from the look of his face I judged that a shadow had fallen across the sunshine of his mood.

"It's cur'ous"—he proceeded in a less rounded voice—"it's mighty cur'ous how often I see them nakked spooks dancing in the steam, or, for that matter, on them lumpy white clouds on a windy morning, or even in cotton clo'es washed and hung out to dry in the wind. An' las' time I was in the pen the Galway,[1] warned me agin' em. 'Don't think more about them than you can help,' he says, serious-like, 'an' shut your eyes to them, when they come; for I tell you,' he says slow an' solemn, 'they are white devils of the flesh, born and bred in your own black heart, and they have power to plague both the body and the soul.' An' thinkin' to scare me he told me that if I didn't let up thinkin' about open-air spooks I'd find myself in the Bug-house[2] in less'n a mule's kick."

"The Bug-house," he resumed gaily as before, "is a nasty name for a gen'leman's hotel, but no such a bad place, surely! Nobody ever works the boys boardin' there, and I'm told the grub's most as good as Elmiry. I seen a monshous big Bug-house somewheres in the Bay State—I can't mind the name o' the town, but I could take you there cheap—an' watched 'em through the steep iron railins quite a bit. Some was sittin' quiet by the wall dead asleep or blinkin' their eyes at the sun;

[1] A clergyman. [2] Lunatic asylum.

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two-three others was tramping up an' down a piece o' gravel walk like soldiers on the march; one was preaching an' shaking his fist at the bushes; another was squatted on his heels in a little grass-plot twitterin' to himself an' twiddling at a great lick; and one about my own make an' weight trots up to the railin' an' sticks his paw through an' catches me by the pants an' laughs fit to bust. The warder looking out of a lodge in the gate was no screw, not he, or he'd ha' given it over the neck to the boy that was messin' my store-clo'es.

"No, Sir! I ain't noways scared by what the Galway says to me. An' when I'm too stiff an' stark to beat my way on the best-laid road I'll lay up in my own Bug-house an' think over all I seen and heard since I set out travelling. If so be I find a friend there, we'll sit warming ourselves in the sun an' talk over things together; if so be not, I'll sit by the wall an tweedle to myself.

. . . . . .

"But say! I can't nohow swallow no more o' these blamed nigger's grins,[1] and if you'll excuse the liberty I'll be making up to take my beauty sleep right away. So long, stranger!"

With which he slowly fetched back a roving foot, wearily hitched up his knees chin-high, and let his head droop forward. Your true blue hobo, being driven by law to sleep in odd corners, often has the trick of resting in some such tangled-up posture; and, in point of fact, my friend's obvious likeness to a spider in the act of shamming death came into my mind only as an after-thought. Already the sun—that one and only eye in this naughty world of ours which has never winked at a villain—was staring over his curved shoulders, and the edge of the shadow (in which I still sat) has already swung so far round that I judged it to be past one o'clock. Past one o'clock! If it was time for him to be taking his *siesta*, it was high time for me to go about my business. So I retrieved my flask, got to my legs quietly, and—first leaning

[1] Yawns.

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my stick against the wall of the tank—began to refill my pipe leisurely.

. . . . . .

A flash of sunshine in shadow, a splash of sunlight on a shadowy wall—I dropped the pipe and sprang to my weapon! I might have known he had a knife under those boots or near them. Even as I clutched the stick, his hand swung out; yet as it opened at me, there was the hanging guard up safe and steady. The fleeting steel struck half-way down the forte, whirled past my ear, clanged on the iron wall behind, and fell noiselessly. Before I was ready to put in the proper cut I felt his hands at my waist. There was nothing for it but the point; fortunately, the thrust did not miss its mark. It was foolish of me not to have seen him pulling in the knife with his roving foot and naked prehensile toe—a toe with brains! The knife was one of those heavy affairs, not unlike a mediæval dagger of mercy, used in the Chicago slaughter-houses.

E. B. Osborn.

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# WANTED: MUSIC CRITICS

*E.* You have been talking of criticism as an essential part of the creative spirit, and I now fully accept your theory. But what of criticism outside creation? I have a foolish habit of reading periodicals, and it seems to me that most criticism is perfectly valueless.

*G.* So is most modern creative work also. Mediocrity weighing mediocrity in the balance, and incompetence applauding its brother —that is the spectacle that the artistic activity of England affords us from time to time.

From "Criticism, a dialogue," by OSCAR WILDE.

"FOR some time past," explained the editor of one of our leading daily papers to the writer of this article, "we have been steadily working up our musical side, and I may say with marked success; in future we intend to notice every concert in London." Doubtless perceiving a pessimistic expression of deep gloom invading his interlocutor's countenance, he hastily added by way of palliative: "The notices will of course not extend to the suburbs." A little further investigation showed that in order to carry out the vastness of the editorial music schemes, no less than six able-bodied persons (no particulars were forthcoming as to the state of their minds) were kept in a condition of feverish but curiously uncohesive activity. The number of concerts now given in London runs into some thousands annually. They are largely on the increase. Yet another concert hall is actually in process of construction in the West End, an addition to half a dozen

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others, whose proprietors make it their business—and who should blame them—to turn their property to the best financial advantage. And a small army of *entrepreneurs* is at hand to co-operate in exploiting any one and every one, capable or incapable, who can be induced upon any pretence whatever to hire a hall and give a concert. For many years it was feasible to restrict the hours of concert giving to 3 or 3.30 in the afternoon, to 8 or 8.30 in the evening; but with the rapid spread of business they are now announced for pretty well any hour we like to mention, 12 o'clock, 4 o'clock, 5 o'clock, no matter when. Upon inquiry it will be found that the chief—indeed, as often as not, the sole—object of the concert giver and the irresistible bait invariably held out by the agent, is the procuring of "press notices." A débutante of the most sketchy and meagre musical attainments will be prepared to spend as much as £50 to £60 in pursuit of these mysteriously alluring snippets, and should sufficient funds be forthcoming to carry on the enterprise systematically for several seasons, a bewildering quantity may be accumulated, all, be it added, very much after the same pattern, couched in a technical, not too literary jargon, fairly unintelligible to the ordinary reader, but for that very reason calculated to convey to the uninitiated an awesome air of authority. Thanks to a broadcast dissemination of such notices, a trifling percentage of the concert givers can occasionally achieve a precarious and ephemeral success. A grandiloquently styled "Provincial Tour" (with reams of local press notices) may be secured, or a little *clientèle* of pupils is attracted, and a concert becomes professionally perennial. But, generally speaking, each fresh relay of victims disappears as suddenly as it arrived. A new batch takes its place. More and more newspaper paragraphs are manufactured, and the trade circulates. When, however, it comes to purchasing a ticket, one rarely lights upon any unwary persons anxious to avail themselves of the musical opportunities so lavishly vouchsafed. Granted that the interest of a large circle of personal and affluent acquaintances

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can be enlisted, a certain number of seats may be legitimately sold for a first and even a second experiment. As a rule, though, the benches are filled with a frankly non-paying audience, dragged together almost by sheer force from the purlieus of the agent's "free list."

The programmes are, for the most part, of abnormally oppressive, ill-assorted lengths, and made up of a heterogeneous jumble of music, most of which every one concerned has heard over and over again for the last twenty years. Throughout the entire proceedings there is a singularly depressing absence of all elements of spontaneity or inspiration. The British public is constantly flouted with having no exalted tastes in music. Hence, we are assured, its partiality for Musical Comedy. When the alternative to Musical Comedy is the laborious scrooping out of Bach's Chaconne by some stern, stolid Teuton, or the ferocious pounding at a Beethoven or a Brahms sonata by some in other respects probably amiable and well-intentioned young lady—then, on the whole, the British public, perhaps, makes its choice with an appreciable strain of wisdom. As to the divinities round whom all this music-making chiefly centres, viz., the critics, a reiterated monotony of listening to hundreds of intolerably dull performances must in the long run blunt any original qualifications of perception and acumen. The critics, in fact, would at last appear to lose all faculty for distinguishing between good and bad. For themselves this position may at times be almost enviable, but it is naturally disastrous where any nascent germ of talent is to be appraised; and looking back over a record of some twenty years, it becomes painfully perceptible that artistic merit, whether native or foreign, is finding it ever and ever harder to win recognition in England; if originality and a note of genius quietly cultivated, with integrity of purpose, should eventually triumph and be heard above the voice of a mediocre crowd, the goal would seem to be reached, not with the aid, but rather in spite of, the press. It may be questioned whether the editorial standpoint as to the uses of

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music makes the critic what he is or *vice versâ*. Probably the one reacts on the other, with, it may be, a slight preponderance on the side of the editorial influence. The music critic has not often revealed himself as an agitator. He prefers to swim with the tide and earn a tranquil, honest livelihood. The ethics of our musical criticism—this, by the way—are on an entirely different plane to those of Berlin and New York. Or should the critic happen to be of a combative disposition, after a thoughtful survey of the situation in general, he will no doubt elect to cultivate his energies in some more hopeful and expedient channel. We have no well written, literary up-to-date music journal of a kind to interest intellectual circles; and neither our monthly nor our better class weekly reviews devote much space to the art. Moreover, such articles on music as do appear from time to time in their pages do not always strike one as being the most illuminating of the contents. For more lengthy essays in book form, we are not wanting in biographers, historians, pedagogues of music, several of them extremely erudite and conscientious researchers. The delightfully scholarly writings of Mr. W. H. Hadow are examples of this type of musical criticism; or the trenchant, comprehensive style of Mr. Ernest Newman; but theirs is mainly a retrospect survey of the creative side of music, leaving practically out of account the vast range of interpretative performance thanks to which the composer's work must inevitably live or die. Thus the daily paper remains the one field open to a wide, embracing range of contemporary musical criticism; and one may go further and say that it is precisely in the sphere of the daily paper that a capable critic of music should have his best and most responsible vantage ground. Music is essentially a democratic and cosmopolitan art. It has made its greatest strides with the world developments of democracy and cosmopolitanism, to both of which the daily paper obviously has the first opportunities of direct appeal. But where a force regular or irregular of six individuals is engaged, the only satisfactory method of action must assuredly be careful collaboration, with a well defined standard of taste;

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or at least a system of signed criticisms, written preferably in the first person singular, might be adopted. In regard to what may be realised musically in a daily paper, one would cite the splendid work accomplished by the late Mr. Arthur Johnstone in the *Manchester Guardian* from 1896 to 1904, work which appears to have given an extraordinary impetus to the development of musical taste amongst all classes in the northern centres of England.[1]

But when all is said and done, from whatever point it be approached, in daily paper, monthly review, or bound-up tome, it may easily be admitted that of all forms of criticism that of music is in every sense the most subtle, the most inapprehensible. We may concede that literature and the drama are the two nearest to us of the arts, since the stuff of which they are made is words, and words are the handle by which the machinery of human intercourse is steered. The material of music, on the other hand, is certainly the farthest from us, the most remote, and this in spite of its democratic cosmopolitan foundations. Only here and there does one expect to meet with a few isolated persons capable of forming so much as a dim mental vision of music from its notation, at any rate in the higher branches of musical scoring. Thus numbers of lovers of music may have digital and vocal facility. Their condition nevertheless is practically that of illiterates; and like many illiterates who delight in being read to, the musical illiterate can find sincere pleasure in hearing music. But in each instance the pleasure is perforce limited to a certain emotional sensuous instinct.[2]

[1] Mr. Johnstone died in 1904, at the early age of forty-two. From all accounts he must have been not alone a cultured man of music, but also possessed of wonderful all-round sympathy and ability. In 1897, on the occasion of the dispute between Greece and Turkey over the treatment of the Christians in Crete, his combined knowledge of foreign languages and Eastern Europe led to his being despatched to Athens as a war correspondent for the *Manchester Guardian*.

[2] In the interests of a wider diffusion of musical culture one can but hope that teachers of music will gradually begin to perceive the paramount import-

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One does not ask either type of illiterate to enter upon a critical discussion of the intellectual spiritual contents of books or music. It follows that the critic of music is faced with difficulties which do not block the road of other forms of criticism. Not only is he continually engaged in the manipulation of a medium of expression inaccessible to the bulk of his readers, but the actual technical equipment of a good music critic of modern times seems far more varied and exacting than the knowledge requisite in the making of a first-rate critic of literature or painting. The composer is the most prolific of all artists. To test this, one has but to compare the opus numbers of a Bach, a Mozart, a Beethoven, a Schubert, a Tshaïkovski with the literary output of Shakespeare, Goethe, Shelley, Heine, Meredith. And music again has evolved as many forms as literature. It has its equivalents for drama, epic, lyric, and novel. One might well specialise for a lifetime in a study of opera, or of song, or of chamber music, analysing the manifold readings of their greatest exponents, and then be only on the fringe of one's subject; and in order to become a good judge of the æsthetic and technical possibilities of the component parts of a modern orchestra, or of modern solo playing, some serious practical apprenticeship is advisable if not positively incumbent. But yet again, whilst criticism must spring from practical knowledge of the music criticised, knowledge alone will not suffice; or the critic will needs relapse into the attitude of an expert addressing experts.

It is sometimes thought that only a composer can rightly esteem a composer; a pianist, a pianist; a vocalist, a vocalist, and so on. This idea is not endorsed in the comparatively scanty annals of first-rate musical criticism. It is evident that

ance of a capacity for score reading. One would wish to see this mode the basis of all musical training, from the most elementary stages of vocal music upwards. It is possibly owing to a prevalent non-ability of reading music that many cultivated Englishmen, essentially open-minded and progressive, are still disposed to dismiss the art as merely emotional, and therefore inferior to its more accessible sisters. Where, after all, shall we find any greater triumph of intellect than the merging into one of brain and emotion exemplified in some fine modern opera or symphonic score?

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Schumann and Berlioz were capable and catholic critics; so was Rubinstein, so is the contemporary French composer, M. Alfred Bruneaux. But these are notable exceptions. Any one of Wagner's scores is worth more than his whole ponderous, prejudiced baggage of literary lucubrations put together; and the writings of Liszt have all the worst defects of his compositions without their qualities. In the aggregate, therefore, we can well accept the tenet that:

> So far from its being true that the artist is the best judge of art, a really great artist can never judge of other people's work at all, and can hardly, in fact, judge of his own. That very concentration of vision that makes a man an artist, limits by its sheer intensity his faculty of fine appreciation.[1]

It cannot also be too much emphasised that no mediocre, unimaginative, uninspired teacher, performer, composer ever has been or ever will be a good music critic, an unbridgeable gulf separates the two.

As with the composers and re-creators of music, so with the critic; temperament must be a primary requisite, and the critic every whit as individual as the music which he sets out to criticise. He must give us himself, not the warmed-up remains of others. He must be a voice, not an echo, and at all hazards, when dealing with an art of the pre-eminently plastic quality of music, he must keep his mind flexible, ever susceptible to new impressions, and with an ever-rising standard of the ideal. To the artist as well as to the listener one would wish the critic's influence to be a twofold one of suggestion and inspiration. He should help both one and the other to indefinitely extend an horizon of affinities and likings. He will teach us, for example, that whereas Wagner and Brahms may be on a higher plane than Sullivan, yet an original Sullivan is worth twenty of their imitators. It need scarcely be suggested that no good music critic will neglect contact with the other arts; he will find it infinitely more profitable for the artistic furtherance of his own profession to religiously shun exhibitions of bad music, and in preference

[1] "Criticism, a dialogue."—Oscar Wilde.



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will occasionally elect to spend his afternoon in a good picture gallery or his evening at an edifying play. In connection with the most interesting developments of modern music, he will necessarily master several languages, and if he is to apprehend with any quickening instinct and nicety of taste the remarkable musical movements on foot in Russia, Scandinavia, and France, to mention no other countries, he must be upon something more than a bowing acquaintance with the literatures of these three nationalities. Moreover, music in its dual aspect of the creative and interpretative is a wonderfully close and intimate revelation of character. The critic, therefore, must be something of a physiognomist and a psychologist; and unless he be master of all these assets, we may sum up that he has really no true *raison d'être*. Little less—with, into the bargain—a pervading sense of humour may be judiciously combined in the preparation of a first-rate paragraph on opera or concert in a daily paper, fit to speed through the world, a living power for good. Such paragraphs, though, will be mostly unavailable for the purposes of the genus *entrepreneur* and his satellites. "All art tends to the condition of music," is a hackneyed quotation from Pater. It deserves inversion, since in reality music tends more and more to the condition of all art. There is also a phrase of Walt Whitman's worthy of pondering:

> Painting, sculpture, and the dramatic theatre, it would seem, no longer play an indispensable part in the workings and mediumship of the intellect. Music the combiner, nothing more spiritual, nothing more sensuous, a god, yet completely human, advances, prevails, holds highest place, supplying in certain wants and quarters what nothing else would supply.

Strangely enough, though, the decadence of music is a favourite theme. In the face of its brief chronology in comparison with the other arts, we are repeatedly told that its glories belong to the past. In view, however, of the typically experimental nature of music hitherto, one would venture to adopt a wholly opposite point of departure. Possibly only now, in the opening years of the twentieth century, is music at the dawn of its greatest eras of achievement. If this be true, and in due pro-

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portion to its inaccessibility, so the value and influence of good criticism are doubly and trebly enhanced, and the times are ripe for the advent of a school of scientifically and sympathetically minded, experimental critics, eager to grapple with and stimulate the multitude. Unlike all other arts, again, musical criticism has no traditions borrowed from ancient civilisations. Herein may be found one of its foremost fascinations to the modern intellect. It is significant that in our own age minds of a peculiarly brilliant and analytical calibre have at first instinctively turned thither for a vehicle of self-expression. Mr. Bernard Shaw's early essays in the *Star* are an instance of this. Supposing that Mr. Shaw had "found himself" permanently in musical criticism, and that by some inexplicable course of circumstances he had been for the last fifteen years upon the "j'y suis, j'y reste" principle comfortably and serenely ensconced as music critic to the *Times* or the *Morning Post*. . . . The very thought sets imagination rioting in conjectures. Indubitably the frenzy of the concert trade would have received some startling shocks and stormy upheavals, and our opera might even have taken a step onward since the days of Handel, and have assumed other proportions than those of wholesale foreign importations, fluctuating according to finance and fashion. But if Covent Garden be unlikely for decades to come to pay any heed to music as a matter of national and artistic significance, one does all the same meet here and there with a few individuals who appear of mutual agreement that a music of our own in England somewhere near the level of the contemporary schools of the Continent would be a credit to our national prestige. It is no contradiction in terms to allege that music with its clear cosmopolitan note, is also in its noblest phases distinctly national. A knowledge of half a dozen languages makes us cling all the more closely to our mother tongue. Might it not be possible for a small band of competent workers to attempt for English music what the present management of the Court Theatre has brought about for our drama? Might not one small theatre in London—equally available for

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opera or concerts—be appropriated permanently to the interests of music, solely as an art, and with a leading policy of nationalism? Disconnected, stray opportunities of hearing scratch performances of the work at present being done by a group of young British composers, many of them still under forty, can leave an abiding impression that a nucleus of excellent material is really waiting for a chance; and with the encouragement of adequate and frequent interpretation the quality of production would scarcely fail to speedily improve. All new works, whether of small or large dimensions, from an opera to a song, would be given at least six times consecutively; and as with the acting at the Court Theatre, so with musical interpretation, every means would be taken to ensure a reputation for the utmost perfection of *ensemble* and rendition. With such a policy adhered to without compromise, would it be too much to hope that a sufficiently large following would foregather to establish the venture upon a firm financial as well as artistic basis? Incidentally the enterprise might also conveniently serve to develop a helpful category of criticism. At the outset, the collaboration of the press would, of course, be cordially solicited. Intelligent praise or blame would be equally welcomed. But the managing committee would rigorously scrutinise every criticism published; and if after several trials a critic was put to the vote and found utterly incapable of assisting the artistic cause at stake by an individual judgment, expressed in clear, intelligible language, he would henceforth only be admitted to the performances after solemnly pledging himself to silence. After a few months, however, his capabilities might again be tested. Legitimate advertising would be proceeded with irrespectively of the shortcomings or merits of the critical fraternity. In this manner some few editors might gradually be led to regard music and musical criticism as fine arts. In course of time both might hold their own in the press as equals, if not superiors, to motoring, cricket, and other affairs of vital national importance.

A. E. KEETON.

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# SHOULD WOMEN EMIGRATE?

THE Conference which was held at Caxton Hall on June 18, 1906, to consider the question of the Colonisation of Educated Women, brought before the public a topic which should excite widespread interest throughout the British Isles, if the figures quoted by the chairman, Sir John Cockburn, in relation to the surplus of women in the United Kingdom are correct.

One is loth to make the assertion that a surplus of women in the community is to be regarded as an evil, particularly if that "surplus" is largely composed of educated women; but as yet there has been no investigation as to the composition of this large preponderance of females, and until such an investigation has been made, it will be extremely difficult to bring forward any practical scheme for the dispersion of this superfluity of women throughout the British Empire.

The first question which suggested itself to one Colonial who listened to the various speeches at the Conference was—"What is thought of the matter by the persons most concerned, and is the movement for their 'migration' welcomed by them?"

The answer may be found in the reports of the various organisations for the emigration of women to the Colonies. The number of those who were rejected appears to be in excess of those accepted, a fact which would suggest that a vast number of women—fit and unfit—are eager to find an outlet for their energies in the British domains beyond the seas.

The writer has some knowledge of the methods employed

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by the existing agencies for emigration, and knows also what kind of women one Colony, at least, can absorb; but the idea obtrudes itself that the very first step to be taken in dealing practically with the matter is the classification of the "surplus," which must be accomplished before any Government—Imperial or Colonial—can render effective aid.

What class predominates?

Are "educated women" in the majority?

Any one with a knowledge of colonial life would unhesitatingly assert that in the ranks of women accustomed to manual labour there could be few "unfit" for migration to the empires over-seas. No women who are trained and accustomed to "home craft" could be dubbed "unfit," unless their records are such as debar them from entering those young communities in far-off lands. The next point is to define the term "educated women." What is it meant to imply in this connection? That is a question which Colonials would fain have decided in considering this matter.

There are many other agencies beside the emigration societies where information of a definite sort might be gained as to the "surplus." There is the International Union of Women Workers, with which the Central Bureau for the Employment of Women is affiliated; and there are hundreds of organisations and institutions which would present adequate machinery for the investigation and classification of this bulk of womankind upon whose behalf the Conference was convened. Could all this machinery be put in motion at once, so that a specific statement might be prepared for the consideration of the Colonial Premiers during their discussions at the Imperial Conference, much work of a practical nature might be accomplished within the next three years. Without some such statement of details there would be little chance of gaining the serious attention of the members of the Colonial Conference; and without the serious attention of the representatives of Great Britain's Colonial Empire, the opportunity of at once providing for a great part of this surplus of women, and of

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ameliorating the labour problem, will be lost, while each year renders these problems more complex.

The general belief appears to be that the excess of women is found principally in the families of professional men. Whether this surmise is correct one cannot determine until the classification suggested by the writer has been carried out. Even then it might be necessary to subdivide a class, and draw a distinction between "educated women" and "women of gentle birth." A woman might have passed examinations with honours and yet be incapable of practising the simple home crafts which are of such primary importance in pioneer existence; while another, though quite unlearned, may be refined, methodical, and painstaking, and do the ordinary work of a household in such a way as to beautify all she touched. There are many districts in the Empire where the old primitive virtues are more in request than a classical education, or even a knowledge of exact sciences.

Much of the co-operation of the colonial authorities will depend upon the information they derive on the question—"Who and what are the women who wish to emigrate?" As far as the Canadian Government is concerned, the policy of its immigration department in regard to men immigrants has been to limit their efforts to securing unskilled labour of every sort, agriculturists and homesteaders, as well as domestic "help" of all kinds. It is not likely that they would change their policy in regard to female immigration. The tendency of women to desert the needle for the pen, and the kitchen-range for the office desk, is just as marked in the Colonies as in the Mother Country, and consequently the demand in the Colonies is for women trained in "home craft," and this training does not usually come under the head of skilled labour, although in truth it calls for the highest possible attainments of sterling womanhood. High schools and colleges are turning out girls by the thousand whose mental equipment is far in advance of their manual dexterity, and pioneer life calls for an equal proportion of both.

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Colonial statesmen are not likely to under-estimate the worth of properly equipped women as factors of Imperial consolidation, but the question at present is, how to increase, at anything like a fair ratio, the successful migration of women as compared to men. In the old days, when transportation and inter-communication were in their infancy, it was considered proper that men should migrate and make a home for the women who were to follow. The great proportion of men migrated without any assistance from their national exchequer, or from that of the country for which they were bound; and to-day thousands upon thousands of men "take their chances" in that vast football ground called the Colonies, where a man measures his capacity for holding his own against men from every class in society.

If Imperial expansion has played a great part in the present situation, which finds a million more women than men in the British Isles, the incursion of women into those fields of labour formerly occupied by men alone has had a great deal to do with this expansion. Are women, then, to demand the privileges of men, without accepting the responsibility which men, especially the men emigrants, accept? When one scans the columns printed by the thousand upon the rights and advancement of woman, of her equality, and even superiority to man, one is sometimes inclined to ask, What extra machinery is needed to enable women to colonise? If they clamour for equality with men, let them accept the risks which men emigrants take, and go forth and fight their way in any line they may choose, just as their brothers are doing in the Colonies. This, after all, is the logical conclusion which such reasoning leads to, be it just or unjust.

"If you have a stout heart and strong hands, and are not afraid of tackling any kind of work, you will get on all right," says the Colonial to the son of a poverty-stricken peer as well as a son of a farm-labourer. Why should not this advice be given to the woman emigrant, be she educated or uneducated; why should she be "protected" by measures which are absent

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where men are concerned, if her status in the community be the same?

The writer merely puts this argument forward as regards a colony like Canada, which is a "white man's land from end to end." There are other Colonies where the "native" question renders such a line of argument impossible. But it is safe to say that Colonials would not look with favour upon a suggestion of this kind, where special machinery both for the selection and for the protection and placing of lonely women ensure to a great extent that the class which comes to their shores shall be desirable. It is perfectly true that the legislators who made the homestead laws in the Colonies took no cognisance of the part which single women might play in Empire-making, but they will need an assurance that women are qualified to develop the land before this concession can be obtained. Meanwhile women will ask what inducements have been held out to them which can compare with those given by the Colonies to their brothers and kinsmen? They are perfectly justified in doing this, but, nevertheless, the part played by the women of the pioneer settlements in successful colonisation is incontestable, and as far as Canada is concerned, the writer is prepared to state that the ultimate success of the immigrant, from whatever class he may spring, is greatly dependent upon the fitness and adaptability of the woman, be she wife or sister. For many brothers, prosperity, good health and spirits are the harvest of her toil, and of her willingness to endure petty hardships with the gaiety of a good comrade.

Here one comes to the question of matrimony; but from the figures quoted by Sir John Cockburn, nothing but a series of Salt Lake cities would equalise the proportion of men and women, even in the Colonies; and the idea of considering this question in cold blood as a remedy for the "existing state" of affairs is doubtless as repellent to the women whose interests are in question as it is to the writer of this article, whose experience of the Colonies leads her to believe that while a hasty and improvident marriage in England amounts to more than

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an error, the marriage of the inexperienced with the inexperienced in the Colonies may be alluded to in even stronger terms, particularly in those remote districts where "experience" is more valuable than gold.

So one may dismiss this theory of "matrimony" (except it comes in the natural order of things) as untenable. What, then, is to be done? The answer, to the mind of the writer, is very simple. Such work as has already been done by agencies like the British Women's Association, the South African Women's Committee, and the Colonial Training College at Swanley, on a comparatively small scale, should be encouraged and extended in order that it should meet the requirements of the case.

The classification and investigation suggested would greatly strengthen this movement, which requires steady pecuniary help from the Imperial and Colonial Governments, in the form of a considerable loan at the lowest possible rate of interest. This would accelerate the movement of women's migration to the Colonies in every stratum of society.

Colonial Training Colleges have already proved especially serviceable in promoting the movement among what are called "educated women," and their usefulness is proved without a shadow of doubt. That the students have shown a willingness to add to their knowledge of "home craft" is in itself an omen that they have within them the virtue which makes for success in the Colonies.

The educated woman who submits herself to a period of instruction in the simple rudiments of "home-making" is the one most likely to make a success of her experiment in colonisation. She adds a practical knowledge of household work to her store of wisdom gleaned from the College Library, and becomes in truth a "pioneer" from the instant she enters the Training College.

The impetus given to the emigration of men to the Colonies during the past five years has been enormous, and the individuals appointed to examine the material of which the "surplus" of women in the United Kingdom consists might

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do well to extend their labours, and obtain information as to the number of women as compared to men who have migrated during that period.

To get at the root of the emigration question in its relation to women, figures and facts clearly arranged and tabulated are required. For the first time in the history of our race we possess a census of the British Empire, and the time is ripe for a widespread and comprehensive effort to adjust the proportions of the two sexes within that Empire upon something like an equal basis.

M. F-G.

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# A BUDGET OF ROMAN LETTERS

## SENECA TO LUCILIUS

THE Letters of Seneca to Lucilius have had their day, and are, perhaps, now unduly neglected. In truth they are somewhat of a rubbish-heap, in which, however, "finds" occur—not too plentifully. They belong to an age stamped with a name of infamy, that of Nero—an age which, in the terrible pages of Tacitus, shows like a very carnival of wickedness. Yet they throw little light on the temper of men and women in Rome while this wild licence was unblushingly paraded before their eyes, and still less on the attitude of the great subject nations who, one after another, had been taught to accept law from the inhabitants of a few square miles of territory on the banks of the Tiber. The amount of incidental, topical matter in them is disappointingly small; nor does any breath of humour enliven their seriousness. Moreover, the moral lectures which form so large a part of their bulk are for the most part hopelessly stale.

From the tenor of these remarks it will be inferred that it is not the purpose of the present writer to recommend the perusal of these Letters to the general reader. Indeed, they would hardly reward his labour. The most conscientious reader finds himself reduced to skipping page after page. Not only do the well-meant moral lectures grow tedious, but whole letters are taken up with logical quibbles and similar rubbish of the schools. In a well-known passage of his Essays

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("Of Studies"), Bacon tells us that while some few books are "to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention," others "may be read by deputy and extracts made by others." No injustice is done to the author by placing him—at least, so far as these letters are concerned—in the latter category, and the words of the philosophic essayist aptly indicate the aim of the present writer—to play the unambitious part of deputy-reader.

There was a time when the writings of Seneca had an immense vogue, heightened, perhaps, by the writer's shadowy association with the Apostle Paul.[1] In the Middle Ages hardly any classical author was more frequently quoted, his sententious manner readily lending itself to such use. In Chaucer, the "Tale of Melibœus"—a practical homily—is full of scraps from him. "Mesure of wepynge should be conserved, after the love of Christ, *that techeth us Senec*"; "he that is irous and wroth, *as saith Senec*, may not speak but shameful things," &c. Montaigne had a great liking for Seneca. "The knowledge I seek," says the easy-going philosopher, "is here communicated in loose pieces that are not very tedious to read; otherwise I should not have patience to look at them." The Epistles to Lucilius he characterises as "the most beautiful and profitable of the author's productions" (Essays, Bk. ii., 10).

In spite of the depravity of Rome during the first century of the Christian era, the period was one in which moral reform was "in the air."[2] Philosophy had become practical, and moral teachers abounded. Some of these were undoubtedly sincere, earnest men. In an interesting autobiographical passage, Seneca recalls the enthusiasm with which as a youth he listened to the lectures of a teacher named Attalus. In his

[1] The so-called correspondence between St. Paul and Seneca is spurious. "Besides the evidence from style, some of the dates are sufficient to condemn the letters as clumsy forgeries" (Merivale, H. R., vi., 457).

[2] See Dr. Hatch's "Influence of Greek Ideas and Usages upon the Christian Church," and Dr. Dill's "Roman Society under Nero."

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old age, he tells us, he still kept up temperate practices learned from him. Under the spell of another, Sotion, a Pythagorean, he for a considerable time refrained from animal food; and his admiration for both these men seems to have been as sincere as it was wholesome. Fifty years later, Pliny the younger gives a most attractive portrait of another such teacher, named Euphrates (Ep. 1, 10).

It is pre-eminently as a moralist that Seneca appears in these letters; and this makes it almost impossible to evade the inquiry how far he was worthy of the character. The age over which his life extends (?7 B.C. to 65 A.D.) was notoriously and abnormally corrupt. The old simple morality had been undermined by fast increasing wealth and luxury, and its ruin was consummated by the frightful unloosing of man's worst passions which marked the long period of civil war. Seneca was fully alive to the grossness of the general corruption. In a passage of terrible suggestion (Ep. 43):

> I will tell you a thing [he writes] by which you may gauge our morals. There is hardly a man to be found who dare live with open doors . . . The walls of our houses are less for safety than for the hiding of our vices.

Is this an outburst of outraged feeling—as of some prophet unveiling hidden chambers of foul imagery, or is it the confession of one who himself is a sharer in the corruption which he exposed? Gladly as we would take the former view, it is with some misgiving that we read his own halting reply to some who charged him with inconsistency of life:

> I am no model wise man, nor ever shall be. What I demand of myself is, not indeed to be on a level with the best, but to rise above the bad [as he elsewhere puts it, "non inter pessimos esse," not to be among the *very bad*] . . . When I speak of the Happy Life, it is not of myself I speak, for I live in a perfect flood of vice. I speak of virtue itself, and when I attack vices it is my own above all that I attack. *When I have the ability, I will live as I ought* ("cum potuero vivam quomodo oportet").—("De Vita Beata," 18.)

The man who was constrained to write thus was no moral hero. But he partially reconquers our sympathy when he goes on to say:

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But no malignity shall prevent me from praising the Life, not that which I myself live, but that which I know I ought to live, from worshipping at the shrine of virtue, and at a wide interval humbly creeping along in her footsteps.

Seneca's position as tutor and counsellor to Nero was perilous in the extreme, and the extent to which he allowed himself to justify or palliate the crimes of his imperial master is indeed deplorable. On the other hand, it would be unreasonable to deny him his share of credit for the comparative innocence of the earlier part of Nero's reign—a period afterwards thrown into relief by the insensate outrages and enormities of its later and longer portion. But it was a fatal error to continue to hold a position in which it was not possible for him to be honest. Probably he overrated the value of his restraining influence. However that may be, we find him clinging to power and place, till when he is at length reduced to the necessity of throwing himself and his possessions at the tyrant's feet, his tardy resignation fails to move our sympathy.

Seneca's death, by enforced suicide, took place A.D. 65. Tacitus gives a vivid and detailed account of his last moments. The philosopher and his wife Paulina, who resolved to perish with him, on receiving the fatal mandate, opened each a vein simultaneously. Seneca himself perished, not without much lingering agony. In the case of his wife, the process of dissolution was stayed by Nero's order, and she survived her husband by some years; remaining faithful to his memory, and still attesting by her pallor the severity of the trial to which she had been subjected.

The main object of the letters to Lucilius seems to be to present in an informal, and, as far as possible, an attractive manner, a course of moral instruction for the guidance of one desirous to live well. From this point of view it may be compared with such a work as William Law's "Serious Call." The philosophy on which it is based is mainly Stoic—a law of life not ill-fitted for evil days. It was the philosophy of self-

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respect and of duty; and in numberless instances it proved adequate to the sustaining of noble souls in dire straits. It had its saints too. Chief among these are the "halting slave"[1] Epictetus, whose "Enchiridion"—manual of a self-reliant life that would be proof against the menace of circumstance—still subsists, like some abandoned shelter in an arctic world; the Emperor-philosopher, whose "Meditations" (on "talks to himself"[2]) have in these latter days gained a new lease of life less by their philosophy than by their kindly humanity; Cato, of Utica, alone spotless among the later republicans of Rome; Thrasea, whose manly spirit held itself erect amid the grovellings of a degenerate senate. It is worth while to present an outline of the scheme of life by which these men strove to live:

> I will submit to all hardships, propping body by mind; I will hold riches light whether possessing or denied them; *I will live as one who knows that he was born for the service of all*; what I have I will neither hoard like a miser nor squander like a spendthrift. I will do nothing for fame's sake—all for conscience' sake. I will have the assurance that the world is my country and the gods its governors, judges of word and deed. When I am called to depart I will do so with the avowal that I have kept a good conscience, that no man's liberty has been curtailed by me, nor mine by another. [The Stoic held that the wise man's soul was beyond the control of another.] The man who has these aims is on the road to the gods, even if he fall by the way:
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> "Magnis tamen excidit ausis" ("De Vita Beata," xx, xxi.).

A striking feature of the new morality is its altruistic character. "As one born for the service of all." This is the new note already being heard fuller and clearer from more impassioned lips, and destined to be the final dominant one. In these letters we are continually coming upon passages which show a zeal for the rescue of souls akin to that of the Christian evangelist. In one (29) the writer discusses the question whether or no it is wise to seek to effect the reformation—as one might say the salvation—of all. In the spirit of the Salva-

[1] See Arnold's sonnet,

"Who prop, thou askst, in these bad days, my mind?"

[2] *πρὸς ἑαυτόν*, the Greek title of the "Meditations."

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tion Army, Diogenes had preached to all alike. Enthusiastic teachers would button-hole the passing stranger:

> Why be niggardly of words? Words cost nothing. How can I forecast the result? This I do know—the more I appeal to, the more likely to benefit some. Open your hands wide! Bid them awake!

The writer expresses the liveliest solicitude for the moral progress of his pupil. The receipt of a hopeful response to his counsels is enough to shake off from his shoulders the burden of years. "Hasten onwards," exclaims the spiritual director. "Think how you would increase your speed if an enemy were in full pursuit. Quicken your pace and escape!" Who can fail to catch here a thrill of that same wave of feeling which had but recently burst forth, in more solemn tones, on the banks of the Jordan, "Flee from the wrath to come!" Even so Bunyan's pilgrim is exhorted, "Flee, flee for thy life!"

In another (Ep. 38), we have a striking parallel to one of the best-known parables of a greater Teacher:

> We must sow the seed. Small as it is at first, when it has found fit soil it unfolds its powers, and from being the least of things (compare Matt. xiii. 32), it spreads abroad to the amplest growth. So it is with truth (ratio). It is but a small thing to look at, in operation it grows . . . It is with instructions, I repeat, as with seeds: small as they are, only let a fine mind receive them, the mind, too, will work and give a large return.

"Some an hundred-fold, some thirty-fold," says the more graphic Oriental parallel.

As might have been expected, the "guide, philosopher, and friend" had something to say on the subject of reading. Note-books (*commentarii*) and books of extracts were much in fashion in those days of general but shallow culture. Seneca has no patience with this kind of reading. "Don't imagine that you can appreciate a great author by dipping into his writings—just sipping them, as it were. Make yourself acquainted with him as a whole—*tota tibi inspicienda sunt.*" Above all, he reiterates, remember that philosophy is for life, not for the study only. "It is no use to have mastered theory; your profiting must appear in life and character."



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Some powerful side-light is thrown upon two of the most gigantic evils of pagan Rome—the gladiatorial shows and slavery. We learn how the innate pride of the victims of Roman cruelty would sometimes display its recoil from the ignominy of being "butchered to make a Roman holiday." One determined fellow, Seneca tells us, when being conveyed in a carriage of some sort to the arena, feigning drowsiness, managed to get his head down between the revolving spokes —or perhaps between the spokes and the car—and there held it till his neck was smashed. Another, a German, seizing his opportunity while yet in the cells of the amphitheatre, rammed a lavatory brush with all his force down his throat and so perishing suffocated eluded his hated conquerors (Ep. 70).

These brutal sports seem to have increased in ferocity with the decadence of morals. They became feasts of blood rather than exhibitions of prowess. At an earlier period, our author tells us, there would be an interval between the morning and the afternoon shows, which was filled up with some light diversion of a dramatical-farcical kind :

> Now it is filled up with the massacre of defenceless men—criminals, we are told. This brutal display is relished more than the combats. Every blow sinks deep. "Why object? The man is a murderer, and has deserved his fate." "That may be, but what is *your* desert that you should feast on such a spectacle" . . . "Kill! Apply the hot iron! The scourge! What possesses the wretch to shrink in such fashion from the *coup-de-grâce*? The creature might show a little manliness in dying!"

It was not for several centuries yet that these horrid spectacles were put an end to—as may be read in Gibbon's 20th chapter, or more vividly pictured in Tennyson's "Telemachus."

Seneca is seen at his best in his advice as to the proper treatment of slaves. Roman slavery was (Mommsen thinks) the worst the world has seen. The commoner sort of slaves were so numerous as to be almost valueless. The slave-dealer followed in the wake of the soldier, and after every "glorious victory" a ruthless auction consigned prisoners by hundreds and by thousands to life-long bondage. The number of slaves

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possessed by individual citizens was often enormous. There is evidence to show that two hundred was quite a common number, though one wonders where such masses of humanity could have been stowed within the narrow limits of the capital. Men engaged in agriculture or commerce on a large scale often owned thousands of these "living chattels." In the reign of Tiberius we read incidentally of a *familia* of four hundred slaves —a purely domestic establishment—suffering the penalty of death on account of the murder of their proprietor by one of them.[1]

Seneca bids Lucilius to be kind to his slaves. "Slaves! Nay, human friends!" He reminds him of the wholesome lesson of the Saturnalia—a survival of the days when there was no sharp distinction of master and slave. "What then? Am I to admit all my slaves to my table?" (Admission to the master's table seems to have been one mode of emancipation.)

> Nay, no more than all free men . . . Judge their worth by their character, not by their occupation. A man's character is his own; his occupation is matter of accident. Admit such as are worthy; even some that they *may* be worthy . . . Let your slaves respect and love rather than fear you . . . Some will raise the cry of "Abolitionist." But the man who wants more than respect and love, wants more than God. God is worshipped and loved. Love is incompatible with fear.—(Ep. 47, 16.)

Lovers of Matthew Arnold's poetry will recall the powerful lines—too familiar for quotation—in which he pictures the deadly ennui of the Roman voluptuary. The materials of it seem to have been drawn partly from our author:[2]

> Some men [says he] are possessed by a satiety of always doing and saying the same things. It is not so much that they hate life as that they are sick of it all . . . How long is it to be the same story—washing, sleeping, feeding, hungering, thirsting, cooling? There is no end to anything—all is linked in the same endless chain.

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[1] It is a satisfaction to find that this wholesale indiscriminate punishment shocked a populace hardened by the sights of the arena. The sentence was carried out with difficulty.—(Tac. Ann., xiv. 42–5.)

[2] See, however, Lucr. N.D. 3, 1060–7.

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Can we wonder, that with such a consciousness, suicide should be so common as hardly to attract attention. These letters, like those of Pliny the younger, half a century later, again and again touch on this theme. The writer had witnessed many suicides, he tells us. Here is a typical case. Bassus, old and infirm, had long struggled with ill-health, but had suddenly collapsed.

> Life [says our author] is a voyage. So long as our friend's barque showed only an occasional leak, he was equal to the occasion; but when water came pouring in at every seam, he thought it useless to go on working the pumps.

Accordingly Bassus resolves on death. The usual method, abstention from food, was no doubt adopted. Seneca is impressed with his friend's calmness, and makes no attempt to divert him from his purpose. Bassus thinks it is as foolish to fear death as to fear old age, the one being the natural sequel of the other. How many degrees of the great ethical compass measure the interval between this indifference of Bassus and the shrinking earnest dread of Dr. Johnson? The sect of the Stoics, to which Seneca mainly belongs, deemed suicide lawful only under certain conditions, and then as a way of escape allowed by Providence from extremest suffering or ignominy.[1] Plato, apparently after Pythagoras, condemned it as a desertion of the post assigned to each man by the Great Commander.

Though the main current of these letters is ethical, from time to time—all too rarely—matters of general interest crop up. In one (Ep. 77) we get a glimpse of the excitement caused by the arrival of the Alexandrian corn-ships off the coast. Egypt is reckoned to have furnished one-third of the food supply needed for the capital and its vicinity; and the approach of the indispensable flotilla was heralded by fast dispatch-boats

[1] So in magnificent language pleads the Demon of Suicide to the weakened Knight of Holiness:

> "And he that points the centonell his roome,
> Doth license him depart at sound of morning droome."
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> *Faery Queene*, I. 9, 41.

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(*tabellariae*). The corn-ships alone were allowed to fly a top-sail as they neared port. In another, Seneca lauds the skill of a glass-blower, achieving by his breath shapes almost beyond the deftest handiwork—*qui vix diligenti manu effingerentur* (Ep. 90); in another we get a description of the transformation scenes which formed part of Roman variety entertainments. Suetonius and Pliny also speak of their contrivances; by means of which frameworks (*pegmata*) rose and fell, opened out, closed or collapsed (Ep. 88).

Letter 57 contains a high-flown description of what is now known as the Grotto of Posilipo. This passage, half a mile or so in length, was constructed through a spur of the Apennines, in order to form a speedy communication between Naples and Baiæ. As an engineering work it is an insignificant affair, and Seneca's account of his passage through it is sufficiently grandiloquent. Its length and its darkness seemed to him alike portentous. It was "darkness visible"—*non ut per tenebras videamus sed ipsas.* He goes on to discuss the natural effect of such nervous shocks upon the system—a line of observation in which we forbear to follow him.

This chapter of scraps may not unfitly be wound up with a selection of the sententious maxims so characteristic of our author and so abundantly interspersed throughout these letters:

Even after a bad harvest, we must still sow.

Live for others if you would live for yourself.

Life is a warfare in which there is no discharge.

He is great to whom earthenware is equal to plate; nor less great he to whom plate is as earthenware.

No art is good whose end is money.

Let Fortune use me as her soldier rather than as her fondling.

If your life is evil, what boots it that no man knows it, if only *you* know it?

A life without any buffetings of fate is a dead sea.

The last extremity of evil is to become enamoured of it.

No man is good without God.

T. D. Hall.

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# MR. SUTRO'S "MORALITY" PLAYS

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE made a fatal error in thinking of the English as "a nation of shop-keepers." Had he thought of us as we are—a nation of moralists—he might have made a truer estimate of our strength. In England, at least, the moralist's reputation is not hard to come by. Your clever playwright who knows the ingenious use of a revolver acquires it easily. Mr. Pinero, finding the problem of *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* insoluble, assumes an air of doom and, dazzling the spectators with the flash of that arbitrary pistol, fires a shot which is equivalent to "I give it up." He is hailed as moralist. Mr. Alfred Sutro never "gives it up." He is hailed as moralist too. He eschews the revolver and simulates the realistic manner. Much as he may rejoice, justifiably enough, in his success as a dramatist, it is obvious, from his choice of themes for his plays, that he most desires public applause in his rôle of moralist. In this day of uncritical enthusiasms the word "masterpiece" has been bestowed on less meritorious work than *John Glayde's Honor*. By virtue of this play and others on cognate subjects, Mr. Sutro has been instituted high priest of morals in the contemporary theatre. In drawing-rooms, urban and suburban, his problems are discussed as if they were real and vital. In some sort he has been ordained *Censor morum publicorum* by that vast body whose views of sexual ethics are so largely determined by their treatment in the

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novel and on the stage. The internal evidence indicates clearly that of the two values of his plays, Mr. Sutro holds their moral content in higher esteem than their dramatic expression. Between desire and achievement, however, a broad gulf is set. The closer Mr. Sutro's plays are examined the less grows the apparent moral value of his domestic fables. And his implied claim for acknowledgment as an original and courageous thinker on the problems of sex finds no support.

"Let us leave ethics out of it," exclaims one of his heroes, Joe Tremblett ("The Perfect Lover"). If the advice were followed, there would be precious little left for discussion in the Sutro series. The trailing of the ethical coat is the principal stimulus of the plays. Popular vanity is easiest gratified by the insinuated flattery that its intellect is being occupied with profound problems, when all the time it is being beguiled by a dexterous theatrism. In such cases the audience is not exercising its reflective faculty but responding emotionally to the histrionic appeal from the stage. This Mr. Sutro knows well and turns his knowledge to profit. Certainly in his latest work he has exhibited a dramatic distinction which gives the play considerable value as an entertainment. But its permanent worth as a contribution to thought has to be gauged by the quality of its moral factors. That quality, despite the clamour of suburban enthusiasts hailing him "Master," I hold to be small, alike in this and his other "moral" plays, *The Walls of Jericho*, *The Perfect Lover*, and the episodic studies, *The Correct Thing* and *A Maker of Men*.

The two last-named are descriptive without being selective. The first is a study of a man dismissing his mistress. It pipes a sub-acute note of protest against conditions which may be deplored but cannot be altered while our social structure stands on the existing basis. The atmosphere is highly charged, and Sentimentality is enlisted in the leman's favour. The second is well written—a pæan of womanhood—overflowing with the current cant of feminism. Both are embued with the spirit of

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the militant "suffragette"—describing through the dramatic medium two phases of the "subjection of woman." Neither shows Mr. Sutro in his full development as a moralist. That position he first really challenged with *The Walls of Jericho* —in essence as choice an example of the blatant "penny plain and twopenny coloured" Vice and Virtue melodrama as ever was. It tickled Suburbia. It denounced the immorality of the Smart Set. Father Vaughan was anticipated. The scene *à faire* was one which, however often repeated, never fails to arouse the enthusiasm of the effeminate of both sexes. The worm as it turns is always an edifying sight. This particular worm—its name was "Fighting Jack" Frobisher—became vocal as it writhed, and Mr. Sutro pretended that, as a consequence, the walls of the Smart Set Jericho fell down flat. Of course we know well enough they did not. Dogmatic in temper, crude in structure, and transpontine in sentiment, *The Walls of Jericho* succeeded because of the noisy moralising in which the action and characterisation were dissolved. The suburbs squirmed with joy at the spectacle of Society being chastised with scorpions. Any less formidable punishment they would have regarded as mere futile lashings with milk and water.

The next of the domestic plays, *The Perfect Lover*, showed a great advance. The structure was stronger, the characterisation truer, and the language less feminine and high falutin'. Like its predecessor, however, its parade of profundity only masked a sentimental melodrama tricked out to resemble a "problem" play. Viewed in the later light shed by *John Glayde's Honor*, this summary of its characteristics is confirmed. All three plays exhibit their author as a dramatist perpetually occupied with morals. Yet what has he to say? Has he any new message? Or even any new insight into old problems? What new clash of moral ideals with social conventions resounds in these works? Where is there any conflict between an absolute or instinctive morality and the order against which, while he assents to and even aids in its establishment, the individual is ofttimes impelled to rebel?

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My answer is that he has no new message or any new light to shed on old problems. No defiant clash of original thought against old sanctions reverberates in this glittering void. Nay, more, one may observe how Mr. Sutro surrounds himself with a zereba of conventional safeguards. Not for the world would he offend public opinion, though he smack his chest never so loudly, exclaiming the while, "See what a daring fellow am I!" Take that coup which has won him final applause as master-moralist, the end of *John Glayde's Honor*. This solution, in truth, is just and logical; but, in estimating its sincerity, the method by which it has been achieved cannot be ignored. If it be found that the development of the action hinges upon theatrical devices and that the difficulties of a true realistic treatment are evaded, it is surely not unjustifiable to assume that the same intentions dictate the form of the conclusion. What praise is due to Mr. Sutro is his meed for not having yielded on the one hand to the clamant voice of Romanticism demanding the shedding of a lover's blood at the hands of a "dishonoured" husband, or, on the other, to the whimperings of a shallow Sentimentality which begs that its insatiable appetite for goodies may be gratified by the spectacle of a reconciliation between husband and wife, through no matter what preposterous, hypocritical advice, and at no matter what cost of future misery.

Conventional safeguards! Never was pseudo-moralist more adroit in their use. Note the prophesied misery of Muriel Glayde's life after her divorce. Her marriage with Lerode, you have the satisfaction of knowing, will be protracted wretchedness. Note too how the descent of Lerode from honesty to deceit is emphasised. Hear the *cri du cœur* of the naughty, cynical, immoral princess, making confession of her ways for the benefit of headstrong Muriel, something in the style of the reformed burglar at a Salvation Army conventicle. What are all these but ingenious precautions against the attack of offended philistinism? And in *The Perfect Lover* they are even less carefully masked.

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This play is the ideal example of the author's skill in evading the problems with which he affects to grapple. *Elopements for Puritans* might well be substituted for its present title, and M. Rostand might include the Earl of Cardew's way with Mrs. Wm. Tremblett in a revised list of *enlèvements* undertaken for varying money considerations by that prince of spadassins, Straforel. This delectable nobleman and the eloping lady agree to talk no word of love until after a divorce has been obtained. And—oh triumph of all the respectabilities!—they enlist the sympathetic services of an aristocratic spinster to act as chaperon during their voyage across the Atlantic!

I may perhaps point out here that the much debated end of *John Glayde's Honor* is no more than a repetition of the situation in the third act of *The Perfect Lover*, wherein the "wronged" husband is first furious (like Glayde), then resigned (like Glayde) to the idea of divorce, and finally goes back to money-making (also like Glayde). (It is a curious fact that Mr. Sutro's heroes are always enormously rich.) In essentials Glayde is a replica of Wm. Tremblett—with the added suavity of Mr. George Alexander's best County Council manner. Like Tremblett and many another man who has had to reconcile injured vanity with abhorrent fact, he makes a virtue of necessity and exclaims, "Let him take her and keep her!"—only he does it with a spiteful insinuation of potentialities of deception on his wife's part which deprives his surrender of any semblance of grace. It is Brabantio's final stab at Othello over again: "She has deceived her father, and may thee!" There is much malice in John Glayde's warning to Lerode: "Take her and help her—to lie and betray no more."

A nice point of morals is raised by the scrupulous conduct of Mr. Sutro's eloping Earl. "Not a word of love until after the divorce!" say the lovers, and clinch the bargain by throwing in a chaperon. As their conduct before departure has been irreproachable, it seems as if the husband is to be morally tricked into obtaining a divorce to which he is not legally

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entitled. Or does the author imply that an elopement with a married woman is sanctified by the Earl of Cardew's conditions? Or that the perfect lover is he who is considerate enough to supply his mistress with a chaperon? One cannot believe that so astute a maker of plays as Mr. Sutro did not appreciate the exact effects of such safeguards. Obviously they are part and parcel of his method of supplying a sentimental public with "realistic" drama "guaranteed free from offence!"

One other fact there is which sets the final stamp of unreality on the moral pretensions of these plays. A resolute disregard of the normal sequel of matrimony, the existence of children, can only indicate an intention to ignore the steep paths of a true realism in favour of the theatrical road which is so much less difficult to traverse. Though he has been married many years, John Glayde has no children. Mrs. Wm. Tremblett's only child ("The Perfect Lover") has been killed off before the play begins. Indeed, Mr. Sutro displays quite a flair for dramatic infanticide, depicting a society which has apparently based its rule of life on a perverted application of the economic laws propounded by the late Rev. Mr. Malthus. See the wisdom of this course. It defeats by anticipation Suburbia's chorus of disapproval of naughty matrons who leave their children for their lovers. In certain romantic circumstances Suburbia may condone the simple act of flight from brutal (stage) husbands. But child-desertion it cannot forgive. Thus the absence of children saves Mrs. Tremblett and Mrs. Glayde alike from the condemnation which would overwhelm them if Mr. Sutro had not indulged a preliminary slaughter of the innocents. Now they are spared the last denunciations—through Mr. Sutro's ingenuity and forbearance. Even while he tricks his audience of its grudging sympathy, he appeases its wrath by yielding the concession it demands. He knows well that, in her heart of hearts, My Lady Suburbia does not resent either Mrs. Glayde or Mrs. Tremblett, for even she in sentimental mood concedes the right of revolt against the wretched conditions of these miserable

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marriages. What Her Potency resents is the visible and audible expression of mutiny—in other women. Revolt must be tinctured with rosewater. Imprimis, the children must not suffer. And, since he knows that, if he adhered to strict realism, they would suffer, our author, by virtue of his power as special providence, sees to it that his heroines are childless. Suburbia is, however, consoled in the foreknowledge that, on moral grounds, Mrs. Glayde will suffer. To complete his purpose of diverting from her the sympathy which otherwise might be extended to her, Mr. Sutro compels her to a course which truth-hating Suburbia loathes. What Mr. Sutro's feminine audiences hate in Muriel is not her revolt; that they can endure. But, shirking the truth themselves, they are sickened by her steadfast and effective lying to her husband in order to save her lover, as she believes, from death. Thus by an adroit use of a naturalistic method Mr. Sutro achieves his object of alienating sympathy from a sinful heroine, while at the same time he strengthens his easily earned reputation for fearlessness and moral courage.

Intimately allied with this aspect of Mr. Sutro's work—viz., the ingenious use of a simulated realism to enhance the effects of his conventional methods—is the peculiar feminist nature of the appeal of the whole series of domestic plays. The quality of their heroes affords an illuminating commentary on the inherent feminism of these fables. Frobisher, Cardew, Tremblett, Glayde—they are all women's heroes. They are of the breed of men whom women adore because of their capacity to browbeat other women. And the solutions of the play are made for feminine consumption too. They are either sentimental (*The Walls of Jericho*), hypocritical (*The Perfect Lover*), or theatricalism masquerading as daring originality (*John Glayde's Honor*). One has no right to complain that Mr. Sutro does not give us something else than he does. After all, the first business of a dramatist—and the last—is to write entertaining plays. Mr. Sutro, though, affects to do something more than this, even while he burkes the questions he pretends to answer.

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For the men and women of his "theatre" are mere labelled projections of certain aspects of character chosen "to make a case," and are not complete human beings, as we meet them on the daily round. Let us, however, argue these people according to the author's pretence of realism. Alethea in *The Walls of Jericho* is the heroine in the mood of renunciation. Is it cynical to smile at renunciation on £100,000 a year? Her resolution, one feels, is but a momentary ebullience of sentimentality, which will vanish long before the Queensland Arcady is reached. And Jack Frobisher?—"Fighting Jack," like the rest of Mr. Sutro's heroes, is one of the favourite creations of feminist fiction. He belongs to that order of strong men who act weakly until the judicious moment arrives for them to strike at the throbbing heart of the public by an outburst of magnificent virtue and sentimentality. Histrionic silhouettes take the place of living beings in these plays; hence the resultant of their energies is histrionic too. A naturalistic development of the theme of *John Glayde's Honor* would have been immensely more difficult as well as immensely more interesting than the action as at present exhibited. Suppose that Lerode, the lover, who is represented as hating lies, did not juggle with the word "friendship" in his stormy interview with Glayde, but told the millionaire plainly that he loved Mrs. Glayde and would not give her up. Glayde may not shoot: that would be romantic, and the habit (save in the woolly West and South London) went out with Dumas fils. Mrs. Glayde may not shed tears and return; that would be sentimental. Such a triangular struggle—with these alternative solutions "barred" and the treatment developed on rigid naturalistic lines—would provide noble material for the dramatic moralist. The means by which the solution was reached would afford a supreme test of the author's powers as a reasoner on moral problems. Mr. Sutro, instead, has fled from the fight. His development of the theme hinges on the accident of an open door and an arm extended to close it—his hint to the audience that the discovery of the liaison by Glayde is now

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assured. The machine works with wonderful delicacy, but its very smoothness is only a sublimation of theatricalism. Glayde is called away just when his quarrel with Lerode has reached a point which is the last test of the author's sincerity. If he goes beyond, he is fettered to true naturalism. Lerode is on the point of avowing his love for Mrs. Glayde. What a shocking fix for the author if he speaks! What will happen if he does? Mr. Sutro's moral vision fails him. He cannot see what would happen. He knows that he will be brought face to face with unsuspected possibilities bristling with unimaginable difficulties. To go forward is to court defeat. If he goes backward, he knows he is sufficiently master of his resources to make a show of victory. So, with clear eyes, he surveys the terrain: he sees the rugged, inaccessible nature of this new moral ground, perceives that he has not the force to conquer it, and beats a clever, showy retreat into the safety zone of theatricalism. His action is a virtual abdication of his authority as a critic of morals. By a trick, a specious trick but a palpable, Glayde is disposed of for a few moments, and in that moment Mr. Sutro brings off his *coup de théâtre*. It is breathlessly exciting; nevertheless it degrades the play from a comedy of morals to mechanical melodrama. Just for a minute the lovers embrace. On the instant an arm is seen shutting the door behind them. Another minute passes, and John Glayde learns of his wife's momentary conclave with Lerode, and of their guilty secret, which is "secret de Polichinelle." Clearly enough, the natural development of the situation is distorted by this effect. The statement does not need amplification.

So, too, with the solution. In the first place, the argument is not stated fairly, for throughout Mr. Sutro—doubtless in the highest interests of mankind—gives Glayde all the best of the quarrel. Generously enough the millionaire forgives up to a certain point. That point is reached when his wife formulates in words the physical fact of her liaison with Lerode. This is nothing new to Glayde; yet he at once assumes an attitude of horror. He emits "a great cry." He

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"writhes." He is "broken in two." "Have you no pity?" he asks. Then making a great parade of outraged virtue he gets his wife off his hands as quickly as possible. Muriel's terror on account of Lerode is unreasonable. Men like John Glayde don't shoot. Your plutocratic land pirate has ever an exaggerated respect for the forms of law, even though it be no more than a reflex of his exaggerated respect for his own safety. Moreover, the suddenness of Glayde's decision, with its unexplained and inexplicable revulsions of emotion, is a proof of the author's sensitive feeling for histrionic effect. Glayde's surrender is a telling "curtain," and with the romantic and sentimental endings barred, the only possible curtain. In the circumstances of the case as stated, no other solution can be offered. The law which even Americans in Paris are supposed to obey has long ago provided a catena of reason between criminal romanticism and sentimental hypocrisy. There is no logical and just course open to John Glayde than to traverse this golden bridge. Even in saying this, however, one feels that half an hour of conversation between Muriel and John, both inherently weak characters, would have resulted in their reconciliation. Instead of this we are edified by the spectacle of Glayde's logical but theatrical renunciation.

As it is primarily the alleged moral content of *John Glayde's Honor* which attracts the English playgoer, it is necessary to examine the motive of Glayde's "sacrifice" carefully, if full justice is to be done to Mr. Sutro's faculty as an arbiter of morals. Let us deduce the motive from the following passage—if it is possible:

> MURIEL. I shall go with him (*i.e.*, Lerode).
>
> JOHN. That is your last word?
>
> MURIEL (*defiantly*). Yes!
>
> JOHN. Very well, then—let us wait.
>
> MURIEL (*with a shriek*). You mean to kill him?
>
> JOHN (*coldly*). Why not?
>
> MURIEL (*frantic*). Why not, why not? Because I adore him—you hear that?—adore him! Belong to him, body and soul!
>
> *JOHN (with a great cry, writhing, broken in two).* Oh! have you no pity?

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[*He drops his head—she looks round as though dazed. Trevor Lerode enters*]

LERODE. Mr. Glayde!

JOHN. Come here.

MURIEL (*with a shriek*). Trevor, he will kill you!

JOHN (*quietly*). Come here . . . This woman loves you. She used to be my wife. She loves you . . . She has made the greatest of all sacrifices for you . . . she has lied and betrayed. Take her away!

MURIEL. John!

JOHN. I shall divorce her—you can get married. I shall make provision for her that she may never want. Take her, and help her—to lie and betray no more!

Even at the end it may be noticed that Mr. Sutro cannot refrain from currying favour with Suburbia. See what pains he is at to intensify the halo round John Glayde's head by means of that generous money provision—which will involve small sacrifice to this multi-millionaire. Taking the passage as a whole, what is its meaning? What indication of motive does it give? Either it implies that Glayde did not before realise the true state of affairs (a proposition contradicted by many precedent facts) or it is meaningless—except as a passage of fine theatrical intensity. In fact, it would seem Glayde relinquishes his wife to Lerode, not from any peculiar nobility or sacrifice of his happiness to her, but because of the most frequent cause which incites men to put apart their wives—viz. that they love better elsewhere. What wonderful new morality is expounded here? Surely there is no more nobility involved in reluctant submission to such knowledge than there is in swallowing a material draught that nauseates the palate. But because realism is so rare on our stage, because even a moderate amount of truth is so unusual a thing, this ending of *John Glayde's Honor*—the only one which, in the circumstances, would not be a deliberate distortion of the facts of life—is hailed as a moral revelation. Certainly it is immensely effective. Yet if proof were wanted that it had been adopted, not on account of its intrinsic truth, but because of the histrionic value of its unconventionality, it is to be found in the passage just quoted. It is literally

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bathed in limelight. You see the husband whose neglect might be construed in a court of law as "conduct conducive" standing in an aureole of conscious self-righteousness, pitied by My Lady Suburbia, who, incited thereto by an ingenious moral author, has condemned that guilty couple Mrs. Glayde and Lerode to live unhappily ever after—even though married. "Across the bridge" melodrama was never more thorough-going in its dogmatic teaching. As contributions to the discussion of morals, Mr. Sutro's plays and the efforts of the transpontine dramatists are of identical nature. In their points of view and their outlook on sexual morals I see no essential difference. They differ only in manner and manners.

Where in all these works has Mr. Sutro established his claim to consideration as a bold or keen speculator on the problems of sex and domesticity? Frankly, I cannot discover wherein he has justified this reputation. I find no new point of view, no individual philosophy, no message. On the other hand, his moral teaching seems founded only on the mirage of theatricalism. He perceives the possibilities of the exploitation of certain phenomena of conjugal life. But the exploitation is sheer histrionics or nothing. When Nora Helmer slammed the door of her doll's house, she banged it on a situation which left us in turmoil with a new moral proposition, marvellously stated. Even such defective *drames à thèse* as Brieux's *Maternité* and *Les Hannetons* are braver challenges of certain accepted standards and moral sanctions. All the difficulties are postulated, the conflict between an absolute, instinctive justice and morality on the one side, and social order on the other, is set forth in the clearest terms; there are no evasions. Mr. Sutro, however, besides being no guide to the new, is not even an interpreter of the old. He but exploits convention adroitly in the interests of a brilliant "theatre." He would play the moralist and censor. And by dint of noisy repetition of a sort of *sinfonia domestica* he has been hailed in these names by a public equally shallow in sentiment as in thought. Until the content of these plays be scrutinised for their moral value,



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the author's implicit appraisement of them as real contributions to the discussion of sexual problems may be lightly accepted; but such inspection only reveals, behind the ample cloak of a most interesting and ingenious dramatic expression, a moral vacuum. There is in these plays no demonstration of any sustained new thought, or true statement of vital problems. Examine the moral content of these clever fables and you will not find any element that is not either sentimental or conventional, or that is not dictated by the insistent, irrepressible voice of Theatrical Effect.

ANTHONY L. ELLIS.

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# DISCIPLINE IN ELEMENTARY SCHOOLS

THE elementary schools have a sufficiently bad reputation in respect of many things, but in respect of one thing their reputation is good. Everybody admits that the discipline in elementary schools is excellent. Stray visitors to the schools usually come away considerably impressed by what they see. And if it is easy for them to mistake the appearance for reality, being, as they mostly are, public school trained themselves, the reality is still vouched for by the fact that many sensible middle-class parents cheerfully risk the slovenly speech and habits of the board school for the sake of the orderly training and thorough grounding in elementary subjects which the board school supplies. We may indeed look to see an increasing use of our elementary schools by lower middle-class people; and their practical and personal interest may be expected to bring about many improvements in the curriculum of the popular schools.

Far be it from me to disparage the one respect in which the board schools are almost universally admitted to excel. My object is to show that the existing discipline in elementary schools is not nearly so good as it might be, and therefore not nearly so good as it ought to be.

Elementary teachers as a body are singularly patient and long-suffering. Comparisons may perhaps be invidious, but anybody who realises the astonishing difficulties of elementary teaching, and the shocking remuneration offered by the State,

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will readily agree that teachers are about the most faithful, conscientious, and badly treated servants of the community. That in the teeth of both natural and imposed difficulties they have won any reputation at all is proof enough that they have earned it. And I for one shall never cease to remember with pleasure and gratitude the splendid services of the mass of elementary teachers in this country.

But that is all the more reason for a fair and impartial examination of their case. Just because I know their difficulties and appreciate their virtues, I desire to put for them the real facts concerning discipline before the public, in the hope that what is now good may, by means of improved conditions, become better. For to say the truth, the discipline for which the elementary schools are praised is by no means the discipline that teachers praise themselves. All these years, in fact, the schools have made a reputation by means of a sham and an appearance.

The genuine discipline of our schools is for the most part humane and efficient; but the very discipline which unqualified visitors commend is the very discipline which militates most seriously against the educational discipline. Of course, this would not matter if it were merely a question of commendation with no consequences. But public commendation inspires to imitation in readily comprehensible ways. The bad discipline that is praised comes more and more to be the object of the teacher, and to displace the discipline that is only praised by the few discriminating minds.

For what are the qualities of the discipline which impresses the visitor? In nine cases out of ten, the visitor is impressed by the same discipline in a school that he would expect to see in the army. Mechanical precision, instant and unquestioning obedience, uniformity of action, every child moving as one: these are undoubtedly the "telling" qualities. I have known many visitors remark on them in loud and sincere adulation. "Perfect! Perfect!" they say, and "Wonderful! Wonderful!"

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Now it is obvious on a moment's reflection that the discipline of the army is the very antithesis of the discipline necessary for education. Discipline in the army is intended to consolidate individuals, and to create a single powerful body out of many comparatively feeble units. The whole object of army discipline has, in fact, a body and not an individual as its ideal. But in education the object is exactly the reverse. There the only virtue of discipline is its power to subserve the individual. The idea of a body or of a class consisting of indiscriminate and welded units is foreign to the mind of the educationist. His business is primarily with the unit and the individual, and so far from his task being the drill sergeant's task of creating a homogeneous mass, it is the more difficult and delicate task of creating from a mass tending to homogeneity a number of individuals capable of resisting the tendency, and capable, therefore, of individual responsibility. Unless, in fact, the aim of the educationist is this rather than the other, then education must alter its theory and meaning, and call itself by another name.

As a matter of fact, however, nobody when challenged would deny that in theory, at least, the business of education is to create individuals. Yet this is tacitly denied by every visitor to our schools who praises the discipline simply on account of its military precision. That discipline of a military character is suitable to some school exercises—for example, to physical exercises—I, of course, do not deny. But the fact is that the visitor is generally just as delighted with military discipline in lessons like reading and writing as in lessons like physical drill.

I have seen, in several large elementary schools, this very ideal carried to ridiculous lengths, without exciting a word of criticism from dozens of educated visitors. When one has beheld the astonishing spectacle of a class of sixty children of varying sizes and bodily formation compelled to sit at their desks for a writing lesson in such a precise way that an observer at any point would get the vision of a multiplying

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mirror, and see nothing different from end to end of the class; when at a word of command, all pens are taken up, begin to scratch, and are laid down simultaneously; when explicit instructions are given to the short-sighted childen to sit *as if they could see* (when in fact they cannot see), and all for the sake of preserving the appearance of discipline, then one concludes that the military ideal has got out of its proper place. But that is not all. For if the visitor should walk, during an arithmetic lesson, round a class in a school reputed for its discipline, he might, if he were unsophisticated, be delighted to observe the unanimity with which all the children placed each figure in the same square or on the same line of the exercise books. But if he were a teacher, the spectacle would shed a vivid light on the methods employed—methods which as teacher he would never adopt, but methods which as showman he would probably himself adopt. This slavish and absurd devotion to uniformity and communal accuracy is, in fact, due to the admiration which military discipline arouses even when military discipline is really discipline of the worst description.

But on the subject of uniformity in elementary schools, I have already written in this REVIEW.[1] Let me now confine myself to the means employed to bring it about.

There is no use in shirking the disagreeable truth that military discipline whenever it appears is always in the last resort dependent upon physical force. And this is true no less of schools than of the army and navy. The whole question of discipline is therefore intimately bound up with the question of punishments—of punishments ranging from gross physical force to all the ingenious varieties of moral and intellectual pain.

Now the essential condition of practical teaching in our elementary schools is a certain measure of uniformity of action on the part of the class. It is obviously impossible to teach sixty or a hundred children both separately and

[1] See MONTHLY REVIEW, December, 1906.

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simultaneously; and it is just as impossible for the vast majority of teachers to secure sustained and equal attention from children differing in temperament and capacity. No doubt a born genius might manage to arouse and maintain the fickle interests of a hundred or so children for an hour at a time; but archangels, I suspect, could not repeat the miracle five times a day for five days a week. Nor have we any right to expect all our elementary teachers to be archangelic geniuses. The surprising thing is that training and practice do in many cases enable teachers who are anything but geniuses born, to arouse and keep such an interest practically as long as they please. How it is done must always remain an incommunicable secret, in spite of multitudes of books of "School Method" professing to explain the mystery. Constant practice and the inevitable obviousness of failure combine to make possible the acquirement of the art. Though is is far from easy, and therefore far from being universal amongst teachers, a considerable minority of elementary teachers are as a matter of fact able to maintain order by the use of art and without more than a very rare resort to punishment in any form.

I say this the more gladly, because in considering the methods which the unskilled majority are driven to employ I shall have to say apparently hard things. But my remarks concerning the difficulty of maintaining order must be taken as absolving from too much blame the unfortunate teachers who fail to maintain order without the use of means of which even they are ashamed.

I have spoken of teachers, who, if not born geniuses, have at least made themselves by constant practice into something like geniuses. There is a second very large class of teacher, who for the most part is intelligent enough to maintain discipline, except upon occasions when, owing to a knot in the grain of things, he suddenly loses his head, and with it his skill, and undoes in a few minutes the moral work of weeks. Such teachers in fact are almost invariably sooner or later the

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victims of the law. In their blind unpent fury they are capable of the most extreme physical cruelty; and I have sometimes seen normally gentle and kindly teachers assaulting a child as if they were engaged in battle with a fiend (as indeed they are!). As I have said, it is generally such teachers that figure in the police court, where an indignant parent has dragged them before an almost indifferent public. For, to tell the truth, the public is generally inclined to divide itself equally between the teacher and parent, and so to neutralise its own opinion.

Lastly, there is a type of teacher, happily in a minority, but unhappily in a favoured minority, that makes a system of cruelty on such a scale and in so cunning a fashion that even the authorities are blinded. I have no hesitation in saying that they are the most evil feature of our elementary school life. If the few geniuses of whom I have spoken, born teachers who open a path to children's minds as it were by the sunshine of their personalities: if such are the redeeming salt of a dull profession, then these other few are the geniuses for evil. The harm they do is incalculable, not alone to the children who fall into their hands, but to the children of teachers trained under them, to the whole city to which they belong, and to the profession at large. They are the new type of Squeers, to abolish whom would be a saving act beyond price. Their enforced idleness in the community would be a small price to pay for their absence from the profession of teaching children.

But the problem of evil is inextricably entangled with the problem of good. And in the case of such teachers it is unfortunately true that they have many qualities which appeal to the minds of unenlightened authorities no less than to the eyes of foolish visitors to the schools. The external discipline of their classes, for example, is as near perfection as mechanical obedience and unwearying training can make it. It would be a wonder if the results did not appeal to the eyes of visitors, since they are exactly calculated to do so. No hunter ever took more pains to learn the habits of his destined prey than

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such teachers take to understand the whims and fancies of visitors to their schools. Only a few weeks ago there appeared in one of the daily papers a report of what was called a "novel test of discipline." A football had been suddenly thrown into a class-room of children, and visitors were requested to notice the extraordinary absorption of the children in their work: not a child raised its head to inquire the cause of the disturbance. No doubt the visitors were duly impressed, as the appearance of the report witnessed. But perhaps their impression would be different if they knew that the "novel test" had been painfully rehearsed many times. I remember in one school the headmaster had a still more remarkable turn to stage for his visitors. When specially influential visitors were present, he would sometimes appear suddenly to be struck with an idea. He would send for all the teachers in the school, asking them to leave their classes, and then invite the visitors to walk through all the class-rooms, and report to him if a single child turned its head or spoke. How amazed and delighted the visitors used to be! And when the master tacitly assured them that it was all training that did it, they wrote ecstatic praises to the authorities, with fulsome compliments to the headmaster. When the visitors had got safely away, the teachers returned to their classes to receive reports from a back-form boy who had been secretly on the watch for culprits. The offenders on his list were then proceeded against with the utmost rigour of the law. In the same school I have seen the headmaster crawling on the floor on all fours and challenging the children to look at him. Acceptance of the challenge was very rare. Yet on behalf of that master there was much to be said. The authorities at any rate speedily learned to disentangle the good from the bad, and apparently concluded that the balance was considerably on the side of the good. And, undoubtedly, the master was devoted to his profession. He spared nothing to make his school a success in the eyes of his employers—neither children nor teachers nor himself. His teachers sometimes complained that they were overworked,

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but he could always point to himself as an example. Or they grumbled at the methods expected to be employed, and then they were either transferred to another school, or made to feel captious and isolated. The children sometimes complained to their parents, and the parents complained to the Board; but the Board officials returned the complaint to the headmaster, and between them the case was suppressed. Once or twice, perhaps, a parent would insist upon bringing the case into court; but it would be an assistant master who would be charged, and his fine, if he was fined, would be paid by the Teachers' Union, and nothing further would happen.

Then I am bound in fairness to admit that some of the children positively appreciated the methods of force. Their reasoning seemed to be the ancient Oriental reasoning that, "whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth." I was not a little impressed on being told one day by a boy in my class that so-and-so's class (naming a martinet teacher) was the one to get on in,—"*the teacher thrashed 'em so much.*" I had heard of Plato's children who would, he thought, have unanimously elected the pastry-cook rather than the doctor to be their king, but this was a very different preference. I certainly concluded that children no more knew to-day what is good or bad for them than they knew in Plato's day. But the verdict of some of the children at any rate must be placed on the side of corporal punishment.

Then it is also true that about such a school there is an air of efficiency that always appeals to the gross sentimentality of practical men. Such teachers run their schools like a business, on thoroughly business lines. There is no nonsense about education (except in the presence of witnesses), no cant about training minds (except on prize-giving day), no sentimental twaddle about individuality, no philandering with educational methods. On the contrary, there is what is called "good solid work" done, children go "through the mill," they are there to do what they are told, and to be indulged in no whims. In fact, the school is run to pay. And pay it does.

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It pays the Board in grants from the Government; it pays the ratepayers in eulogia from visitors; it pays the headmaster in promotion; it pays a few of the teachers in the favour of the inspectors; it pays—well, does it pay the children? For after all, they have to be considered.

I seriously conclude that for the children it not only does not pay, but it is always at their expense. Unless we can close our eyes to the inevitable brutalising that is effected in them, to the abominable habits they acquire of mutual spying and tale-telling, to the hideous moral damage done to their sincerity by the exhibition of long-prepared impromptu feats of discipline for the gaping delectation of visitors, to the after effects of early association of all that education means with all that commerce in its worst aspect means—if we cannot close our eyes to all this, we must conclude that the children pay, and pay heavily. If we want to know why the evening schools are almost empty, why a large section of the board-school educated public shrug their shoulders when school is mentioned, why the board-school teacher is generally despised, and the profession itself so self-conscious that most teachers try to disguise themselves and pass as clerks or what not when they are on their holidays, why, in short, our elementary education is still scoffed at incidentally, and when off their guard by most of our writers, speakers, politicians, and newspapers, and all with excellent reasons, then I assert that it is at the doors of such disciplinarians and efficient business-managers and their official aiders and abettors that the responsibility lies.

For the profession as a whole must suffer for the misdoings of its worst members. There is no escape from corporate responsibility. As a matter of fact, the way in which the profession is lowered by the action of such creatures is plain enough on even casual inspection. As I have already said, praise leading to promotion is as naturally desired by the teacher as by any other human being; and when praise and promotion follow, as they too often do follow, the exhibition of such

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discipline as I have just described, then the temptation to imitate that discipline is very great. It is notorious amongst the teachers that their best members do not succeed. The pathetic struggles I have often witnessed taking place in the minds of young teachers between the desire to teach educationally and the desire for promotion have been too numerous to leave me in doubt as to the reality of the evil. The two desires appear to be completely incompatible, and it is too often the desire for promotion that wins. Now it is a hard fate for an average man to have to choose between life as an obscure assistant, with a petty maximum salary staring him in the face, and life as a successful person climbing to the top of the tree. Yet that is a very common dilemma for the teachers in our elementary schools. Once let the Board make the mistake of honouring and promoting a person known as a disciplinarian of the bad type, and in the minds of dozens of assistants the scale is turned, and the decision to emulate him is made. But when, as has sometimes happened during a *régime* of narrow-minded business men, the mistake is made not once, but many times, and the deliberate policy is pursued of promoting these "slave-drivers" (as they are technically named), then the chances of many teachers remaining teachers are very remote. Only exceptional character or circumstance will enable an individual to defy the impersonal tyranny of a complicated system, and to remain a teacher in spite of every inducement to become a slave-driver.

But it may be asked whether corporal punishment is not expressly forbidden by many authorities. How can they then countenance breaches of their own regulations, and, in fact, honour the breach more than the observance? It is true that many authorities do expressly forbid the use of corporal punishment by any teacher except the head-master. It is also true that a record book is generally provided for the entering of the details of every punishment, and that the records are periodically inspected by Board officials. But if the head-master is of such a type that he will habitually employ corporal punish-

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ment, and habitually countenance and even encourage its use by his assistants, it is hardly likely that he will strain at the gnat of making incomplete returns. What is more, the authorities often stupidly connive at this result, for a faithful record of punishments may involve a censure from the officials for its length, while an imperfect record is sure to be passed in the absence of specific (that is, parents') evidence to the contrary. I am far from saying that the record books are usually wrong, but the fact is certain that they are not always right; and they are certainly most wrong just where it is desirable to have them most right, namely, in the worst cases. In short, neither the regulations nor the record book are any defence against the real evils.

Or surprise may be expressed that the teachers themselves have not long ago moved in the matter. The reasons why they have not are many and complicated. For one thing, it is extremely difficult to define unprofessional conduct, even if the Teachers' Union had the power of expelling offending members. Moreover, cases of what might easily be regarded as unprofessional conduct are comparatively numerous, and if they were considered would rapidly weaken the Union. Again, the Union is in actual fact a trades union league of defence against public authorities and parents, much more than it is a body for maintaining a standard of professional conduct. Lastly, all teachers are aware of the difficulties and temptations that surround the work of elementary teaching, and are generally inclined to pass light judgment on even the most obvious breaches of the unwritten code. Thus it is a very rare occurrence for a teacher to impeach his profession. He guards it jealously, even when he knows that the public is being badly served.

In endeavouring, therefore, to rid the elementary schools of the "slave-drivers" it will be useless to rely upon record books and regulations, and useless to expect the co-operation of teachers as a body. But obviously the authorities have still power enough to cope with the evil, if once they recognise

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its existence. As I have said, it is the magical act of honour and promotion that is really responsible for the spread of the mischief; and the use of the same means on behalf of the precisely opposite type of discipline might therefore be supposed to produce a corresponding result. In every school there is at least one teacher who is making a brave struggle against great odds to teach intelligently and humanely. It should be the business of the authority to find that teacher and to single him out for praise and promotion. It may be that his class will not impress ignorant visitors, but who ever expected that a school should be a performing menagerie or a variety show? It may be—nay more, it certainly will be—that at the end of the year there will be a great difference in the attainments of the children in such a class. The best children will be very good indeed, for they will not as now be left to themselves. Even the dullest children, though still dull, will be less dull, because they will not have been driven and hounded to over-exert themselves. But what of that? Is there any public demand for the levelling that at present takes place? Are we satisfied to learn that the children best fitted to receive instruction are stupidly neglected in favour of the children least fitted? Are our elementary schools to be exclusively forcing-beds for the stinted and stunted, and delaying-beds for the gifted and capable? Really the objection that was once made by a Board inspector to my class that the work was very uneven almost demonstrated his singular fitness to preside over a steam-roller! One might suppose him terrified at the prospect of individuals, and recklessly determined to stamp them out. Of course his defence would be that the backward children had been neglected. The neglect, however, was no more than the neglect to assault, batter and terrify children into the appearance of smartness. As guardians of the children, however, and with a parental predilection for the halt and the maimed, most authorities will hesitate a long time before really sactioning the creation of differences. Their theory will probably continue to be, "Equal

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treatment all round," and their practice to remain, "Preference for the dull." And so long as the practice lasts, so long will the real teachers, who cannot do other than cultivate differences, remain obscure and neglected.

It may, however, be hoped, as I suggested in the beginning of this paper, that with the advent of the lower middle classes into our elementary schools, the levelling practice will gradually disappear. For with the middle-class children will come the need for middle-class teachers, and with educated teachers will come an insistence on intelligent methods of discipline. In short, it is to the middle classes alone that we must look for the freeing of our elementary schools from the tyranny of "slave-drivers." Meantime, the more enlightened authorities will do well to prepare their schools for the reception of the lower middle classes, and so prepare the way for their own supersession and for the abolition of the commercially minded pedagogue.

A. R. ORAGE.

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# VANISHING LONDON

The sight of London to my exiled eyes
Is as Elysium to a new-come soul.

THE thought of Heine, a bewildered and friendless alien, loitering in the busiest streets of London, evokes our sympathy, and it is not hard to understand why gall flowed to his pen when he recalled his visit. "Send a philosopher, but no poet to London," he cries; "it smothers the imagination and rends the heart." Yet to many a native poet, and to many a painter, London has been a solace and an inspiration, for the city, despite its Grub Street, has been the kindly nurse of genius. What scope has it not afforded, what friends, what memories cluster round its generous taverns! To name the "Mermaid" is an incantation; the spirits of Shakespeare, Beaumont, and Ben Jonson rise from the past. Who but wishes that he might have called at Will's Coffee-house when Addison, Steele, or Pope was there? Who is there now that would not go post haste to the "Turk's Head" in Gerard Street to listen to the talk of Johnson, Goldsmith, Reynolds, or Sheridan? We can almost hear their voices. Boswell is speaking, he regrets that he must leave London. "Sir," says Dr. Johnson, "I don't wonder at it. No man fond of letters leaves London without regret." We think of the "Salutation," where Lamb and Coleridge foregathered; of the "Cock," where Tennyson drank his port, and of many another. Surely in no other city could "the tavern hours of mighty wits" be more profitably spent, and the poets in their gratitude are not niggardly,

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Elysium is the word which Marlowe puts into the mouth of Piers Gaveston. When the roar of London's traffic has become a byword, they perjure themselves for their foster mother; to John Sterling London is not "full of noise and dust and confusion," but "something silent, grand, and everlasting," while to Henley, "even the roar of the strong streams of toil" seems "like the speech of lazy seas on a lotus-haunted beach."

It would seem impossible to walk the stones of the streets without feeling the thrill of "old, unhappy, far-off things," yet Londoners rarely have the sentiment for London. For the most part they are unfamiliar with its picturesque byways, its ancient buildings, its relics of the past, heedless even of its present beauty. The Park, the houses where one meets one's friends, the clubs, the play—all this agreeable life must needs be circumscribed, or links in the social chain would be broken, and to those who do but sojourn in town during the season the rest of London is without the pale. Indeed there is little to rouse the spirit of discovery in the glimpses of the unknown vouchsafed them on arrival, for to reach our great railway stations the trains traverse mile after mile of mean and squalid streets. It is a spectacle which only one man hitherto has found anything but dreary. Sir Leslie Stephen tells the story. To a Swiss guide whom he once brought to London, he said, as the train approached the terminus, "That is not so fine a view as we have seen together from the top of Mont Blanc." "Ah, Sir," was the pathetic reply, "it is far finer!" Allured by the prospect of human companionship, he had yet to learn that in the crowd he might experience a solitude more bitter than on Alpine rocks. Without as within the pale the number is small of those who are willing or able to regard London contemplatively. Men of affairs who have not invaded the world of fashion, having transacted their business, hasten to Surrey heights, or farther afield, to play at the country life. The suburbs are more remote from the heart of London than their distance warrants, and so restricted is the life of the



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inhabitants, that a multitude have scarcely seen the city at their gates, though on rare occasions they make excursion to historic buildings, such as the Abbey or the Tower. Some work-people on Sundays parade the streets, or take the air upon our only boulevard, the Embankment, but the great majority of their class prefer in hours of ease their weekly newspaper, their sports, or the public-house. The key of the streets is given to few.

London has been roundly abused by writers of little perception, and its treasures are often unvalued even by men of taste. Perhaps the reason is that to extract the quintessence of the city's charm many gifts are needed, not only the research of the historian, the zeal of the antiquary, the knowledge of the architect, but an eye for colour—something of the painter's spirit. The last is the essential gift, and unfortunately in the true-born Englishman the art sense is not innate. Where the arts are concerned he generally harbours an uneasy feeling of suspicion, which the jargon of the critics does much to foster. Lacking a touchstone, it is to fashion rather than to taste that he does reverence, thereby justifying the apophthegm of Canova, that Englishmen see with their ears. If he would but tarry and open his eyes, he could not fail to see that in its aspect the city is as exquisitely changeful as a woman. No longer do gardens stretch to the riverside, nor watermen ply their craft, singing Kit Marlowe's verses; but from the bridges that cross the Thames we may behold skies that were never seen in our golden age, sunsets finer than are seen to-day over the lagoons of Venice. The smoke and vapours exhaled by this strange overgrowth of London, to which the walled city of the Middle Ages was but a seed, create now the most gorgeous, now the most delicate effects of atmosphere, for smoke and haze are often a more subtle medium than the clouds for the absorption and reflection of the sun's colour rays. Take your stand in the evening on Blackfriars Bridge, turning your back on the hurrying crowd that looks neither to the right nor to the left, the ebbing tide of humanity. The river beneath

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is ebbing, too, and in the distance mists empurpled by the fallen sun appear as clouds of smoke reflecting the blaze of many fires, which rolling eastward seem to threaten the city with a horrible destruction. On a summer night outlines are blurred, or but half revealed beneath a glimmering veil of blue ineffable as the bloom upon dark fruit. The honey-coloured moon hangs low in heaven, a lantern at a carnival. The city is phantasmal.

In winter river and sky are sometimes one, a sheet of pearly grey, the banks are blotted out, nothing is seen but the water, which is like liquid chalcedony, frothing and churning against the piers and meeting beyond in dimpled eddies. Now and again a huge lighter looms out of the mist and swings slowly down, and the gulls that are driven inland from the frost-bound coast rise from the surface in clouds that blacken the red disc of the declining sun. The scene is so strange and wild that the mind reverts to the little cluster of British huts once grouped where Thames Street runs to-day, when the broad, untrammelled river flowed through marsh and virgin forest. On the ever-shifting distances of London streets which elude definition, and on the suggestive mystery of London skies Turner's dreams were fed. In his earliest youth it was at Lambeth that he painted the first of his pictures to be hung on the walls of the Academy. It was at Chelsea that he lodged in his old age, in a riverside cottage, from whose roof, or from a wherry, he watched the changes of the heavens, making a spy-glass of his hands. In despite of truth, but in pursuit of beauty, Turner has painted the world with the atmosphere of London.

To turn from the witchery of the skies, it is surely time that a plea was entered for the charm with which the air of London has endued the stonework of our buildings. There are many to whom smoke and grime are always an evil, who wish, perhaps, that our buildings each morning should be sluiced with jets of water, after the Dutch fashion, who would fain scrub St. Paul's. The incomparable Lamb would have none of this,

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"I love the very smoke of London," he exclaimed. To our statues the grime is fatal, which is no matter for great concern, but in the gradations of light and shade exhibited in the blackening stone of one of Wren's churches the etcher finds full scope for his art. The adjective blackening must be subject to qualification, for the Portland stone used in the upper portion of these churches, of a kind never dug now from the quarries, is often bleached to silvery white. Especially is this apparent when spire and tower gleam spectral on the night. But even these silvery stones are delicately marked by the hand of time. And beneath each tower what dignity in a world of shadows! There are some so preoccuppied with the modern search to reproduce the luminous aspect of a sunlit world as to forget that in shadows there is repose. How full of richness and interest the simple wall may be when stained and coloured by the fallow rains, the drip of water, the erosion of the air, by all the frescoes of wind and weather. The range of tone in the blacks and grays is unapproached in any building that rejoices under the purer skies of Italy. The effects are more subtle. Ignorance alone could vaunt the colour of our stones above the jewelled beauty of Venetian palaces, or the golden travertine of Greece; but in the half world of colour, the blacks which are soft as velvet, and the grays which from silver and pearl approach to indigo or russet, London is unrivalled.

Here even on cloudless days sunshine is tempered by an invisible canopy of vapours, and for this reason the blue of the sky seems more intimately near than in the South. There is a magic air fertile in illusions. As water will often give a reflection more beautiful than the object, so by this air the mean or squalid is at times transmuted into "something rich and strange," so potent a medium is it for softening, modifying, concealing, for making the values more pronounced. Even in prosaic streets the play of light and shadow upon the roofs and houses will result in a wonderful sky-line, a charming vista. In the old road to Tyburn, from Newgate to the Marble

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Arch, there is many a pleasing silhouette against the sky of roofs wantonly irregular in style and level, and in the neighbourhood of the Inns of Court, the countless chimney stacks are picturesque, like a forest of gnarled and twisted branches. That sinister familiar of Paris, Le Stryge, which with lolling tongue leans out from the heights of Notre Dame over the *Ile de la cité*, looks not on so rich a pasture of huddled roofs and winding river as he who mounts the tower of St. Bride's, or the Monument. The human diversity, the wayward energy of the houses reflects the passionate life which throbs in the city's arteries. The huge and formless structures, hotels, warehouses, tenements, can thence be seen only in the mass, redeemed by the saving grace of the atmosphere. The florid Palace of Westminster is by distance chastened to a style more nobly Gothic; the new Law Courts, despite irrelevant arcade and pepper-box, seem no longer such a gallimaufry; and the Tower Bridge, dim and shadowy, is no incongruous mixture of stone and iron, but has become simple, elemental, as befits the great water gate of London. Beyond, in the pool and in the docks, their crowded masts rising above the houses, are the ships; tugs are panting up the river, towing a string of lighters laden with coal or timber; on every wharf the task of unloading proceeds apace, and the file of men that tramp the gangway from the steamer look for all the world like ants laden with eggs. But the eye soon turns from all else to St. Paul's, which from these heights is revealed in the grandeur of its dimensions. In sunlight the soft black shadows upon the dome give to it the fulness of strength, an abiding solidity, while on gray and vaporous days it looms strangely insubstantial, ghostly, islanded in mist, yet always dominant. It is fitting that the centre, to which London points, should be capable of such paradox.

The thought that so much which has delighted the eye has gone or is vanishing is profoundly sad. If London is to have its Méryon, it should be quickly. Sir John Soane, having designed the Bank of England, amused himself with

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an architectural drawing in which he foretold its appearance when the New Zealander pictured by Macaulay should visit the august ruins of the once Imperial city. He has drawn it with broken columns upreared amid fallen blocks of masonry that are mellowed by the hand of time. Alas, it is not by the slow ravages of time, but at the importunate bidding of commerce that the London we have known disappears. Against this adversary a Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings is all but powerless. "As with the body's change," so with many a district; the past fades and is obliterated, and a new phase of London grows swiftly to maturity. But though "good must pass," better rarely if ever follows. I am tempted to think that the advent of the railways wrought as much havoc as the Great Fire itself. To make way for stations, goods-yards, sidings, and the like, many a quiet, old-world street, and many a church, were swept away, and to the rapacity of the railways there is no end. For the increased traffic, which they fed, broad thoroughfares in central London were demanded, and half the great houses were pulled down. When the coaches no longer held the road, the coaching inns, those fair and spacious hostelries, soon dwindled in number. Scarce one is left, though fragments remain in Aldgate, Southwark, and Holborn. The "Old Bell Inn" in Holborn was a sturdy survival, but it is gone now. In some cases, by the irony of fate, it is a railway company that grants a reprieve, and the galleried courtyard, once the scene of so much gaiety, is used for a little while as a railway stable.

One by one our city churches, the rearguard of our past, are disappearing; in the last generation their destruction has been reckless. Each year now claims its sacrifice; one year it is St. George's, Botolph Lane, the next St. Peter le Poer—the stones are sold, the interments violated, the sites desecrated. If when the churches were destroyed the towers were allowed to stand, a concession that might easily be made, the injury would be less grievous, for the towers and steeples of the city churches were designed by Wren to form a group of

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acolytes, supporting the central figure of St. Paul's. By their reduction the symmetry of London has been impaired; in particular the loss is to be deplored of the four steeples of Allhallows, Bread Street, St. Antholin's, Watling Street, St. Bene't, Gracechurch, and St. Michael, Queenhithe. In earlier years reasonable or colourable excuse was given for demolition, as that a church must go in order that the approach to London Bridge might be widened, or that another must be absorbed by the Bank of England lest its tower should give dangerous vantage to a mob. But to-day no valid excuse is offered, such is the greed of commerce that a church in which are enshrined the customs, sentiments, and traditions of a people, must give place to a warehouse or a brewery.

The Inns of Chancery, although but a little while ago they were an integral part of London, are now almost a thing of the past. New Inn, whose hall, with its tiled roof and mullioned windows, looked upon a pleasant garden, and Furnival's Inn, where Dickens lived and wrote, are swept away; the name of Clement's Inn is given to a block of unseemly flats, and of Barnard's Inn the hall alone remains. Dane's Inn, an independent body, in whose name was embalmed the memory of the old Danish settlement, has shared the fate of New Inn, to make way for a great thoroughfare. Clifford's Inn has been sold, and its fortunes still hang in the balance. May the Fates be propitious to this "haunt of ancient peace," so that, like Staple Inn, which has fallen into good hands, it may be maintained for many a day to soothe the senses with its tranquil charm. It can scarcely be said that the Inns of Court themselves are safe, when it is remembered how the splendid Gothic gateway of Lincoln's Inn of late so narrowly escaped destruction; and what wanton mischief has been wrought by the restorer in the Middle Temple Church, in the hall of Gray's Inn, and in Lincoln's Inn Chapel, which now stands like a steed with its head in a nose-bag.

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To the gabled houses which lent such grace to our streets the despoiler is equally ruthless. Wych Street is gone, with its 'Rising Sun," and Holywell Street, where students rich and poor spent many an hour in handling books. For the most part the worthy citizens of London would seem to rejoice in the havoc. "Ah," one hears them say, "what a splendid clearance, what fine new buildings we shall have, what a broad, straight road!" It is the broad way that leadeth to destruction. When whole streets capitulate it must needs go hard with single buildings. Sometimes, as in the case of Sir Paul Pindar's house, their relics are placed in the museums, not far from the bones of extinct animals. Some are standing yet, in Cloth Fair, where the Earl of Warwick's gabled house has been used by a tallow chandler, in Aldgate, Clare Market, Cripplegate, Fetter Lane, but they are few and far between. It is possible, too, still to find an old city mansion with oaken staircase, panelled walls, carved chimney-pieces and decorated ceilings. One such, which had been used as a school-house, stood in Botolph Lane a year ago, hidden among the warehouses of Billingsgate.

Within a year two buildings which all but faced each other, as if to suggest the poles of our society, were razed to the ground, Christ's Hospital and Newgate Prison. Of sluggish brain was he whose imagination was not quickened before the prison walls. Sinister and gloomy pile, strong to withstand assault and to withhold liberty, home of mental agony and sudden death, its grim stones had the dignity of retribution, the irony of necessity. It was a work of genius by a man of talent, an enigma, unless Mr. Blomfield's theory be accepted, that it was designed while Dance was filled with the inspiration of Piranesi. The thickness of its walls, the rigour of its bars, were revealed at last in forbidding nakedness. It has gone, like the Bastille, but while in Paris the ancient prison site is outlined in the streets, no sign will mark the place of Newgate. Its extirpation is as complete as in days when razed cities were sown with salt, nay, the very foundations were dug out.

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Beneath them was found a bastion of the old Roman wall, whose dark stones, too, were uprooted, and for a while lay mingled with English bricks and mortar in one dust heap, symbol of the common lot.

> The tree of man was never quiet:
> Then 'twas the Roman, now 'tis I.

Emotions of a different order are evoked by the loss of Christ's Hospital. It was a familiar possession of the citizens, who could not forbear to linger by the iron grating which separated the playground from the street and watch the sports of the blue-coat boys, that glimpse of the joy of youth through the bars of time. The lofty hall beyond was modern, but the Christ's Passage entrance, with its statue of the boyish king, was designed by Wren. As many relics as might be were removed to the new school at Horsham, but the old counting-house, the very picture of the merchant's office of a bygone day, the court-room, and the little flowering garden, which were almost unknown to the outer world, were doomed to vanish and "leave not a rack behind."

Much has been done already to portray before it is too late these memorials of an older time, among others, by that fine etcher, Mr. Muirhead Bone, by Mr. Philip Norman, and by Mr. Hanslip Fletcher, a younger artist, who has given us many valuable drawings of vanishing London. But the last decade has seen sweeping encroachments, and surely it would be well that some organised attempt were made to fill the gaps in our national portfolio.

ARTHUR P. NICHOLSON.

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# THEY CALL IT PROGRESS

WORK-A-DAY London had put up the shutters; and what is thought to be pleasure was in full swing. The great world-town was, as usual, full of its evening excitement, noise, commotion. Its flashing lights and ever-moving crowd were a strange sight to one who, fresh from memories of peaceful Tuscany, wandered along the way.

This was a bearded man of middle height, dressed in a patched brown cassock, the livery of the Order of Friars Minor. As he slowly advanced, he was observed by all, all-observing. His face, though weary with much thought, shone with the light of ecstatic self-sacrifice. His eyes were eloquent of earnestness and pity. His tonsured head was bare, the hood of his cassock hanging behind his shoulders. His garment was worn and shabby, his mien showed extreme humility; but there was that in his manner of look which spoke of him as one of the company of the world's great men of soul. And such he was.

Sweet Saint Francis of Assisi was "here again."

As this quaint, mediæval figure moved slowly along the street, two small boys shouted after him—"Go up, thou bald-head"—though the words they used were culled from the decadent vocabulary of London.

Francis turned to look at them, wondering. Instead of calling from out of the wood for bears to devour them, as was

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permitted if not actually done by the unchristian Elisha, this man of a kinder God gazed upon them with love in his eyes. Their impudence was at once ended, their impertinence arrested. He beckoned them to him, laid hands which bore the marks of the Stigmata upon their unkempt heads, and said, "Little brothers, be ye thanked for the lesson of humility you have taught me," and gave them a saint's benediction.

He went on, leaving them staring, stupefied; realising for once that the language which ought to have helped them in such a crisis was inadequate, futile, suddenly bereft of suitable words. They ran to their slummery, rebuked, yet not ashamed. Their hearts were happy.

The man of Assisi, translated for a little while into the turmoil of the twentieth century, passed along his way, watching the movement, marvelling. It was so strange a world to him, this London of press and noise and tumult—a new miracle seemed happening twice within every minute.

Beyond all things else five special wonders impressed his mind.

The great stream of traffic flowed along without stop or stir; buzzing, rumbling, clattering, with its load of wealth and people. Within ten minutes, it seemed to him, a multitude went by, more than sufficient to have occupied any one of the Italian towns which had been cock-pits of infamy and anger in his time, and during the later day of Dante. The great river of humanity and of diverse vehicles which continuously flowed past, changed, to his mind, the whole vista of life and things. How was the world altered; what transformation for the better—or for the worse—was here evident! That was the first of the wonders.

Now and then—apart from the stream of traffic, yet belonging to it—came a fiery monster, charging and smelling; a hideous evil demon, with its wild glowing eyes. To all the other passers-by it was an ordinary motor machine, which the rich covet and the poor must from its effluent defects dislike. To the simple ideas of Tuscan Francis it was one of the worse

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mediæval fiends in new and singularly ugly form. The motor machine was the second wonder.

Amongst the people who passed were sundry youths and maidens mutually embracing; an unmusical noise loud on their lips. What they sang was foolish, unpleasant to the mind, dissonant to the ears, in every way inept. It shocked the sensitive nerves of Francis, did that music-hall ditty; the national anthem of a week. How human beings could be blind and deaf to the ugliness of that vocal nuisance—there was the third of the wonders of London.

He came to quieter parts, and saw a public-house. A drunken women, a little babe in her arms, was swung from the portal. She was undivine, bestial, bloated; the victim—a greedy victim—to gin. Angrily and with raucous voice, she harangued some persons within the drink shop, and was all the while entirely neglectful of the fragment of humanity cradled within her shawl. . . . Three days later that tiny child was to be dead of starvation, and the woman would be clamorously upbraiding God for the blow He had struck her. Francis watched her with horror, and thought of Eve and her sweetness; of the Virgin Mother in her purity. How woman, the daughter of love and beauty, could come to—that; there was the fourth wonder.

He passed through courts and alleys—rookeries; through narrow slums and passages filled with shame, the haunts of infinite misery; and was appalled at the sight of children—neglected, ill-fed, misused, weary almost unto death, forgotten! He, a child in heart, loved the children with purity's great passion, and was unable to understand how such folly and wickedness could be, as was implied in that gross waste of human wealth. The hope of the future lay rotting, and nobody cared.

Now and then, one or other of the little ones came to him to beg. But the Order of Friars Minor, as Francis knew it, had no wherewithal to help, other than by prayer and by love. He blessed the children and kissed them, and sent them happily

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away. That was all he could do. The greatest and saddest of the marvels was this, the fifth of the wonders of London.

He emerged from the slums and came at once to the wealthier part of the town, the placid West, where there are great riches and a constant feast of plenty; with squalor and want lurking immediately behind.

He came to a great square, one side of which was blocked by rows of carriages. He was wedged between the vehicles and a gaping crowd.

"Keep straight along, sir," said a policeman. The ever-obedient Francis obeyed; and so was guided and directed along a privileged pathway until he came to a large mansion —a place of festivity. Red cloth covered the steps of the entrance. Some girls and women, crowded together and staring, formed lines between which guests in fancy dresses passed from their carriages into the hall above.

A footman, powdered, majestic, stood at the bottom of the steps and helped him, "That way, sir." Francis went as directed—one of the multi-coloured, many-costumed crowd, to receive admittance and welcome. The saint entered the portals, not of the decent rich, but of the vulgar wealthy, those poor things known as the Smart Set. He was a stranger within the gates. He passed into the large white hall, and at the foot of a broad flight of marble stairs was stayed by a servant, making a loud announcement of names, who asked Francis for his.

"Mr. Francis Seesey!" then cried the man.

He was welcomed by his hostess, a great woman, gross, bejewelled and Hebrew. She beamed on him with the insincere effusion of new society, saying: "*So* good of you to come!" and then turned to repeat the words to the next and all subsequent comers, whomsoever they might be.

Behind her was the host, a man of cruel eyes and heavy mouth, who had dug a fortune, by the labours and sacrifices of others, out of the diamond mines of South Africa. His

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conversation, addressed to no one in particular and everyone in general, consisted chiefly of the words "Liberty 'all." Throughout the evening, Francis heard him murmuring that brief but hospitable sentence.

Francis, following the human stream, came to a great saloon where dancing was in progress. A foreign band, gorgeously uniformed, was playing one of the waltzes of Strauss. The melody and movement made the heart of Francis strangely light. He rejoiced in that first appearance of gladness after his recent experience of wretchedness, squalor, and shame; but, as he watched the merry throng, his joy grew less.

Yet it was a wonderful scene, bright, exciting, excited. Fortunes had been spent on the dresses, diamonds — the favourite jewels of rich vulgarity—flashed everywhere. He beheld an orgy of blatant wealth. At first Francis thought the costumes were of this day—the happy twentieth century; but he saw youths and maidens—Romeos and Juliets, lovers and soldiers—wearing, with anachronisms, the costumes of his time, and knew then that this was an extraordinary occasion; that the subdued and dismal garments worn by the people of the streets were characteristic of this drab age; not those clothes of colour and picturesqueness.

It was a sight to amuse sinners and in some ways impress saints. The eighth Henry was talking politics with St. Jingo, who had a tarnished halo fastened insecurely to his shining pate. Fair Rosamund, a lady with a too-red wig, babbled scandal with Peter Pan; while Ophelia, wild flowers in her hair, listened eagerly, her pitiful madness gone. Queens were cheap and plentiful; Mary Queen of Scots, for some strange reason, being the favourite. That poor unhappy victim of wild love and sinister politics had several representatives, all of them fat, most of them more than forty. Venus was there—clothed in immodesty and foam. Ancient Romans and Texan cow-boys, knights in armour and languishing ladies in all the dresses of the ages; Hamlets, monks, bishops, chimney

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sweeps: there they were—parts of one clamorous and amazing medley.

One dazzling figure in the scene gave Francis a momentary shock of horror. It was the devil himself, green and militant, with horns and tail and pointed ears, holding his pitchfork of punishment. The friar in his simplicity, firmly believing it was no other than the ancient enemy of man himself, vigorously made before him the sign of the Cross, and breathed a Latin prayer. The incident made Francis popular. The crowd of guests, regarding him in fancy dress as one of themselves, greeted his action with laughter, voting it witty and appropriate, a part of the play. The green devil ran away cowering, pretending to be frightened. Francis continued to watch the wild display of Liberty 'all.

By this time the orchestra had started a two-step, and the saint, who, besides being the purest soul in Christendom, was also one of its truest artists, fled from the dancing room in quiet disgust. If this was the poetry of motion the pity that young England could not learn some of the peasant dances of Tuscany.

He passed into a corridor where there was talk, and found himself, successively, one of a series of groups. The first consisted chiefly of dames with complexions, and men, empty-faced and shining-haired.

"The Duke looked so bored this morning, I believe the governess had smacked his face." "I shouldn't be surprised if we heard strange things in that quarter before long." "As for Lady B., they say she has pawned her jewels, poor thing, owing to the goings-on of her naughty hubby." "Hasn't enough to make ends meet, owes the tradespeople a mint of money." "Have you heard of Johnnie C. and the actress?" "Don't tell any one, it was whispered to me in confidence, and so must go no further, but her husband is going to make a nasty fuss shortly—we shall hear things—Johnnie is *so* careless." "Isn't our hostess a guy and Liberty 'all a bounder?" "Did you ever see such a crowd? wouldn't be here, only they

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owe him money, and one must be decent to one's wealthy creditors, mustn't one?"

Francis moved on, he wished to hear no more of the sayings of the Smart Set. There was too much brain about it—feather brain. He came next to a little group round a man, who was eating an ice. His long hair, thin face, and pose marked him out as an actor or minor poet. He was the talking oracle of that cluster.

"The man's a perfect genius, he can hang from a trapeze with his heels and drink a pint of gooseberry." "Have you seen the pictures at the Crude Gallery?" "Awfully rotten—the best of 'em was painted by Bertie J." "Awful ass, Bertie; asked me what I thought of it—said it was rippin'—piffle really, you know, really piffle." "You should go and see La Solphine at the Impropriety—she wears nothin'—calls herself a statue, and the place is crowded—so artistic, you know." "Toby's new book out yesterday." "Spicy." "All about the Seventh Commandment." "Let's go and bridge."

Francis passed on to another gathering, this time of gilded youths, who drawled and simpered and lisped. They talked English as if it hurt their mouths, and generally only said two-thirds of any word longer than one syllable. The conversation was chiefly about actresses, their legs, their looks, and their loves. They discussed the supper they had eaten and the second one they looked forward to. They voted dancin' an awful bore; and, in a little while, also joined the growing gathering in the card-room.

Francis came to another cluster, this time of elderly men, with whom a few excited women were eagerly talking. This group had several oracles; every one spoke at some time, most of them at the same time. They were patriots discussing politics, and seemed to regard Parliament and the State as a sort of machine run for the sake of their set. Their point of view was that of the rich in office. They despised the poor, could not think of "Labour" without words of lurid anger; and generally assumed that the world existed for the benefit of

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the golden few at the expense of the working many. The facts of over-crowding, of hunger, want, and sin, the fruits of their own selfishness and neglect, did not appeal to them for one tithe of a minute. The poor, their moral masters, were despised, and only to be remembered when the disagreeables of life necessitated their intervention.

Francis began to speak to one or other of them, asking questions, hoping and endeavouring to attract attention to what, after all, is or should be the real question in all politics, the needs of those who have need. But those he addressed looked knowingly at each other; some giggled, others frowned; said the word "Bounder," and went their ways ignoring him. They could not discuss politics, they could only talk it. They were statesmen in embryo, of arrested development.

By this time he had come absolutely to despair of the intellect and sincerity of these rich people; and was returning to the door he had originally entered, determined to stay no longer in that byway of Vanity Fair, when he happened to hear the word "God" spoken by a bibulous gentleman, dressed as Robinson Crusoe.

Divinity was Francis's own subject. He stayed to listen to what was being said; but again, alas! was disappointed. He found that the idea of the Church amongst those people was not the spiritual union of the quick and the dead, the rich and the poor, joined together in one triumphant communion, but a brick and mortar institution, a congeries of dead souls, governed by a person with a whine who could only talk with feebleness and dull dogmatism about the mere husk of the mysteries. Their gossip was of the curate's eyebrows and the coins put in the offertory bag; of the social position of the clergy and those horrid narrow obstinate Nonconformists. The man of soul then with them was shocked at the want of spirituality in their ideas. It seemed, as it were, all show and sham, phrases and make-believe. Religion, as reflected in their talk, was no divine institution, but a surpliced sepulchre. Snobbishness shamed the altar. Francis stood lost in amaze,



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reflecting on what he had heard, comparing these rich people and their outlook on the affairs of the world and heaven, with the want and viciousness he had witnessed during his walk through London.

He was roused from his unhappy reverie by the noise of quarrelling in a room to the right, and hurrying there found a tumult indeed. It was the card-room; the place was packed. Roulette, baccarat, and bridge had been hard a-swing, until a charge of cheating had been shrieked out by an excited woman. Chaos re-existed. Men sprang to their feet and rushed to the centre of trouble; there were oaths, hysterical laughter, words of hot anger. A table was overturned. Golden money spun over the floor. Two women—the two chiefly concerned—were fighting, clawing, screaming; being encouraged and backed by vulgar men.

"Liberty 'all" came puffing in, persuading and threatening. Gradually the tumult calmed, and play recommenced.

Francis stood by the door, his heart cold with horror. Was this how these people lived, when there was so much work to be done in the world, wasting hours, quarrelling, fighting, over this game of colossal greed? He looked quickly at the faces about him; in all there was a hateful expression of greedy joy, or anger, or envy. "God forgive them," he murmured, "and send them grace to know what they ought to do!"

His imagination was awake to the eternal possibilities. He saw a vision and he dreamed a dream. There in the midst of those green tables was the opening of the bottomless pit—the mediæval idea of ultimate punishment. Down, and down, and down it led to the place of the triumph of Satan. Flames and sulphurous fumes uprose, the choking incense of Hell. The forms of the gamblers were shrouded by it, their young and old faces, white with the anger of greed, were veiled by it. Oh, to be spending life so; when death and the poor were so near—so near!

He fell to his knees and prayed passionately, imploring Christ to strengthen and lead these wastrels aright.

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Suddenly he was lifted and thrown out of the room by footmen, who called him drunk. As he went he passed his host, to whom he appealed to stop the evil play; but all he heard in reply was—"Liberty 'all! Liberty 'all!"

Francis hurried from the house. He had seen in that one hour nothing less than the triumph of Mammon—of Satan—in the world. It was enough to occasion a saint's despair. Out in the quiet square he looked up at the stars shining dimly through the haze, and wondered.

Francis walked many miles before the disgust and shame which had filled his heart were worn away. When he did regain cognition of things about him, he was far from the West-end of wealth, and approaching that wilderness of narrow streets and dingy houses, the piteous, neglected East.

Once only on the way was there an interlude. He was proceeding along the Thames Embankment when a woman accosted him. He looked into her face, saw tragedy written there. Her eyes were wild, her brow was lined with sorrow and heavy care. Her pinched wan cheeks were roughly daubed with rouge. She was at once a picture of infinite grief and most sorrowful sin. Francis intuitively knew her whole sad story, and in his own way helped her.

"My Lady Pity!" he said, as with brotherly lips he kissed her brow. "Sister, go, and sin no more!"

"But what can I do?" she asked.

"Go to the clergy and to good women. Go to the convent. Follow in the footsteps of the Magdalen. Christ received her. Christ's disciples will receive you!"

The poor thing said "Not 'alf!" and laughing bitterly, though her heart had been melted by his kindness, went away. But soon her laughter ended; she was shedding tears of hopelessness and penitence.

Francis had passed through the City, where wealth was asleep, into Whitechapel and the dim kingdom which appertains to that place of misspelt fame. He had come to the worst slums of Stepney; and led by some invisible influence,

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passed through an unclosed doorway, up a flight of steps into a shabby room. He stood like a shadow within the entrance and watched a pathetic sight. The room was almost entirely bare; the ceiling was broken, the panes of the window cracked and patched with paper; damp darkened the walls; the flooring was in holes. The furniture consisted of one bare wooden table, two broken chairs, and a straw bed, on which a man in the last stages of consumption was sleeping. An emaciated baby slumbered in his arms.

A woman was sitting by the table, sewing. The only light came from an evil-smelling oil lamp, flickering gloomily. She was stitching, stitching, stitching—through the long night; working on a piece of finery destined to adorn some "Smart Set" beauty; for which she would be paid a pittance in pence. Her eyes were almost blind with the strain of watching the passing thread. Her chest was sunken and hollow; she coughed from time to time; and her face was old, though she herself was not of many years. It was a sight for tears and anger. Hood's "Song of the Shirt" was written all in vain. This poor sempstress, sweated and starving, was no better than her ancestor-in-sorrow of half a century ago; and so it will be — unless miracles happen — for centuries and centuries to come.

The bitter pity of it! The world's wicked indifference stands in the way of the betterment of these, our sisters.

Francis, standing there, noting with numbed mind the weary man asleep, and the little baby starved and cold—the shadow of Death's kisses on its cheeks—felt the full horror of the mean tragedy. He turned abruptly, hurried down creaking stairs and out of the house, crying, "How long, O Lord, how long?"

In the street he paused to ask God questions. "Why must this poor racked, hopeless wretch endure a crucifixion of pain? Why did Christ offer Himself upon the Cross if misery and want such as this should continue to the shame of Christian England?"

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The dawn of a new day was breaking. That was all the answer he received; he read it as the promise of hope. But the irony of it all! Extravagance and grinding poverty! Bitter want and wasteful wealth!

Progress! Progress! They call it progress!

E. H. Lloyd.

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# "MARCELLO"

## WOVEN FROM THE DIARIES OF THE LATE BARON DE MALORTIE

"MARCELLO," the well-known *nom de plume*, or, rather, *nom d'artiste*, of the talented and charming young Duchess de Colonna Castiglione, will be remembered by all lovers of art who visited the French Salon during the last ten years of the Empire.

Descended from an old Swiss family, the d'Affrys, at the age of twenty-two she found herself a widow rich only in parchments, for the Duke Colonna Castiglione, like her father, Count d'Affry, was poor, and left his wife little beyond a proud name, and the somewhat antiquated notions and traditions of the old Roman nobility. However, during the last few centuries there was hardly a battlefield where the younger sons of the d'Affrys had not shed their blood, or that of others, and their names may be found on many pages of the Austrian and French army lists. These services added fresh laurels and honours to the family, but little fortune. There is a very good story told by the old Duchess of Orleans, the Regent's mother, H.R.H. "Lise Lotte," or, more correctly, "Madame," about one of the young d'Affrys of the Swiss Guard who had a furious quarrel with a French officer. The latter used such insulting language towards his Swiss brother in arms that d'Affry challenged him then and there. But the French

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guardsman insolently declined to cross swords with a Swiss, coming from a country of squireens without a single old name or noble family with sufficient quarterings for the Knights of Malta or a Prime Abbot's coroneted mitre. Young d'Affry shrugged his shoulders and replied with a proud look, "The quarterings of the d'Affrys, the Habsburgs, and a score of other Swiss houses might challenge even the premier baron of Christendom. But we have never coveted a courtier's or a Churchman's honours, though occasionally a crown, and that an imperial one. We don't care for ordinary tinsel, and prefer to live by a soldier's sword." "Well," sneered the Frenchman, "if others don't think much of Swiss brawlers, you seem to have a pretty good opinion of your little self; and I notice you give with really great modesty the 'august' *chaumière*—I cannot call it house—of Affry precedence to the imperial Habsburg—quite second to you, of course. *Excusez du peu*, it is a pity our Heralds Office have omitted your illustrious name from the golden book of the French nobility—a lost chance by St. Denis."

"That may be," answered the Swiss, "and if I mentioned our name before the great and glorious one of Habsburg, it is my right, for Rudolph of Habsburg was one of the noble gentle pages in the third Count d'Affry's train, the future Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire, having been sent by his father to win his spurs in the best knightly school of the day—and fame is no courtier, sir! As to-day, it knew of old the best man from the rest. And now, monsieur, that you have been assured as to my pedigree, I venture to hope that you have no further objection to cross swords with me." "I don't know," snarled the officer of the king's bodyguard. "You seem to forget the immense difference between the French guards of his Majesty and the hired Swiss companies; one, young sir, serves for honour, the other for money—for his pay! Therefore an officer of the Gardes Françaises does not cross swords with a mercenary." At that instant Monsieur d'Affry's glove clashed against the Frenchman's cheek, leaving a red mark,

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and, drawing his sword, he added sternly: "You almost forget, monsieur, that each man serves for what he wants—the thing he lacks—and with your sword idly resting in its scabbard, I fear you have not won your pay yet!" And with this second slap he left the guardsman. "Ponah! Ponah!" were "Lise Lotte's" concluding words.

Well, the Duchess Colonna Castiglione belonged to this old stock. Left with inadequate means, according to Roman notions there were only two things to choose from: to marry again—and suitors were not lacking—or to enter the walls of a convent, a living tomb! Neither of these propositions appealed to the young Duchess. There was, however, a third solution—incompatible, it is true, with the prejudices of Roman society; but the independent and fascinating widow resolved to utilise her taste and talent in the glorious art over which Phidias reigns supreme. As a young girl she had devoted much time to modelling, but in Switzerland good sculptors were scarce, and it was only during the short time of her married life that she found, in Rome, opportunities of improving herself under able guidance. She was indefatigable. "You work, madame," said one of her masters, "as if you had to earn your daily bread." The new aspirant for fame had talent, taste, zeal, and rare working powers. Some of her admirers called her a genius, and no doubt she was gifted with an innate *genie* for the beautiful, with a natural, instead of an artificial, intuition for the sublime, the truly great; and some of her early works are particularly bold, but with a refined inspiration, as if a tormented soul were struggling through the marble, to emerge out of the narrow and restricted world into which it had been thrown. After the death of her young husband, and various misfortunes, the *terre-à-terre* woes of a struggle for existence, her art came forward as the great consoler; it was to introduce her by slow degrees to truth, faith, and freedom from the dwarfed surroundings of a society either fossilising in the past, or living for the empty pleasures of an idle, luxurious life, caring for nothing so much as dear self and the worship

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of the "golden calf." The struggle and torment in her mind and heart worked out through the chisel into feverish and contorted shapes and forms, all tending towards the end when originality of conception should be equalled by power of execution. Men of the same school who came to her studio said to one another, "It is the woman! How will she reveal herself?" and they waited to see. Fortunately in this case the perseverance of man was added to the feminine temperament; the artist closed her door to the world, and worked with stern determination.

Bound by the historical ties of the Colonnas to the side of the *Papalini*, she had snapped her fingers at traditional prejudice, and, to the horror of some ultra-black duchesses, made no secret of receiving and going occasionally into white society. Fortunately she had enthusiastic admirers in both camps; but during her husband's short life, and out of respect for his position, she had always avoided bringing any members of the different sets together under her roof.

Cardinal Antonelli, one of her most devoted friends, often teased her about having a "black" and a "white" reception day. However, as soon as it was possible she resolved to leave Rome, and transferred her household gods and goods to Paris, having heard of a suitable studio on the Cours la Reine, attached to a small pavilion large enough for herself and her mother, Countess d'Affry, as, notwithstanding an innate love of independence, the very freedom of an artist's life, with its unavoidable Bohemian compatriots, made it necessary for the young widow to have the protection of some relative against the ever ready *médisance* of the world, and the vile calumnies a *grande dame* would have been exposed to in an artistic *milieu* which for a time was to proclaim her its own. Evil minds had little belief in the Duchess's intention of becoming a *bona-fide* worker. It was difficult for them to understand a desire for freedom when a woman could marry. Therefore the titled old maids, rejected suitors, and the narrow-minded middle classes all viewed her with suspicion. However, the Countess

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d'Affry soon silenced ill-natured comment, and relieved society of the feeling that the Duchess de Colonna Castiglione was "a lost creature."

The world of art, those curious beings who had felt the sacred fire of genius, they welcomed, not the Duchess, but "Marcello," the sculptor, as one of their own.

The small *pavillon* of the Cours la Reine, thanks to her taste, became one of the prettiest *bonbonnières* in the capital, while the high bare walls of the studio were enriched with Greek busts, pieces of carved alabaster, and glorious fragments of a bygone age picked up in Greece during her honeymoon. Amongst this exquisite medley figured some rare specimens dug out of an old garden—a head crowned with leaves, the half bust of a woman, the side of a sarcophagus, a hand and arm, in one instance a nose and chin only; but the sculptors who had not visited the classic lands handled the precious *débris* with reverence and sighed; but "Marcello" sat down to dream of an ideal, and strive by labour to gain the perfection accorded to so few. But perhaps in no art is it more difficult to realise a dream than in marble. How should she dare to imagine herself the gifted one whom immortal fame would stoop to lift out of the dust of mediocrity? There was a year of obscure toil; nothing was allowed to disturb the silence of the studio but the hand that was working in it. During the second year "Marcello" honestly thought she might undertake something for the next Salon that would be able to face the criticisms of the world and the masses, whom some mysterious intuition has made in all the countries the severest and surest of art critics.

I will not dwell on the sad experiences, jealousies, deceptions, and discouragements of an artist's life, and the solitude necessary to it, embittered by thoughts of past sorrows, the long strain on the nerves, hope, fear, despair—these can only be realised by experience and the self-abnegation, energy, and discipline required to resist all pleasure in the gaiety-loving city of Paris. The secret pangs of finding one's ideas scoffed at,

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and the disappointment of finding work we thought good unappreciated, pooh-poohed by an autocratic commission of cranky old wiseacres, puffed up with conceit and their own importance, each with his idea of subject and style, flattered, toadied to, and almost worshipped for an all-powerful approval. And then the misery of rejected work—the hope of months, the patient toil of a year, comes back unworthy of the labour given it, and is stood like a naughty child with its face to the wall, holding much of one heart and a leaf of life in its disappointing incompleteness. Had it been perfect and only scarred by the tooth of envy we could have borne it, indifferent to criticism in the quiet consciousness of its perfection; but there is a doubt—we discover we are deficient in talent, the hand lacks the skill to perform the projects of the brain—we must disown the deity of our past, the joy of many yesterdays, the defective creation of perhaps even a faulty conception, and with shaken faith begin again. Such was the fate of "Marcello's" dream; but she persevered towards the crown of triumph up the hill of difficulty and temptation, because she had been baptized with the *feu sacre* of the artist.

Her first great and almost spontaneous success came towards the end of the Empire. It was not, however, from a dream in marble. "Marcello" had sent a few small things—the head of a Titan, and the bust of Monsieur Rouher, the Vice-Emperor, as he was called; and it was this bust which revealed her strange and captivating talent. The verdict was unanimous, the effect complete. It brought a crowd to that section of the Salon, generally deserted in favour of the sister art. The striking likeness of Monsieur Rouher was universally admired, people were enthusiastic over its vivid, lifelike expression, and the Emperor and Empress twice honoured "Marcello's" studio with their presence. From that day her reputation was made, orders came from all sides, and society flocked to see the talented and sympathetic Duchess.

After the success, and three or four months of hard work, "Marcello" sought a little well-earned rest with her aunt at the

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Villa Diesbach at Nice, and upon her return to the *pavillon* began to inaugurate weekly reunions in her studio. A few faithful friends only were invited. A large piano was an agreeable addition, on which our hostess would occasionally play to us, or—a still greater treat—sing. In a short time the artistic world gravitated towards the Cours la Reine as its home. The first artists of the opera came, the stars of the theatre, and the poets and writers of the day; Coppée and others delighted the audience with recitals from their newest works; the principal ladies of *le grande monde* asked to be invited. Young *débutantes* found opportunities of being heard, and received under the auspices of our fascinating hostess an artistic and social christening, whilst the most captivating *causeries* kept us till the small hours of the morning. These, indeed, were never-to-be-forgotten evenings, where every opinion found a field for the display of its intelligence. There was no need of card tables to keep people awake, no supper to kill time or champagne necessary to awaken the dormant intelligence of the dull—thank Heaven they were not there; and those uncongenial spirits who came just to say they had been—left early.

Many lamented the fashionable influx, which at once ended the serious and intimate conversation of a small circle; no one more than the Duchess herself. But "Marcello" had new duties. The rising, popular artist could not choose, and would have found it impossible to shut her doors upon the crowd of art patrons and admirers who knocked at them. People of various political opinions met in a *salon* considered the *champ neutre*. Imperial courtiers and ministers had not unpleasant *contretemps* with leaders of other parties, as politics were forbidden, or, rather, an avoided subject; but the rooms of the *pavillon* had to be thrown open for the guests, and over the principal entrance was written in large gilt letters, "*Ici l'on s'amuse*," whilst over that of the studio one read, "*Ici je travaille.*"

Many years have passed since those pleasant days; the

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studio of the Cours la Reine has long since disappeared under the pickaxe of the *démolisseur*, the modern helpmate of time. A palatial building covers the Duchess's simple garden; the small arbour embowered in creepers, where we sometimes sat during the overpowering heat of a June sun, has turned to dust; the rooms which had been filled with enchanting music, and whose *habitués* had listened to the brilliant ideas of great minds, are no more—their echo only whispers in the memories of those who heard them. Yes, the frame has gone; but so, likewise, has the priceless gem it once encircled. *La Reine d'Autrefois* has followed her home, and the gods of its hearth, the voice which charmed the ear is silent, but the work which delighted the eyes remains a monument to her talent, and a precious souvenir to those possessing any piece of it. As I look upon a lifeless marble hand on my table, which the once living hand of genius had modelled, I seem to hear again the tap, tap, of the chisel; but the sculptor's task is finished, the delightful woman will never greet us again with her divine eyes, or stimulate youthful aspirations with her quiet praise. Her lovable, sympathetic nature, her brilliant and gifted mind, have gone into the mysterious unknown; but a remembrance of them will live to the end in the hearts of all who knew the Duchess de Colonna Castiglione.

V. DE M.

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# A SONG OF THE VANQUISHED

WHEN the standard falls where the foe assails—
The flag we held at our life-blood's cost;
When the night prevails, and the last star fails,
And the cry goes up that the field is lost;
When we pass from the fight that was fought in vain
To the jeers of those that we fought it for,
With an inner wound, and a bitter pain,
And a stifled groan, at the heart's deep core;
When the cause we trusted as heaven's indeed
Has fallen and failed like the hopes of men,
And Truth seems a riddle that none may read—
What comfort then?

Why, then we think of the men who fought,
And failed, and fell, in the days long dead,
Whose light, like ours, through a cloud was sought,
Who had hearts as reckless and wounds as red.
And we snatch a hope from our last despair,
And shout in defeat as the victors do;
We can live and bear, we can do and dare,
Be the storm above or the cloudless blue.
Like the hero of old we are unperplexed:
"We just lie down" with our loss and pain,
And bleed for an hour, and are up the next
To fight again!

S. GERTRUDE FORD.

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# ON THE LINE

THE admirable series of "English Men of Letters," for which students of literature should be very grateful, has just received a most effective and striking addition in **Shakespeare** (Macmillan: 2*s.* net), which Professor Raleigh has written. As was to be expected, this monograph is a well-balanced study of the poet and his works, written with judgment and insight, and is absolutely free from that wildness of conjecture which has generally been a fault of similar commentaries. The facts concerning the life of our greatest poet are notoriously meagre, although this deficiency has not prevented an undue amount of importance being attached to such scant discoveries as have rewarded the labours of antiquaries and those others who have given themselves to the quest and, year in and year out, have been seeking for new personal details about the man of the Avon and the "Globe." Professor Raleigh keeps in great part to the plays themselves for revelation of Shakespeare's character; and although he recognises that the sonnets are a genuine expression of the poet's feeling during a time of crisis, he does not seem to attach to them so much importance as the majority of Shakespearean students of the more ambitious order have done. He recognises, in regard to all that is best worth knowing of Shakespeare's mind and opinions, that the play is the thing; and makes some striking suggestions as to the poet's personality, his prejudices, tastes, reading, and knowledge.

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Professor Raleigh, as is proper in a book of this character, has naturally kept to what is generally accepted about the poet's career and individuality, without discovering some new "fact" which further research might prove only to be some poor kind of fairy-tale. Think of the rubbish which has been tacked on to so-called criticisms of Shakespeare! At the same time, his "superstition," as he calls it, is tempered with sober judgment. He reminds us—what was pointed out in an article in the *Quarterly Review* some twenty years ago—of the surprising fact that Shakespeare was curiously ignorant of details of natural history, and was, indeed, as his writings plainly show, more of a town-man than a country-man. But criticisms of detail may well be left alone, in this place at all events. Shakespeare the writer, according to the over-strict grammarian, and those other persons who make a fetich of precious exactitude, made several small errors. But the greatness of the plays, every one of which, be it written early or late, is full of the evidence of genius, makes such trivial criticism—vigorously enough condemned by Professor Raleigh—unworthy of notice. It is, indeed, the works which matter, and all attempts made elsewhere to photograph the individuality of the man are practically of no importance.

Shakespeare's history was a triumph of painstaking effort. He left Stratford a young man, to take his part in the game of life in Elizabethan London. For years he worked as playwright and actor, until he had managed to secure a small fortune; then he retired to his home in Stratford, to play the part of a simple country gentleman. There was absolute freedom from what is known as self-advertisement in all this. He seemed to be quite content to go through his work for the work's sake, and, we may with safety feel assured, had no idea that he was destined to be numbered amongst the glorious company of our English immortals. But there he is, first and foremost; and men of all the nations are found admiring, studying, gaining inspiration from his plays.

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# THE MONTHLY REVIEW

EDITED BY CHARLES HANBURY-WILLIAMS

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On the Line


*The Editor of the* Monthly Review *is always happy to receive MSS., and to give them his consideration, provided that they are type-written or easily legible, and accompanied by a stamped envelope for their return if not accepted. In the case of all unsolicited contributions the Editor requests his correspondents* (i) *to excuse him from replying otherwise than by formal printed letter;* (ii) *to state whether he is offered the refusal of the MS. indefinitely or only for a limited period. Where the offer is indefinite, the Editor cannot be answerable for time or opportunities lost through his adverse decision after long consideration; nor can he in any case be responsible for the loss of a MS. submitted to him, although every care will be taken of those sent. They should be addressed to the* Editor, *"Monthly Review,"* 50a *Albemarle Street, London, W.*


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# THE PRESENT STRENGTH AND DISTRIBUTION OF THE FLEET

FOR some months past, a more than usually heated controversy has been carried on in the Press over recent Admiralty policy, and the adequacy of the measures adopted to ensure that supremacy at sea so essential to our continued existence as a great Empire. Since the country was aroused in the autumn of 1888 by the startling disclosures in the *Pall Mall Gazette* of the dangerous state of weakness into which the Fleet had been allowed to fall, the general public has come to realise what Sea-Power means, not only to us, but to other nations with ambitions at the present time as great or greater than our own, so that a far keener and more intelligent interest is now taken in naval matters than has probably ever been the case before. And the result of this awakening interest has been shown in the steady support accorded to the Admiralty since the introduction in 1899 of what is now generally known as the two-Power standard, not only by the leading men of both great parties in the State, but also by the great mass of public opinion, in all the steps which have been considered necessary to reach and maintain the standard aimed at, and this in spite of the great increase in the estimates which the carrying through of this policy has rendered necessary.

But while the Admiralty, since the introduction of the Naval Defence Act of 1889, has commanded—and, it must be



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admitted, has fully deserved—the confidence of the country, which, up to quite recently, has been ungrudgingly reposed in it, there can be no question that at the present moment that confidence is decidedly somewhat weakened, and there is a vague feeling of anxiety abroad lest the interests of the Navy, of such vital importance as they are to the country, are being sacrificed to that ardent desire for economy, no matter at what cost, which is the marked characteristic of so large a section of the party now in power. The man in the street who has been following the recent controversy, although he may not know much, or for that matter anything of naval affairs himself, has yet been quite able to recognise that much of the sharp criticism to which the Admiralty policy has been subjected has come from responsible writers, evidently well acquainted with their subject, whose views cannot be ignored or put on one side as of no account. That this is so is clear to any one from the laborious efforts of the *Times*, and that section of the Press which supports the present Admiralty through thick and thin, to prove that the criticisms in question are without justification, and that all is for the best in the Navy in this best of all (Admiralty) worlds.

To the ordinary reader, the point of most interest in the controversy is that which centres round the all important question of the two-Power standard, and the effect on our striking power of the redistribution of the Fleet which is now in progress. We propose to deal with both of these questions briefly, and we will take that of the maintenance of the two-Power standard first.

The maintenance of the two-Power standard has now for many years been the recognised principle on which our naval policy, in the matter of construction, has been based. It has been assumed, and with reason, that it was a standard unreservedly accepted by all parties in the country, as representing the *minimum* below which it would be dangerous to allow the effective strength of the fleet to fall. If there is now a growing uneasiness that the Government, under pressure from some of

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their supporters, may, in the so-called interests of economy, contemplate tampering with this standard, it is due to the utterances of certain Ministers themselves, and some of their supporters, in Parliament.[1] At its best, this so-called two-Power standard is only a rough method of computation, but it has the merit of a certain simplicity, and people who are interested in the matter can form a fairly good general idea for themselves as to how we stand, at least in the matter of numbers, relatively to other Powers.

But in estimating the real strength of our own and other fleets, something more than a mere counting of units is required. Armament, armour protection, homogeneity of squadrons, the general state of efficiency of the *personnel*, and the tactical training must all be taken into account. We certainly at present stand superior to any likely combination which can be brought against us. At the same time, it cannot be denied that, on more than one occasion in recent years, our building programme for the year has fallen below the two-Power standard, and there is certainly some reason for doubting whether we have that margin of reserve over the prescribed standard which the Russo-Japanese war showed to be so essential. In the first four months of the war, Togo lost two out of his six battleships—that is a third of his force—through their striking mines, and the floating-mine danger in any future war is one that we certainly cannot afford to ignore when framing our building programmes. Even a *Dreadnought*, although she might not be sunk by coming into contact with a mine, would almost certainly receive injuries which might place her *hors-de-combat* for weeks or possibly months.

Coming now rather more to details, we are faced with one of the difficulties which stand in the way when trying to estimate our true position as regards the two-Power standard, and that is to differentiate fairly between first- and second-class

[1] Since this article was written Lord Tweedmouth has announced in the House of Lords that the Government are determined to maintain the two-Power standard.

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battleships, which is by no means so easy as it may appear, when we have to compare foreign types of ships with our own. In computing our own first-class battleships, we shall eliminate from the list the eight battleships of the *Royal Sovereign* class, with the *Renown*, *Barfleur*, and *Centurion*, since it is believed to be the intention of the Admiralty to practically withdraw them from active service, as being according to modern ideas obsolete. This leaves us built, completing, and building forty-four first-class ships, to which may be added two or, probably, three more, to be laid down during the present financial year, giving a total of forty-seven—as against twenty-two for France, including the six *Dreadnoughts*, the construction of which has been approved by the Chambers; twenty-four for Germany, including the four *Dreadnoughts* of this and last year's programme; and twenty-six for the United States, including two *Dreadnoughts* also to be laid down this year. From the above it will be seen that if Germany and the United States are taken together, we are not even up to the two-Power standard, or if we take France and Germany, we have only a margin of one ship over the standard. On the face of things, this position can hardly be called satisfactory, and it is scarcely to be wondered at that the reduction of one ship in last year's building programme, and the contemplated reduction of one, and possibly two, in this year's, has been sharply criticised.

If we, however, look more closely into matters, it will be seen that we really stand in a far more favourable position. Owing to the wise policy of former Admiralties in building groups of ships, our fleet has become fairly homogeneous, and in the eight ships of the *King Edward VII.* class and the eight of the *London*, with the nine *Majestics*, we have three groups of ships such as no other country can furnish. Turning to the ships building, we have those two powerful vessels, the *Lord Nelson* and *Agamemnon*, which fall little short in power to the *Dreadnought*, well on their way to completion, while we have the assurance of the Admiralty that the three new *Dreadnoughts*,

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recently commenced, are to be pushed on and completed in two years, so that in 1909 we ought to have a practically homogeneous division of six *Dreadnoughts*, if we include, as we fairly may, the *Lord Nelson* and the *Agamemnon*, while, as far as can be seen at present, none of the French or German *Dreadnoughts* will be completed by that date. Presumably, also, in view of the curtailment of the building programme, as laid down in the "Cawdor Memorandum" of November, 1905, the Admiralty intend to complete for the future all battleships in two years from the date of laying down, which, provided there is no delay in the supplying of the armour and guns, there should be no difficulty in doing. Much, however, depends upon the Admiralty keeping to this resolution.

If we turn now to France, we find a very different state of things. Of the twenty-two first-class battleships with which we have credited her, there are still four of the *Patrie* class of the 1900 programme uncompleted; of these, two will be finished this autumn and the remaining two by the summer of next year. At the present time, since the loss of the *Jéna*, France has only twelve first-class battleships completed and ready for sea, and six of these are twelve years old or older, as against thirty-nine for this country, only some six of which are more than twelve years old; while of the six *Dreadnoughts* it is not certain whether a beginning has as yet been made with any of them, but in any case it is extremely unlikely that they will be completed before 1911, and possibly not before 1912, owing to the demoralised state of the dockyards, brought about by M. Pelletan, the late Socialist Minister of Marine, whose mischievous work it will take a long time to undo.

Germany, although far behind ourselves, is yet in a better position than France. She has followed our example and builds her ships in groups; thus of her twenty first-class battleships, if we exclude the four *Dreadnoughts*, she has four groups of five ships each, all of them, with two exceptions—the first two of the *Kaiser* class—being less than ten years old. Her active fleet, therefore, is composed of homogeneous

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divisions. Of these ships, sixteen are completed and in service; of the remaining four, two will be finished this year and two next. But none of these ships are a match for the sixteen fine ships of our *King Edward VII.* and *London* classes, while the armament of the ten ships of the *Kaiser* and *Wittelsbach* classes is decidedly weak, carrying as they do only 9·4-inch guns for their heavy armament, as against the 12-inch guns of our ships. With regard to the four *Dreadnoughts* it is doubtful if more than one of them has yet been commenced, and if a start has been made with the others it has only been made during the last few weeks. According to the German programme two of these ships are to be laid down each year for the next nine years, and as they will probably not take more than three years to build, and may take less, by 1919 Germany will possess a fleet of eighteen of these ships. From the above data it will be seen that at the present time in ships completed we are well ahead of the two-Power standard, if we take France and Germany combined, and this superiority we shall maintain for the next three or four years; but by 1912 the balance will be turning against us if we allow ourselves to fall behind in construction, since by then France and Germany will have twelve *Dreadnoughts* completed between them. It is therefore clear that if we are to maintain the two-Power standard in this class of ships, we not only cannot afford to curtail any further our building programmes, but, on the contrary, we shall have to enlarge them in the near future, especially if we are to have the necessary margin in excess of that standard. The chief cause, in our opinion, of the recent sharp criticism of the Admiralty's building policy is the real fear that the Government, having once entered on a policy of curtailment of our building programmes, may yield to the strong pressure which undoubtedly will be brought to bear upon them by a certain section of their supporters, and carry that policy so far that our supremacy will be seriously endangered, and that then, as has happened before, it will be necessary, in order to retrieve our position, to rush through a panic

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programme at a vastly increased cost, with the possible chance that it may be too late.

We think we have shown that no alarm need be felt as to our position at the present moment, whatever the future may bring forth. In all that goes to make up the fighting efficiency of a fleet we have reached a high standard. Thanks to improved weapons, improved mountings and appliances, and, above all, to the improved methods of training and the greater spirit of emulation which have been introduced during the last few years, never has the shooting of the fleet stood so high as it does now. And the same may be said of its tactical efficiency. For the last thirty years or so our battle-fleets have been commanded by men most of whom have been tacticians of the very highest order, and it is safe to say that in no other navy in the world have admirals and captains such unrivalled opportunities of learning to handle ships as in our own, for in no other navy is it as yet possible to assemble so large a number of ships for combined manœuvres as we have now been doing continually for many years past, nor have other countries so many battle-fleets at sea and under continuous training as we have. It is no disparagement of other navies to say that they could not produce such tactical leaders as the three Commanders-in-Chief of the fleets recently assembled at Lagos, viz., Admirals Sir A. K. Wilson, Lord C. Beresford and Sir W. May. The retirement of Sir A. Wilson, which has just taken place, is much to be regretted, and his consummate skill and ripe experience will be much missed, but fortunately the Navy is not a one-man service, and in Lord C. Beresford Sir Arthur has a worthy successor, who in a marked degree commands the confidence of every officer and man in the fleet.

We can only very briefly glance at the new scheme for the redistribution of the fleet, which, although introduced with a great flourish of trumpets by the Admiralty, has been met with even more hostile criticism than has the curtailment of the building programme. Now, as we think we have shown,

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the Admiralty may, under the circumstances, be excused for considering that a temporary curtailing in the matter of new construction will do us no harm, but it is difficult to find any justification for the new Redistribution scheme.

We were informed recently in the Admiralty Memorandum that a new fleet is to be formed, to be called the Home Fleet; and that while the efficiency of existing fleets is to be fully maintained, the striking power of the Navy as a whole is to be increased. It was under Lord Walter Kerr, as First Sea Lord, that the first great strategical reorganisation of our fleet was carried through, and the formation of the first Home Fleet in 1901–02 out of the various First Reserve ships, as they were then called, was due to his initiative. The work of organising the new fleet was entrusted to and ably carried out by Admiral Sir G. Noel, at that time the Admiral Superintendent of Naval Reserves. In May 1903 Sir G. Noel was succeeded in the command by Sir A. Wilson, who was transferred from the command of the Channel Fleet, which he had been holding. This appointment showed the importance which the authorities were about to attach to the new fleet, and steps were at the same time taken to strengthen it by adding to its numbers and substituting newer ships, as they became available, for older ones. In the early part of 1905 further changes were made. The Home Fleet, with its strength raised to eleven battleships, was rechristened the Channel, the first Cruiser Squadron of six armoured cruisers being attached to it; Sir A. Wilson, now a full admiral, still retaining the command, and a vice-admiral being appointed as his second. At the same time, what had been the Channel Fleet was renamed the Atlantic Fleet, with a strength of eight battleships, and its base at Gibraltar, while the second Cruiser Squadron of six ships was also attached to it. The strength of the Mediterranean Fleet was at the same time fixed at eight battleships, with a Cruiser Squadron, and as the battleships were all sister-ships of the *London* class, while the Atlantic Fleet was made up of the *King Edward VII.*

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class as the ships were completed, we had last autumn in those two fleets two magnificent homogeneous tactical units, while the Channel Fleet at the same date had been brought up to a strength of seventeen battleships.

But how do matters stand under the new scheme, which is to increase the effective "striking strength" of the Navy? The Channel Fleet has been deprived of three battleships, the Atlantic and Mediterranean Fleets of two battleships each, thus destroying their efficiency as complete tactical units, while the strength of the First and Second Cruiser Squadrons has been reduced from six to four vessels each. In a word, the effective strength of our real "striking force," which consists of our sea-going, fully-manned fleets, has been reduced by seven battleships and four armoured cruisers! It is well known that we have far too many men as it is in barracks and reserve ships: officers and men must be trained at sea, if they are to become thoroughly effective, and since the reduction of our foreign stations there are none too many ships in which this training can be carried on, yet even this number is under the new scheme reduced, and yet more officers and men are being sent to deteriorate in home service.

In exchange for this reduction in our sea-going fleets we are to have the new Home Fleet, when it is constituted, to comprise, we are informed, 15 battleships, 14 new and swift armoured cruisers, 110 destroyers, with 50 torpedo-boats and 30 submarines, a force which on paper appears a very imposing one. In reality, in the new Home Fleet, instead of a homogeneous, fully-manned fleet, ready to go anywhere and to strike a blow, if required, at the shortest notice, we are to have a miscellaneous collection of ships, only six of which are to be fully manned, distributed between ports so far apart as Sheerness, Portsmouth, and Devonport, many of the vessels being admittedly in want of heavy repairs and at present in a state of comparative inefficiency. It is settled that the six fully-manned ships are to form the Sheerness division of the Fleet, with the *Dreadnought* as the flagship of the Vice-

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Admiral in command, while the ships of the other divisions are to have nucleus crews on some sliding-scale system not yet made known. By the admission of the Admiralty the new fleet is to be exercised at sea for a far shorter period during the year than is the case with our regular sea-going fleets, and it is to be noted that while the Commanders-in-Chief of the Channel, Atlantic, and our other fleets live on board their flagships, the Commander-in-Chief of the Home Fleet, this new striking force, is to have his official residence on shore at Sheerness. To call a fleet thus constituted a "striking force" is a gross misuse of terms. No fleet under such conditions can be considered in a state of efficiency; time must be lost in mobilising and concentrating the other divisions, when every hour thus lost may be of paramount importance, and even, when concentrated, some time must elapse before the Admiral could have his fleet properly in hand and fit to meet an enemy. If in this unprepared state the new Home Fleet had to bear the brunt of a surprise attack from the homogeneous, faster and well-trained German Active Battle Fleet, it would have to fight under heavy disadvantages, which might well lead to disaster. The First Lord of the Admiralty and other responsible Ministers have been assuring the country that we shall always have plenty of warning, and that no Power would be mean or unfair enough to repeat the tactics of the Japanese Navy at Port Arthur; yet it is common knowledge in German official naval circles that if war is to come, it is hoped to score a great initial advantage by just such a surprise attack, and it would not take the new, fast and powerful German destroyers many hours to cross the North Sea from Emden, for instance, which is in process of being made an important torpedo-flotilla station.

The Channel Fleet is, or should be, our real striking force in home waters, yet, instead of being maintained at a strength of sixteen ships—two complete tactical units—like the German Active Battle Fleet, and supplied with a sufficient number of cruisers and destroyers, to enable the all-important training in

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scouting and screening to be properly carried out, it has been deliberately weakened in battleships and cruisers, and left without a single destroyer, in order to form the new Home Fleet. And although it is known that the Commander-in-Chief of the Channel Fleet will be in supreme command in war, he will have no control or be able to exercise any direction in the training of the new fleet, except during the short time when the fleets may be concentrated for grand manœuvres.

It is no wonder, under the circumstances, that the new scheme has met with the sharp criticism which it has; the Service in general regards it with dismay; it has been condemned by all foreign experts, the French critics being particularly outspoken in regard to it; and it sins against the teaching of history and strategy, which demands the concentration of forces in as few fleets as possible, instead of its dispersion.

Space will not allow us to deal with the equally important cruiser question and the protection of commerce, but we hope to have an opportunity of doing so on some future occasion.

A Naval Officer.

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# GREAT ACTING IN ENGLISH

GREAT acting in English is of a rarity so unparalleled that it requires some courage to proclaim it as a thing here actually in our midst. We have, at the present moment, no great native acting. We have actors and actresses of many useful and picturesque kinds of talent; one actress, an exception to every rule, in whom a rare and wandering genius comes and goes: I mean, of course, Mrs. Patrick Campbell. But we have not in our whole island two actors capable of giving so serious, so intelligent, so carefully finished, so vital an interpretation of Shakespeare, or indeed of rendering any form of poetic drama on the stage, as the Englishman and Englishwoman who have come to us from America, in the guise of Americans: Julia Marlowe and Edward Sothern. The coming of such marvellous guests into our midst is not a matter to be noted hastily, with the puzzled indifference of the journalist, in our daily papers. Its importance has to be affirmed, and not at all for the benefit of the public, which may be allowed to amuse itself after its own liking, but in mere honour towards greatness in art, which is the personal concern of those able to recognise it, and which it is their condemnation to overlook. Let us admit then that the mission of these two guests has been to show us what we have lost on our stage, and what we have forgotten in our Shakespeare.

It is in their rendering of *Romeo and Juliet* and of *Hamlet*

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that these two actors have shown themselves at their greatest. And first of all I would note the extraordinary novelty and life which they give to each play as a whole, by their way of setting it in action. I have always felt that a play of Shakespeare, seen on the stage, should give one the same kind of impression as when one is assisting at "a solemn music." The rhythm of Shakespeare's art is not fundamentally different from that of Beethoven, and *Romeo and Juliet* is a suite, *Hamlet* a symphony. To act either of these plays, with whatever qualities of another kind, and to fail in producing this musical rhythm from beginning to end, is to fail in the very foundation. Here the music was unflawed; there were no digressions, no eccentricities, no sacrifice to the actor. This astonishing thing occurred: that a play was presented for its own sake, with reverence, not with ostentation; for Shakespeare's sake, not for the actor-manager's.

And from this intelligent, unostentatious way of giving Shakespeare there come to us, naturally, many lessons. Until I saw this performance of *Romeo and Juliet* I thought there was rhetoric in the play, as well as the natural poetry of drama. But I see that it only needs to be acted with genius and intelligence, and the poetry consumes the rhetoric. I never knew before that this play was so near to life, or that every beauty in it could be made so inevitably human. And that is because no one else has rendered, with so deep a truth, with so beautiful a fidelity, all that is passionate and desperate and an ecstatic agony in this tragic love which glorifies and destroys Juliet. In *Hamlet* I saw deeper meanings than I had ever seen in the play when it was acted. Mr. Sothern was the only quite sane Hamlet; his madness is all the outer covering of wisdom; there was nothing fantastic in his grave, subdued, powerful, and piteous representation, in which no symbol, no metaphysical Faust, no figment of a German brain, loomed before us, but a man, more to be pitied and not less to be honoured than any man on earth. I have seen romantic, tragic, exceptional Hamlets, the very bells on the cap of

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"Fortune's fool." But at last I have seen the man himself, as Shakespeare saw him living, a gentleman as well as a philosopher, a nature of fundamental sincerity; no melancholy clown, but the greatest of all critics of life. And the play, with its melodrama and its lyrical ecstasy, moved before one's eyes like a religious service.

How is it that we get from the acting and management of these two actors a result which no one in England has ever been able to get? Well, in the first place, as I have said, they have the odd caprice of preferring Shakespeare to themselves; the odd conviction that fidelity to Shakespeare will give them the best chance of doing great things themselves. Nothing is accidental, everything obeys a single intention; and what, above all, obeys that intention is the quality of inspiration, which is never absent and never uncontrolled. Intention without the power of achievement is almost as lamentable a thing as achievement not directed by intention. Now here are two players in whom technique has been carried to a supreme point. There is no actor on our stage who can speak either English or verse as these two American actors can. It is in this preliminary technique, this power of using speech as one uses the notes of a musical instrument, that all possibility of great acting depends. Who is there that can give us, not the external gesture, but the inner meaning, of some beautiful and subtle passage in Shakespeare? One of our actors will give it sonorously, as rhetoric; and another eagerly, as passionate speech; but no one with the precise accent of a man who is speaking his thoughts, which is what Shakespeare makes his characters do when he puts his loveliest poetry into their mouths. Look at Mr. Sothern when he gives the soliloquy, "To be or not to be," which we are accustomed to hear spoken to the public in one or another of many rhetorical manners. Mr. Sothern's Hamlet curls himself up in a chair, exactly as sensitive reflective people do when they want to make their bodies comfortable before setting their minds to work; and he lets you overhear his

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thoughts. Every soliloquy of Shakespeare is meant to be overheard, and just so casually. To render this on the stage requires, first, an understanding of what poetry is; next, a perfect capacity of producing by the sound and intonation of the voice the exact meaning of those words and cadences. Who is there on our stage who has completely mastered those two first requirements of acting? No one, now acting in English, except Julia Marlowe and Edward Sothern.

So far I have spoken only of those first requirements, those elementary principles of acting, which we ought to be able to take for granted; only, in England, we cannot. These once granted, the individual work of the actor begins, his power to create with the means at his disposal. And I would say that what these two players do is to give us, not the impression of fine imitations, but the impression of real people, who, when they speak in verse, seem to be speaking merely the language of their own hearts. They give us Hamlet or Juliet in the round, whereas with our actors we see no more than profiles, picturesque glimpses, and with what gaps between! gaps not even realised by the actor in his search for effect. The decorative Juliet of the stage we know, the lovely picture, the *ingénue*, the prattler of pretty phrases; but this mysterious tragic child, whom love has made wise in making her a woman, is unknown to us, outside Shakespeare, and perhaps even there. Mr. Sothern's Romeo has an exquisite passion, young and extravagant as a lover's, and is alive. But Miss Marlowe is not only lovely and pathetic as Juliet, she is Juliet. I would not say that Mr. Sothern's Hamlet is the only Hamlet, for there are still, no doubt, "points in Hamlet's soul unseized by the Germans yet." Yet what a Hamlet! how majestical, how simple, how much a poet and a gentleman! To what depth he suffers, how magnificently he interprets, in the crucifixion of his own soul, the main riddles of the universe! We know other Hamlets for their stride, their grandiloquent pathos; but this Hamlet for the intellect which is his destruction.

Miss Marlowe's Ophelia is not perhaps so great a triumph

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as her Juliet, and merely for the reason that there is little in Ophelia but an image of some beautiful bright thing broken. Yet the mad scene will be remembered among all other renderings for its edged lightness, the quite simple poetry it makes of madness. It is tenderly troubling, never without "favour and prettiness"; it is, again, no decorative madness, but the spoiled brain of this particular woman, who has been so easily swayed from Hamlet to Polonius, willess, but with the desire to be loved and to be kind. She makes the rage and tenderness of Hamlet toward her a credible thing.

Miss Marlowe has played in London another Shakespearean part, that of Viola in *Twelfth Night*, which I have not seen. But I have seen her in a play which has succeeded with London audiences better than Shakespeare, a burlesque of American origin, called *When Knighthood was in Flower*, and here too I seemed to discern a lesson for the English stage. Even through the silly disguises of this inconceivable production, which pleased innocent London as it had pleased indifferent New York, one felt a certain lilt and go, a touch of nature among the fool's fabric of the melodrama, which set her far above our steady practitioners in the same art of sinking. And, above all, a sense of parody pierced through words and actions, commenting wittily on the nonsense of romance which so many were so willing to take seriously. She was a live thing, defiantly and gaily conscious of every absurdity with which she indulged the babyish tastes of one more public.

The personal appeal of Mr. Sothern and of Miss Marlowe is very different. In his manner of receiving applause there is something almost resentful, as if, being satisfied to do what he chooses to do, and in his own way, he were indifferent to the opinion of others. It is not the actor's attitude, but what a relief from the general subservience of that attitude! In Miss Marlowe there is something so young, warm and engaging, a way of giving herself wholly to the pleasure of pleasing, to which the footlights are scarcely a barrier. She does not startle you with sudden touches of genius, she fills and

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gladdens you with a sense of the single human being whom she is representing. And there is her strange beauty, in which the mind and the senses have an equal part, and which is full of savour and grace, alive to the finger-tips. With these personal qualities I am here scarcely concerned. What I want to emphasise is the particular kind of lesson which this acting, so essentially English, though it comes to us as if set free by America, should have for all who are at all seriously considering the lamentable condition of our stage in the present day. We have nothing like it in England, nothing on the same level, no such honesty and capacity of art, no such worthy results. Are we capable of realising the difference? If not, Julia Marlowe and Edward Sothern will have come to England in vain.

ARTHUR SYMONS.



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# IN PRAISE OF HIPPO THE SAGE

THERE is nothing one hears stated more frequently than that the horse is the most stupid of animals, and if a thing be repeated often enough it will soon become a truism. There was a time when we talked of the solid earth and the everlasting hills, but Professor Milne has told us years ago that there is nothing so unstable as the crust of this world, and the geologists have disposed of the eternity of mountains. All other things being equal, the wrinkles of age cut faster into the face of a hill than into any other portion of the earth exposed to the weather.

The bare fact that the horse allowed himself to be slowly evolved from the hipparion, and to put away childish things in the shape of those sloppy toes one by one and cultivate a shapely hoof, shows conclusively that he had the sense to prefer the dry grass prairie to the wet swamp. But the paradise of the plain was not without its drawbacks, for he soon found a ruthless enemy in wild and hungry man, who, craftier than he, hunted him for food. A detestable kind of monkey, this man, who crawled in packs through the grass to leeward of him, wounded him with sharp flint arrows, and then chased him back with incredible speed into the swamps, where he might vainly long for his prehistoric toes again.

What was to be done to escape this fate? The only *modus vivendi* was to strike a peace, and this the horse saw clearly in his wisdom very early in his career, when he was beginning to

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be tired of being eternally chased, outwitted, and eaten. Up till then every wild animal, with perhaps the exception of the dog, had refused to be tamed, and there are a great many still who are recalcitrant in spite of the efforts to make them perform at the Hippodrome. But one day a captive colt with some germs of wisdom in his head, said to itself, "I will see what kindness will do; I will humour the brute, even though he has killed my mother." The thing was done at once. An *entente cordiale* was established, with the happy result that the colt got food, and the satisfied claim of a horse's stomach is always a passport to better things.

And it was well that he did so, for where is the hipparion now? Left sticking in the mud whence he had not the wit to extricate himself. And who but naturalists are familiar with his name, or that of his tribal relatives, the eohippus, or the aurohippus? But the "man on the Clapham 'bus" would be argued an ignoramus if he had not heard something of the fame of "Stockwell" or "Eclipse."

Where is his living, but stupid, cousin, the tapir? Cultivating a want of imagination and a long nasal septum in solitary places, instead of having an army of grooms, stablemen, and "vets" to look after his temporal needs, and acres upon acres planted with goodly grain for his consumption.

Equus Caballus knew very well what he was about when he cultivated an alliance with Homo Sapiens. And, if we take the Jews for an example, it was only for warlike purposes, and not for the arts of peace, that the horse at first became the brave ally of man. He must indeed have enjoyed saying "Ha! ha!" among the trumpets, and pricked his ears as an old hunter does at the music of the covert side. Only on one occasion had horses been used for threshing before Solomon introduced them for farming from that wicked country, Egypt, and that was in a sporting kind of way, for they were driven in loose to trample down the grain on the threshing-floor. To be chased about an enclosure, and bury one's feet in piles of glorious grain, and not to be allowed to eat more than was good for one,

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what a loathly occupation for a war-horse! Probably the threshing of Araunah the Jebusite was conducted on more scientific principles.

I have said that the horse is usually considered a stupid animal, but this I maintain is an erroneous opinion. During his long companionship with man he has developed a wisdom which he has the wisdom to conceal, on the same principle as the monkeys, who refuse to talk for fear they should be turned into helots. As a matter of fact, in moments of emergency he thinks quicker than most animals; he will be at the pains to step over a dog which happens to run across his path; and in the matter of knocking people down he is a great deal more careful than the motorist. In the portentous list of accidents said to be caused by horse-drawn vehicles all over the country, which list a long-suffering Home Secretary shrinks from making to satisfy the hungry curiosity of the automobilist, how many are due to the carelessness of drivers? Who is better able to take care of the drunken man than his quiet old pony in the ramshackle cart? His master may curse, he may rave, jerk and tug at the reins, and inflict blows without mercy, but the wise beast knows that he has a silly fool behind him with a skinful of poison, and safely takes his lumber home, where he will stand patiently beside the door till the sodden man rolls out of the cart.

Horsemanship is a noble art, but hard indeed to accomplish without the hearty co-operation of the horse. I remember well how, when a boy, an old white pony taught me to ride. She would trot merrily along for some time, and then with a sudden stop duck her head down, and of course I landed on the ground. While I was recovering from the shock, she would stand over me and sniff me, and I would be aware of a pair of kindly eyes regarding me with melancholy regret. They said plainly, "You little fool! Why don't you sit tighter? Lots of horses play you that trick," and then she stood patiently while I mounted again. I owe a great deal to that pony.

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One of the marks of a horse's intelligence is its sense of dignity. Take a high-spirited horse, put him in a loose-box, and then set to work to laugh and jeer at him, and it will be strange if you do not at once see signs of irritation, if indeed he does not proceed to kick the place to pieces. On the other hand you may fool a dog to any extent, deck him out like a Merry Andrew, make him "die for the King" and smoke pipes, and he will rather enjoy the business. It will take a great deal to persuade me that performing horses at a circus, compelled to walk in unnatural attitudes by the aid of the necessary whip, and to go through absurd monkey tricks in order that a brass band may keep time with their movements, take any pride or pleasure in their acquired skill. The kind of thing a horse really enjoys is the unfastening of a gate and escaping free from his paddock; in this he proves himself no fool, and is only rivalled by the donkey. He is a born roamer, and the same primitive instinct which prompted his ancestor to escape from the confines of his swamp and invade fresh fields, supplies his mind quickly with expedients.

I saw a horse on a Surrey heath one summer afternoon. A man had brought his wife, a nurse, and several olive-branches in his dog-cart to have tea in the open. When first the horse, a spirited cob, was unharnessed, the sense of freedom made him a trifle restive, so his master walked him up and down, leading him by a halter. Finding this operation somewhat tedious, he bethought him of something to which he might hitch the beast. A stout gorse bush seemed the very thing, in truth the only thing, and to that he tied the horse, and then went to lie down in the heather and take his rest. In a short time the horse became bored with this tethering business. The first indication of irritation was his twitching tail; then he began going round and round in a circle as if he were being lunged. Then he took to tugging at the rope with his head. This he did again and again at various angles till at last he found the proper angle for undoing the knot, and then with a wrench got free. Did he run away? Not so. He quietly walked down a small

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path which led to the road, browsing contentedly as he went. But his master was not asleep. He rose and followed him apologetically, for it is useless to approach a loose horse with haste or violence, and the beast let him come up quite close, then swerved his head away suddenly, avoiding the quick hand. The same thing happened over and over again, the game of bob-cherry being evidently more enjoyed by the horse than by the quiet, patient man. A man outwitted by a beast is not a dignified spectacle.

But no domesticated animal is really able to cope with the predatory sporting patience of man. To such a contest there is only one end. A tempting bit of fodder held out wheedlingly in the palm for the sixth time at length proved too much for the equine taste; it looked so much more tempting than moor-land grass. An appeal to an animal's stomach is as potent as an appeal to a man's avarice, or a woman's vanity. He was caught at last. His master stroked him and soothed him as became a generous, and not a vengeful man. He called his son, a schoolboy who was oiling his bicycle, to hold the horse's head; this done, he produced a rope and, tenderly as a surgeon would bind up a wound, hobbled the horse by tying the two front legs together. All this while the animal pretended to be ignorant of what was being done to him; he knew that, if he were restive, he might get blows for his pains, for an outwitted man is sometimes dangerous. The master, like a hospital nurse, surveyed his bandage with satisfaction, and then went to seek his rest in the heather. When left alone, the poor horse drooped with disappointed ambition in every lineament, his ears dropped outward, his tail hung listlessly down, his knees went slack like an old and worn-out cab-horse. Never was a Pegasus such a miserable object; his progress became a series of heavy galumphs, a prolonged limp. Where are his gambols now? his curvettings and his high steps? Quite crestfallen! Nevertheless he continued to graze, edging away slowly down the path.

At last, he arrived at an open space behind a tall gorse

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bush, where his master could no longer see him. Suddenly his ears pricked up, his tail lashed his side with long suppressed anger, he tugged one leg against the other, he reared up on his hind quarters trying to shake his forelegs free in a wild dance of rage. What a fool to struggle against the ingenuity of man! We shall see. He got further and further down the pathway, and gradually his limps seemed fewer and not so piteous, and his steps longer. At last, he settled down into a comfortable quiet trot which developed into a high stepping swing when he gained the high road. Nothing succeeds like success. But what made him persevere against that cruel and fast knot? Why, a piece of knowledge that he must have possessed all along. He knew that his master had tied him up with a granny, and not with a reefer. Is not that knowledge worth knowing? But his troubles were not yet over. The master, aroused by an exclamation from his wife, started up out of the heather, rubbed his eyes, stared for a second or so at the grey round rump just disappearing down the hill, got up with deliberation, seized on his son's bicycle and started in pursuit. One cannot credit poor Dobbin with universal sagacity, for it is plain he had forgotten that bicycle and the uses to which it might be put. He trotted away, showing his paces in pure joy, and scornfully kicking aside the dangling end of the halter. What fun to go down a road all by oneself without bit and harness, or a stupid man behind pulling you up when you want to go fast and whipping when you want to go slowly! This is freedom indeed! Suddenly he heard close to his heels as he approached a village the voice of his master pursuing him with shouts from the top of one of those horrid silent machines. He made up his mind then and there to shy at a bicycle for the rest of his life. A game of cricket was being played on the village green, but even the national pastime cannot compare to a good horse hunt. The cricketers all rushed into the road, and waved their arms. What can a poor horse do, when the whole world turns against him? Like a hunted fox he doubled down a side lane, and took refuge in

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a farm-yard. There was something homelike and protective in a row of outhouses and fat ricks, and he knew it was useless to keep up this false idea of freedom. After all he had been born a domestic animal, and he might just as well be captured with dignity as be ignominiously run down in the open. And so, with a last kick and neigh, which said plainly, "You know I am only doing this for fun, and not from any vice," he came up to his master, nodding his head as though he were coming from the stable for the first time with every determination to be good. And so our friend Dobbin was led back a long mile to the dog-cart on the moor, unashamed, his ears and tail erect, apparently ignorant of the first principles of guile, and a first-class specimen of the goody-goody horse.

But the horse is not always so innocent, and occasionally shows a capacity for fine rage, as the following incident, which I have on good authority, will illustrate.

It was at a shooting party to which the sportsmen had driven in their motor-car. They drew it up by the roadside, leaving the smart young French chauffeur to take care of it. He stopped the engine, and, knowing that he had abundance of leisure before him, took his seat most comfortably in the front of the car, produced a newspaper and a big cigar, and settled down to spend many hours in pleasant idleness; moreover, the day was quiet, and the cigar was a good one, being a present from one of the sportsmen. The stillness of the air, broken only by the distant popping of the guns, seemed a delicious contrast to the recent noise and vibration of his machine. Even a chauffeur can sometimes enjoy the silence and solitude of the country. Everything combined to make his eyelids droop over the paper, and probably his dreaming thoughts sped away to sunny France and conjured up a beautiful vision of the smiling Annette, whom he had promised to wed when his earnings were sufficient for so great a venture. The cigar drooped between his lips, and finally went out. To him, as he slept, came a butcher's cart along the road. The horse was trotting, in the perfunctory way a

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horse does when he goes through the same job every day, with the regular plod of a 'bus horse. Suddenly, to his wonder and delight, he saw the body of his enemy lying by the roadside, silent, cold, and helpless. With his ears laid back, and malice shining in the whites of his eyes, he got the bit between his teeth, and, in spite of the efforts of his driver, he "went for" that motor-car. "Take that—and that—and that!" and he battered and hammered on the machine with his hoofs to such a gay tune of revenge that in a few seconds damage was caused which ran into many pounds. As for the chauffeur, he was startled from dreams of Annette to the bitter realities of life, and with one bound he leapt from the car to avoid the pounding of furious hoofs. Alas! that cigar was never finished, for it fell from his lips into the ditch, and was never recovered.

And who shall say that there was not reason for this equine animosity against the motor? He must have recognised it as his rival, and feared to be superseded in the future. But rivals, like fools, have to be "suffered gladly" in this world, and it must be confessed that he is getting to be more philosophical now, for he merely says "Kismet" and passes on, paying no more attention to a motor than to a toad in the road. And yet they say the horse is stupid!

GILBERT COLERIDGE.

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# LATEST LIGHTS ON SMALL HOLDINGS

THERE is a delicate aroma of Small Holdings on the spring breeze. Are we in for a big season in this venture? There is a great show of blossom in the abundance of bright suggestions and rosy hopes. Will it be followed by a substantial crop of fruit?

The old Allotment Movement came with a rush twenty-five years ago. It was the natural concomitant of the county franchise. The labourer longed passionately for the vote, and longed also for the solid asset of a bit of the land he made rich by his toil. Why should he be a dumb chattel instead of a living factor in national life? Why should he be grudged a rood of soil, or be forced to pay four or five times the rent for it that the big farmer paid for his broad acres? Harnessed together the vote and the allotment dashed through the barriers and put the agricultural labourer on a new social and economic plane.

Allotments made life easier and more healthy. The clever and energetic got new chances of learning special methods of garden and farm work. Here and there such lessons have opened a new future for keen and industrious men. In many districts, too, the allotment has brought within reach the improved cottage at a minimum commercial rent. Everywhere the foothold on the land has been a step to self-reliance, strength of character, and better citizenship.

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But the results, though good, have been restricted. Much more would have come of it all if there had been everywhere, beyond the allotment, some definite prospect of promotion to bigger allotments, still combined with work at a weekly wage, and then of moving up to the five or ten acre holding, with or without other employment, and then still further to the small farm out of which a living can be made.

The size of holdings at which this stage is reached must vary according to the branch of agriculture and the kind of produce. They range from the two to five or more acres devoted to fruit and flower-growing, which often give a fair living, to the somewhat larger market gardens, to the intermediate poultry or dairy farm, with or without pigs and bacon, and to mixed farming of the ordinary type, but on a miniature scale and by intensive methods.

The general absence of any such hope or incentive, except on the estates of a few thoughtful landowners, has thrown back the demand for allotments, which have nearly everywhere slightly diminished in number.

So, too, has deep disappointment and discouragement come from the total failure of the Small Holdings Act 1892, and from the lack of bold initiative on the part of parish councils, who, under the Act of 1894, had power to hire land by agreement and to divide it into holdings of any size, free of the limits imposed in the case of land hired by compulsion. Faith in a real future for the workers on the soil has faded slowly away. We are still confronted with the old problem. There is the same dreary outlook for tens of thousands in whose hearts there lingers the love for the simple joys, the beautiful scenes, the tender memories endeared to their deepest instincts by every association from earliest childhood. Before them lies nothing but the changeless life of toil, sometimes full of pleasant incidents and mitigations, but yet never pointing up and on to the higher rewards of human effort, and at the end the chilly and degrading sense of hopeless dependence.

And so the best of them drift away, while strength and

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purpose and hope still run strong, lest it be too late. Can we wonder?

The figures are dispiriting to those who grasp what a robust, virile peasantry means to national destiny. A fall in the number of agricultural labourers of 117,000 between 1881 and 1891, has been followed by a fall of 177,000 between 1891 and 1901. The recent return of the Agricultural Holdings between 1 and 50 acres show that in England at any rate this depletion is steadily going forward. A few years back a million and a half—farmers, bailiffs, shepherds, labourers—were working on the land. Now there are scarce a million all told.

Part of this thinning out is due to unavoidable economies in the working of large farms, changes in crop rotations, and improved labour-saving machinery. The big farmer is neither cruel nor unpatriotic. Often in the bad times he has paid wages, as he has paid rents, out of his own capital from generous sense of fair play. But in the long run he is bound to make ends meet.

But if these are now in many districts the only economical conditions on which big farms can be run, there is an irresistible claim for the State to intervene, if intervention is possible by economic methods to secure for small men their chance of a living out of the soil by the side of the big men. If it is economically possible it will help big as well as small.

Why not? There is work to be done and profit to be earned. Of the immense imports of food products, some £60,000,000 to £70,000,000 represents the value of produce which could certainly be turned out on British soil and by British hands. Leaving aside special products like fruit and choice vegetables, the value of the staple articles of small culture, imported from foreign countries and from British colonies, butter, bacon, eggs, poultry, and cheese, has exactly doubled in fifteen years. Supposing our farmers, big and small, had been enterprising enough to intercept only that 100 per cent. increase, leaving imports at the level of fifteen years ago, it

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would have meant that, for these articles alone, there would have been a sum of from £20,000,000 to £23,000,000 sterling annually to be distributed among our workers on the land. If you take a net average profit of about £75 a year from a small holding as a measure of the minimum that would almost certainly induce the right men to stick to the soil, instead of running off to the factory or the railway, this great addition to the floating wage-fund of the country might have been putting and keeping on the land anywhere between 100,000 and 200,000 small holders, adding nearly 25 per cent. to our rural population and vastly more to the range of rural prosperity by increased trade.

Is it economically worth the risk to stake public money taxes and rates, on such a venture?

The evidence of our recent Committee on Small Holdings gives fairly complete answers to such doubts. Success is amply illustrated in nearly every branch of the industry. Small holdings, rightly started and rightly worked, do pay well both the tenant and the owner of the land.

To take a few examples and begin with fruit. A village in sunny Hampshire has had its fortune made by the splitting up of 450 acres into 80 small holdings. A thin, sandy soil needing heavy manuring—given over a few years back to rabbits and rough sheep runs—is now highly cultivated, brings to the owner a fine rental, while the strawberries earn for the tenants an average net profit of £40 per acre. And individual small holders rise rapidly. A simple labourer who found it impossible to keep ten children on 16*s.* a week twelve years ago, mastered the new industry on a half-acre allotment, boldly took 2½ acres more, put all his time, brains, energies into the business. In ten years he had made money enough to buy a house for £300, and he now has 30 acres, with a range of glass, and an income incredible on his old footing.

The small holdings for raspberry growing near Blairgowrie are still more striking. Land that was let fifteen years

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ago at £1 an acre is worth now from £7 to £10 an acre, and the capital values have risen in nearly equal proportion. The small men who have made money on isolated allotments have now been organised in a co-operative society which has readily commanded credit enough to buy a farm of 450 acres, now divided into small holdings and to expend no less than £4000 on buildings and equipments. These men believe in purchase, not tenancy, and the holdings are bought outright by ten annual payments of £6 an acre. The average net profit is put at over £30 an acre. The gross return ranges from £60 to £72 an acre, and about half of this goes to cost of production, leaving the other half net profit.

Here, too, comes the personal equation. The opportunity breeds the qualities which win success. An interesting old shoemaker at Blairgowrie told the Committee his simple story. Elbowed out of his hand-sewn boot work by machinery, he at last prevailed on the landlord to let him half an acre to work on. With what he made by intelligent cultivation and well-selected raspberry canes, in a few years he was able to buy 5 acres at £100 an acre, and then to rent 10 acres more at £10 a year per acre, and has now bought his 15 acres more at the Co-operative Farm. He had put up an excellent dormitory for the summer fruit pickers on his original small holding. He will need no Old Age Pension. He is growing old in plenty and with the loyal regard and respect of those about him for whom he has been a pioneer. The net profit this man earned from his first acre in nine years was £492, or at the rate of £54 each year.

The whole country cannot grow fruit, but there are plenty of other sound economic ventures. Of the poultry rearing and fattening in the Heathfield district in Sussex, Mr. Rew, of the Board of Agriculture, reporting to the Agriculture Commission a few years ago, gave the current version that "a hundred hens properly looked after will yield a larger return in twelve months than a hundred breeding ewes." On these farms, small and large, cows, oats, roots, pasture and chickens are run together,

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each helping to make an excellent profit in combination, and eliminating waste of any product. He speaks of a thrifty labourer who has worked his way up to a tidy little farm of 27 acres. He rears 600 chickens a year, and collects other chickens each week for fattening. He has a large number of movable coops on a nine-acre field, an up-to-date range of fattening pens, five Jersey cows, a separator which helps to a satisfactory profit on butter, while the skim milk and the cereals he grows fatten off the chickens for the London market.

Of success in mixed and ordinary farming on small holdings ample illustrations came from several estates, notably those of Lord Harrowby, in Staffordshire and Gloucestershire, and of Lord Carrington, in Lincolnshire and Bucks. Lord Harrowby, who has had a first-class business training, encourages small holdings, has expended in a few years £80,000 on his estates, to a great extent in the equipment and adaptation of small holdings, and would spend more if public money were made more available on cheapened terms. He has never known a small holder in arrears with his rent, and says the best of them farm better, and pay their rent better than large farmers. He tells the Committee of a labourer from a brickyard in Staffordshire, who was indolent over bricks, but who, given a fair trial on a seven-acre holding, showed such keenness for the work, that he has been promoted to a holding of thirteen acres with better buildings, and is easily able to pay 50*s.* an acre for land for which for neighbouring farmers are paying 80*s.* All these are mixed small holdings, largely pasture. In Gloucestershire, where there is more in the way of potatoes and market gardening mixed up with wheat and stock-rearing, there is an even keener demand, and men do well, paying 70*s.* to the big farmers 30*s.*

The story of Lord Carrington's allotments and small holdings specially demonstrates that a good system of allotments, coupled with the visible chance of getting on to bigger allotments and so to the small holding large enough for a living wage, stimulates demand, raises the whole standard of cultiva-

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tion, and has evolved and will evolve the right type of man. These estates prove also that small holders started on the right lines, where they are men of energy, capital and the spirit of combination, can thrive in nearly all kinds of farming, and on nearly every soil. They prove, too, how some of the difficulties of equipping small holders, elsewhere found insurmountable, can be got over. Lord Carrington with his own money converts the buildings of some big farm into a group of divided homesteads for small holders, he adds convenient little dairies here and there to the more comfortable and well-placed cottages, and he builds excellent houses for £625 a pair. On the other hand, the Small Holdings Co-operative Association, which hires a farm from him, have found it possible to equip many of the new small holdings into which it is divided with suitable buildings, these buildings becoming in eighteen years the property of the landlord, purchased by eighteen instalments of deduction from the agreed rent. It all works smoothly and to the common profit, and the upshot is that these small holders are actually started in their work at a rent, to pay a fair interest on these improvements and buildings, of only 5*s*. 9*d*. per acre more than the old farmer! That is excellent and sound business all round.

Knowledge, brains, industry, method, are the keys to an economic success attainable nearly anywhere under reasonable conditions. Clearly, co-operation both in the taking of the land, and, so far as is humanly possible, combined with the vigorous individualism which always lies at the root of all real success in agriculture—co-operation also in the working of groups of small holdings, will do most to reduce the cost of production to the economic minimum, and to build up gross and net profits to an economic maximum. Yes, co-operation is the true lever of the new order of things. Just as Denmark is the object-lesson. Critics say Englishmen and English ways will not fit into Danish moulds. True, but it is still more true that the Danes have succeeded just because they have borrowed from England our very best ideas, and instead of

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going to sleep over them, have worked them out in a business-like fashion. The English Agricultural Societies and their shows taught the Danes how to turn bad stock into good, and how to transform scrappy, ill-churned, worse coloured stuff into the uniform, high-class, perfectly made butters which have captured the English markets.

Why not get our own ideas back again here, and with good interest?

To illustrate: Co-operative Creameries have done wonders for the Danes. Each of these creameries costs about £1200 to start and equip; the money is advanced by a bank on the joint guarantee of the members, who send in all the milk they produce. There are about 1100 of these now, with 150,000 members and 750,000 cows. Factories for bacon-curing are the natural sequel, the pigs consuming all the dairy waste at a profit. These are started and worked on the same terms. The egg societies earn a gross return double the cost of production. The small holder is relieved of the whole cost of collecting, grading, testing, packing, and exporting.

To securing the very best types of dairy stock, pigs, and poultry, they apply the true scientific method. Records are diligently kept. Poultry are only bred from hens with the maximum record of egg production. Similarly cows are tested by constant milk records. Even the bulls are selected on the milk records of their dams. By these means it is said that the milk production on the best managed farms has been raised by 100 gallons a cow per annum. Everything is thus standardised. Qualities and quantities are raised, cost of production minimised, waste eliminated. And every invention is brought into play. Your little Dane, with his forty acres, actually has his own telephone at 56*s.* a year, and thus has his finger at any minute on the pulse of the market in his own capital, and in London too! He nicks in with his produce at the right minute and scores his modest and continuous profit.

Why such machinery is not precisely as attainable and as workable in an English county passes comprehension. With



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big centres of population at our doors, with a far better soil, co-operative organisation on lines like those of Denmark ought to secure a far higher range of profit.

Many big farmers talk contemptuously of small holdings as a fad, because they have seen more than one small man "sold up" in their neighbourhood. Starting with insufficient capital, with no credit, with bad stock, wretched apologies for buildings, and no connections, such a poor fellow has often tried to succeed by working three times as hard for about a third of the profit that rational combination, scientific methods, and proper equipment would have secured. Sometimes even then a stubborn hero of the soil works out his salvation against all odds. But, of course, too often pluck unaided is crushed out in the attempt to fight the collective power of highly organised foreign imports.

Given a rational start and rational machinery, success so far from being a visionary dream is approximately certain. The obstacles are plain enough, and are not insuperable. We are struggling slowly but surely to a true system of rural education. That will bring the open, the flexible, the trained mind of young men who, once taken with the fever, will work out with passionate enthusiasm the scientific methods on which success depends. Agricultural co-operation has already become a recognised item in the curriculum of the elementary school. The school gardens and the teachers who can teach, not from books but from things, are opening a new future in many counties. When we have good secondary schools in rural districts, where defunct and useless apologies for classics are replaced by modern scientific and practical instruction, and when we have admirable farm schools such as the Hampshire County Council have provided at Basing, and the Bedfordshire County Council, by the kindness of the Duke of Bedford, at Ridgmont, the son of the small farmer, the brighter lads in many a labourer's family, will get their chance, and grow into the type of workers the nation needs.

The Agricultural Organisation Society is month by month

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gaining ground and spreading the light in the English counties, as Sir Horace Plunkett has done so admirably for Ireland.

To make the land freely available requires State money. Why should we be timid? The Committee of 1890 suggested that advances might be made up to five millions. It was not the fault of that Committee that no legislative machinery followed their report which could carry out their ideas. The present Committee supports the same idea, but names no limit. It is clear from the evidence, and from general information, that a very large proportion of landowners would welcome a real chance of extending small holdings on their estates if the thing can be done on economic lines, which will increase the return from the land in the interests of all concerned and of the nation at large.

This need not involve any general break up of the large farm system. Profitable small culture does not absorb vast areas. Some owners, more agents, and farmers will oppose this policy. An exaggerated if not misplaced fear as to restriction of hunting and shooting will deter, and deter without solid reason.

These problems are not all easy to solve. They have been shown to be beyond the power of local authorities in their broader aspect, though local authorities must still play some part in the evolution.

The operative idea which has come to the front, in order to get a real move onwards, is the creation of a Central Commission with full powers to provide land, and to arrive at the best arrangements for its use, by conciliatory methods, free from party spirit and the friction of local antagonism, to encourage all the means by which the thing can be made a success, and to facilitate and control the financing of this national venture.

FRANCIS A. CHANNING.

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# SPINOZA

## AN ESSAY

THE great men whom the past has wronged receive at last Time's tardy recompense; and those of us who, like the present writer, belong to the people at whose hands Spinoza received treatment which, to say the least of it, is counter to the sentiment of this age, need not be loth to take a part in this meting out to him by posterity of his meed of praise. To me it presents the greatest reason for our doing so, but I will not labour the point but pass on.

This effort is neither a biographical sketch nor is it purely critical; in fact, to be quite frank, it is a eulogium, which my own liberal tendencies enable me to write, even without offering an apology.

After the mass of the Jews left Spain in exile, many of them remained and simulated the practice of devout Catholics, whilst in secret they preserved their allegiance to their ancestral religion. They occupied high places in the Church and State, and monks, prelates and bishops were counted in their ranks.

Ere long, the suspicions of the Inquisition were alarmed against these covert heretics, and their position became daily more perilous and insecure.

Some were condemned to the stake, others pined for years in dungeons; those that could find the means escaped, and sought in distant lands security and repose from persecution.

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It was especially Holland whose enlightened policy offered an asylum to the fugitives, and thither accordingly in great numbers they directed their steps.

Their frugality, their thrift and enterprise, contributed not a little to build up the prosperity of the Dutch metropolis. If we regard ancestry and environment as the main factors of man's mental as of his physical constitution, we must allow that in the case of the refugee Jews who settled in Amsterdam those were not infelicitous. Born of Israel's mighty stock, nurtured in the ease and refinement of Moorish Spain, and tinctured with the independence and stolid aspirations of the Dutch, it is less surprising that yet another righteous branch should be raised unto David than that the fruition should not have been more abundant.

In the opening of the seventeenth century a considerable congregation of the Jews had collected in the city of Amsterdam. There in the year 1632, the child of Spanish emigrants, Benedict Spinoza was born. Of his childhood very little is known. At an early age he was initiated into the many difficulties of Hebrew lore, was instructed in the Hebrew grammar, and learned to read and translate the various writings of the Old Testament. He was taught to thread his way through the mazes of the Talmud, and its subtle discussions proved an admirable discipline in preparing him for the favourite pursuit of his after years. Lastly he was introduced to the study of the Jewish philosophers, among whom Maimonides and Ibn Ezra received his special attention.

Maimonides, one of the most profound thinkers of the Middle Ages, strove to harmonise the teachings of Aristotle with the doctrines of the Bible. Ibn Ezra, on the other hand, was a confirmed sceptic. In his biblical commentaries, he anticipates many noteworthy results of modern criticism, and his orthodoxy in regard to ceremonial and in other respects is open to the greatest doubt. Not that he was any the worse for the liberalism of his tendencies, but the fact is merely stated here as of importance in regard of what is to follow.

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In all these different branches of theology the young Spinoza made rapid progress, and soon showed astounding proficiency.

He was the favourite of his instructors, and it was on all sides predicted by them that he would one day become one of the shining lights of the synagogue.

Not content, however, with this course of study, Spinoza addressed himself to the study of Latin literature, and with the assistance of certain contemporary experts, he soon became an accomplished classical scholar.

He also took up the study of geometry and physics, and acquired considerable skill in sketching, and in what is comprehensively termed the "Fine Arts."

His mind being thus stored with varied and systematic knowledge, he was well prepared to enter into the vast realm of metaphysical speculation, and here the works of René Descartes engaged his special attention. Descartes was a leader of a new school of thought upon the Continent, and was at the time considered extremely revolutionary.

His influence proved decisive in shaping Spinoza's career.

Another philosopher ought to be mentioned, as among those who determined the bias of Spinoza's mind.

This man was Bravo, who was among the earliest of the followers of Copernicus, who proclaimed the doctrine of the infinity of worlds. Bravo himself inculcated a species of pantheism, for which he was executed in Rome some thirty-two years before the birth of Spinoza.

By all these influences the mind of the young philosopher was widened beyond the sphere of his early education.

In the pursuit of truth he sought the society of congenial minds, and also found best that intellectual sympathy, of which he stood so sadly in need, among the cultivated Christians of that time.

From the high plane of thought which he had now reached the rights and practices of external religion dwindled

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in importance, and the question of creed, for which the mass of men contend, appeared little and insignificant.

His absence from the worship of the synagogue now began to be marked, it was rumoured that he neglected the prescribed fasts, and he was openly charged with partaking of forbidden food.

At first he was treated with great leniency.

So high was his standing with the Rabbis, so impressed were they with his unique abilities, that they strove by every gentle means to win him back to his allegiance.

They admonished him, held out prospects of honour and emolument, it is even said that at last in despair of reclaiming him they offered him a considerable yearly pension, throughout life, as the purchase price of his silence.

Spinoza himself was keenly alive to the gravity of his position. It had been fondly hoped that he would shed new lustre upon the religion of Israel. He would be accused of vile ingratitude for deserting his people. He saw before him the inevitable rupture that would cut him off for ever from friends and kinsmen, from dearest friends, and, aye, from all those near and dear to him. He has himself said of this time, that he saw on the one hand riches and honour, and all for which men strive, and on the other hand a sincere life, serenely true to itself.

Great was the commotion stirred up against him by the Jewish community of Amsterdam. One evening a fanatic assaulted him in the streets, and an attempt was made upon his life.

Fortunately the stroke of the assassin was successfully averted, but Spinoza felt that the city was no longer safe for him.

He fled, remaining in Holland, but for some time continually changing his locality, until he finally settled down in the Hague, where he remained until his death.

In the meantime the lenient spirit of the Jewish leaders had changed into stern, uncompromising severity.

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Observe now how persecution breeds persecution. It had been the pride of Judaism from of old that within its pale the practice of religion was deemed more essential than the theory; that it permitted the widest divergence in matters of belief, and granted ample tolerance to all. But these Jews of Amsterdam, fresh from the dungeons and torture chambers of the Inquisition, had themselves imbibed the dark spirit of their oppressors.

Uriel D'Acosta they had driven to the verge of insanity and to a tragic death by their cruel bigotry.

And now the same methods were employed against a far wiser and greater and purer man than he.

On July 27, 1656, in the synagogue of Amsterdam, the sacred ark containing the scrolls of the law being kept open during the ceremony, the edict of excommunication was solemnly promulgated.

There is no need to recite it *in extenso;* suffice it to note that God's curse was asked to curse and imprecate Baruch de Spinoza, and that it contained the phrases—"Cursed be he by day and cursed by night, cursed when he lies down and cursed when he rises, cursed in his going forth and in his coming in," &c., &c.

Why? Because he had ventured to present the truth as it had appeared to him, refused to be coerced into submission by that favourite charge of "Treason against Tradition," because of which so many of the best men in Judaism have bowed down their heads in despair. Wisely has it been said that when religious expression finds its basis in fanaticism and superstition, it plunges men into abysses of despair and misery.

Is that scene in Amsterdam in 1656 unique? As a scene it may be; but as an expression of sentiments it had its precedents in every previous age, it has been an exemplar throughout following ages, and there are not wanting signs that the method of religious controversy which it represents has its advocates in this age of enlightened thought and progress, in this twentieth century, this present day. To-day, as in 1656,

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to those who have but recently escaped from persecution, we have to look for exhibitions of intolerance and bigotry; alas! too, there are not wanting signs that England's atmosphere of liberty has not quite eradicated this fault from even some of its noblest sons who profess our faith.

When Spinoza heard of the anathema which had been pronounced upon him, he replied: "They compel me to do nothing which was not previously resolved upon."

He retired from the commerce of the world, he coveted solitude. Within his silent chamber he moved in a world of his own. There in twenty years of patient, passionless toil he built up the mighty edifice of his system.

It rises before us as if hewn from granite rock.

Its simplicity, its grandeur, its structural power have been the wonder of men throughout successive ages.

Needless to add, the cursory examination which I can offer is meagre and inadequate; accept it as an humble effort to present to you the essentials of the teachings of my subject.

Man's penetrating spirit seeks to penetrate to the heart of nature, would grasp the origin of things.

There is a mighty riddle, who will solve it?

Various attempts have been made. Pantheism is one. Spinoza was the great philosopher of Pantheism.

Beneath all diversity there is unity. In all of nature's myriad forms and changes there is a substance unchangeable. It is undivided, uncaused, the Absolute Infinite, God.

Thought and extension are its attributes; it is the One in All, the All in One. God is not matter, is not mind, is that deeper unity in which matter and mind are one; God or nature, Spinoza says. This is not the God of theology essentially. God is in the tree, in the stone, in the stars, in man. God does not live, nor labour for any purpose, but produces from the necessity of His being in endless variety, in ceaseless activity. He is the inner cause of all things, the ultimate reality, and all things are, as in their nature they partake of Him.

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Man also is of God. The essence of man is in the mind. Man is a logical being. God alone owns truth; in so far as man thinks truly and clearly he is a part of the infinite God. Logic is the basis of ethics.

Spinoza ignores sentiment, ignores art. Good and evil are but other names for useful and not useful.

But that alone is useful that we follow the necessary and universal law, seeking by the depths and reach of intellect to know and understand. Virtue is the pursuit of knowledge. There are three kinds of knowledge: the blurred perception of the senses, the light of the understanding, the intuition of intellect. The last is the highest.

Virtue is the sense of being; whatever heightens the joyous sensuousness of our active faculties is therefore good.

The wise man delights in the moderate enjoyment of pleasant food and drink, in the colour and loveliness of green trees, in the adornment of beautiful garments, in the rhythmic wave of ocean tide, in the sweet charm of music.

But our true being is to be found only in intellect; hence virtue, the joy of being, is the joy of thought, hence the bold assertion—that is moral which helps, and that is immoral which hinders, thought.

Man is a social being. As a drop is raised upward in the great ocean by the onflowing of the wave, so the individual mind is exalted by the communion with congenial minds moving in the same current.

'Tis thus that Spinoza deduces the social virtues.

Hate is evil at all times, for hate implies the isolation and the weakness of the power of reason.

We should reward hatred with love and restore the broken accord of intellect.

Love is the sense of kinship in the common search for reason's goal—wisdom.

That all men should so live and act together that they may form, as it were, one body and one mind, is the ideal of life.

Friendship, therefore, he prizes as the dearest of earth's

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possessions, and wedlock he esteems holy because it secures the union of two souls joined together for the common search of truth.

We should be serene at all times and shun fear, which is weakness, and hope also, which is the child of desire, and haughtiness and humbleness, and remorse and pity, should we avoid. But in stillness and with collected power, should we possess our souls, obedient to the laws of mind that make our being, and helping when we help for reason's sake.

The passions keep us bound to passing phenomena.

When they become transparent to our reason, when we know their causes, then our nature conquers outward nature and we are masters, we are free.

Thus the emotional life is extinguished, the feelings lose their colour and vitality, become blank as "lines and surfaces," and man, freed from the constraints of passion, dwells in the pure realm of intellect, and in constant intercourse with the mind of God fulfils the purpose of his existence—to know and understand.

Against the blow of misfortune also reason steels us.

Sorrow is but the lurking suspicion that all might have been otherwise.

When we come to know that all things are by necessity we shall find tranquillity in yielding to the inevitable.

For so God works by necessity. For all things are in His hands as the clay which the potter takes and converts to vessels of diverse value, some to honour and some to disgrace.

And none shall rebuke Him, for all is necessity.

When the body passes away the mind does not wholly perish, but something remains that is infinite, an eternal modus dwelling in the depths of the eternal mind.

But though we knew not that something of the mind remained, yet were goodness and strength of soul to be sought above all else.

For who, foreseeing that he cannot always find a healthy nourishment, would therefore sate himself with deadly poison?

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or who, though he knew that the mind is not immortal, would therefore lead an empty life, devoid of reason's good and guidance? The wisdom of the wise and the freedom of the free is not in the aspect of death but of life.

Religion and piety lead us to follow the laws of necessity in the world where they are manifest, to dwell on the intellect of God, of God their fount and origin.

But I feel it impossible for me to enter further into the depths of this wonderful system.

We see a giant wrestling with Nature, seeking to wrest from her her secret.

Mysterious Nature baffles him, and the riddle is still unsolved.

That substance of which he speaks is no more than an abstraction of the mind, whose reality in the outward world he has failed to prove.

He has also erred in turning aside from the rich and manifold life of the emotions, for the emotions are not in themselves evil, but are the seminal principles of all virtue.

On pillars of intellect Spinoza reared his system.

Still, solemn, sublime like high mountains it towers upwards, but is devoid of colour and warmth, and even the momentary glare that even now and then starts up in his writings passes quietly away, as the flush of evening reddens the snowy mountains of Alpine ranges.

Spinoza's name marks a great advance in human history. He was a true man, no man more truly loved his teachings. If he describes the pursuit of knowledge as the highest virtue, he was himself a noble example of tireless devotion in that pursuit.

He was well versed in the natural sciences, skilful in the use of the microscope, and his contributions to the study of the inner life of man have earned him lasting recognition.

Of his technical knowledge there can be no more eloquent proof than in the fact that one of the most distinguished professors of physiology, Professor Johannes Mueller, has included

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in his monumental work upon that subject the third division of Spinoza's ethics.

Religion, however, was Spinoza's favourite theme, that religion which is free from all passionate longings and averse from superstition of whatever kind, whether expressed in ceremonial or in dogma.

He was among the first rightly to advance arguments against the infallible authority of the Bible, and in the work in which he embodied his reasons and his arguments, he concluded with an eloquent and wonderful appeal for liberty of conscience and of speech.

How rightly does he urge that where liberty is curtailed, be it in politics or in belief, there hypocrisy and sham are bound to follow.

This was an exceedingly fine and noteworthy outburst, which came forth to astound the seventeenth century; and as is their wont in dealing with all reformers, theologians were bitter indeed in their denunciations.

Very few men whose works have become known have suffered as did Spinoza.

For half of his life he had to fight disease of body as well as to stand up against adverse circumstances, brought about by his devotion to liberty and truth.

But he has left a name in history which will not fade.

His people cast him out, Christianity attracted him not, he found a wider fellowship, for he belongs to all mankind.

Great hearts have throbbed a response to his teachings, and his words have influenced many a sorrowful heart.

This was not because he solved the riddle of the universe as it has been called (what mortal ever will?), but because he taught men to calm their fitful passions by the contemplation of the infinite laws in which we live and are.

For the remainder of this short essay I should like just to touch upon the chief topics of the "Tractate," "The Ethics," and "The Improvement of the Understanding," tracing, if I can, their influence upon modern thought and

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poetry, and indicating their author's infinities and relationships in the progress of philosophy.

In theTheological and Political treatise he starts by opposing superstition to knowledge, and scouts the disparagement of reason, as though God had, as he expresses it, "turned away from the wise and written His decrees not in the mind of man, but in the entrails of beasts, or left them to be proclaimed by the inspiration and instincts of fools, lunatics, and birds."

He inquires, as so many have inquired after him, whether the Divine law, revealed through the prophets, is at variance or in harmony with that taught by the light of natural reason; and proceeds to discuss prophecy as "sure knowledge revealed by God to man."

It was here, too, that Spinoza clearly enunciates some of the salient features of Hebraic thought, accentuating the significance of the assertions of the Pentateuch in reference to his race. He disclaims the miraculous teaching attributed to "Christ."

Nature herself is God, he says. "Prophets," he tells us, "were men" endowed "with unusually vivid imaginations," not always with "unusually perfect minds"; but let no one disparage or think meanly of their prophecies or of imagination:

> Imagination is a sacred power,
> Imagination lofty and refined;
> 'Tis hers to pluck the amaranthine flower
> Of Faith, and round the sufferer's temple bind
> Wreaths that endure affliction's heaviest shower,
> And do not shrink from Sorrow's keenest wind.

He next investigates the Divine Law, that which regards the highest good, the intellectual love of God; he identifies God and Nature, and discloses his pantheistic philosophy: "The invisible things are understood by the things that are made."

Keble admirably expresses the same conception when he says:

> Two worlds are ours; 'tis only sin
> Forbids us to descry
> The mystic heaven and earth-within,
> Plain as the sea and sky.

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Thou who hast given me eyes to see,
And love this sight so fair,
Give me a heart to find out Thee,
And read Thee everywhere.

Of the ceremonial law he says it was temporal, contingent, modifiable, not eternal, absolute, unalterable; a man is to be known by his works and judged accordingly.

Ritual avails nothing in the absence of spiritual fruition. He justifies freedom of thought alike in religion and politics—especially in so far as individual right is concerned. Philosophy seeks truth, embracing good and evil alike. Faith seeks justice, charity, and piety. Therefore they are complements to each other, and in no way are they of necessity opposed.

The conception of the relative character of all law, and the doctrine that the readiest mode of repealing a bad law is to break it, belongs to a later day than Spinoza, and much of the basis of legislation has been more scientifically elaborated by the great philosopher, Herbert Spencer.

In his work on the "Improvement of Understanding," he classes under three heads the chief prizes for which men lay down their lives—Riches, Fame, and Sensual Pleasures.

He dilates upon their transient character, their enthralling power, and at the same time dissipating effect upon the mind; and after due circumspection he decides in favour of the careful study of moral philosophy as an essential of the happy life.

To endeavour to give a brief and yet lucid account of Spinoza's ethics is to attempt the impossible; they must be read, marked, learned and inwardly digested, first hand, and will repay the toil required so to do, and the resentment which the rigour of his geometrical method will most certainly at first sight arouse.

Lessing found in the ethics almost the whole of his philosophy, Goethe made their companionship the solace of his age.

Disavowing any attempt at summarisation, I may indicate some salient points.

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Substance is infinite, eternal, self-existent, God Himself; whatsoever is, is in Him, without Him nothing can be. The power of the Deity is the equivalent of His essence. Consciousness of ideas is man's essence, not his substance. Spinoza discusses elaborately the eternal problem of causation.

He next deals with the emotions, and his definitions of the several passions are singularly precise, crisp, and logical. As I have before said, Mueller reproduces *in extenso* what he calls Spinoza's "masterly exposition." He proceeds to prove that love extends to the object which pleases what we love; and likewise with hate. We tend to justify what pleases ourselves or those we love; pleasure and pain are our goads to action; love seeks for reciprocation. When hate replaces love, or pain pleasure, in respect of the same object, the greater are the hate and the pain in proportion to the former love and pleasure.

A sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things.

The good is the useful. Utilitarianism is the only true ethical doctrine. To know God is the highest virtue.

That which is in harmony with our own nature is necessarily good; pleasure in itself is not bad, but good.

Evil is relative only; it has no real existence.

Passions occasion strife; reason can only result in harmony. God is passionless, without either pleasure or pain, since pleasure implies transition from a less to a greater perfection, whereas the essences of the Godhead are all perfect.

Imagination and memory Spinoza restricts to our corporeal existence, yet as each human exists, as an idea in God, this is immortal.

Oh joy that in our embers
Is something that doth live,
That Nature yet remembers
What was so fugitive.

Even, however, if we dare not with Shelley,

Own that death itself may be
Like all things else a mockery

—if immortality be a fraud (which it has not been shown to

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be) we should still consider as of primary importance piety and religion.

And in fine he says: "Blessedness is not the reward of virtue, but virtue itself."

Coleridge brought Spinoza to England, where his work had been partly done by Hobbes, Hume and Berkeley, and the English poetry of the last century is redolent with his imaginings.

Wordsworth, above all others, has put his pantheism in noble verse, and with winged words has given Spinozism a wider circle. In his lines on Tintern Abbey, that most favourite spot, situated as it is in the valley laved by the waters of the sylvan Wye, he says:

> For I have learned
> To look on Nature not as in the hour
> Of thoughtless youth, but hearing oftentimes
> The still, sad music of humanity.
> And I have felt
> A Presence that disturbs me with the joy
> Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
> Of something far more deeply interfused;
> Whose dwelling is the lightly setting suns,
> And the round ocean and the living air,
> And the blue sky and in the mind of man;
> A motion and a spirit that impels
> All thinking things, all objects of our thought,
> And rolls through all things. Therefore am I still
> A lover of the meadows and the woods
> And mountains, and of all that we behold
> From the green earth, of all the mighty world
> Of eye and ear, both what they half create
> And what perceive; well pleased to recognise
> In Nature and the language of the sense
> The author of my present thoughts, the nurse,
> The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul
> Of all my moral being.

Shelley contemplated a translation of the Theological and Political Treatise of Spinoza, to which Byron was to append a life. But, unhappily, his life ended before the idea was half complete. Lewes, Maurice, Matthew Arnold and Froude



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have more recently helped to bring Spinoza home to all who care to listen to him.

This atheist, as he has been erroneously called by scoffers, has led many a waverer to a true and noble conception of Nature and the Author of Nature; has quickened the commonplaces of the world into life and beauty; has made all life more worth living, all work more worth doing:

> A servant with this clause
> Makes drudgery divine;
> Who sweeps a room as for Thy laws,
> Makes that and th' action fine.

Since Spinoza, human knowledge has been much humbled as a consequence of its own advance, psychology has displaced autology in the disputations of philosophy: all knowledge is accounted relatively only, and a Creator has been considered past discovery:

> Veil after veil must lift, but there must be
> Veil after veil behind.

It has been my pleasant task to point out—how unfitly and inadequately I have done so none know better than myself—the footprints of Spinozism.

I have endeavoured to bring to the performance of my self-imposed task an open mind, liberal in tendency, it is true, but by no means accepting all that Spinoza thought without emendation and amplification, but inspired by a real sympathy for his undeserved suffering—alas, inflicted by misguided members of my own Faith—and feeling, too, that his influence has been a good one, whether or not one can admit all his doctrines.

> Lives of great men all remind us
> We can make our lives sublime;
> And, departing, leave behind us
> Footprints on the sands of time:—
>
> Footprints that perhaps another,
> Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
> A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
> Seeing, shall take heart again.

EMANUEL STERNHEIM.

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# GHOSTS OF PICCADILLY

## THE PALMERSTONS AND CAMBRIDGE HOUSE

WALKING along Piccadilly with my reader I stop him at number 94, the Naval and Military or "In and Out" Club, and pressing his arm with one emphatic hand I point with t'other through the open gate across the courtyard to the plain stone house, and here, says I to him, here, reader, for fifteen years lived an Englishman and Englishwoman than whom you may search history through to find two examples more satisfying, more splendidly and completely true, of our national type. Other dwellers in Piccadilly may or may not impress you more acutely. There's Emma Hart, and Byron, and old Q., and the great Duke; there's romance and passion, poetry and wickedness and military glory, matters in which from time to time we English have been great; but if you would reflect to what fine pass the quite ordinary qualities of our countrymen may arrive, how noble a show may come of mere genial tempers and solid understandings, stand here in front of Cambridge House and muse on the Palmerstons.

Before the reader does that, however, we must make our bow to chronology and attend a moment to Pam's predecessors in Cambridge House, of whom one was a great noble and another a royal duke, the third Earl of Egremont to wit and the Duke of Cambridge. The house was built for the Egremonts in 1760, or so, and had the honour, during the reign of the second Earl, of receiving John Wilkes after the

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arrest of that firebrand for No. 45 of the *North Briton*. He had been arrested by the Earl's order, and the interview, we may be sure, was lively. Wilkes wrote an energetic account of the business to the Duke of Grafton from Paris. But this is only a brief incident, and Wilkes's ugly face, which, as he said, was only half an hour's handicap in the rivalries of love, is but a flash on the canvas. With the third Lord Egremont we may stay longer. It is true that his name belongs more to Petworth, that beautiful old place in Sussex, than to Piccadilly; it was there he lived almost entirely in his later life, practising that hospitality, at once casual, lordly and kindly, for which he was renowned. But in his younger days he had been a leader of London fashion, and this house in Piccadilly knew him at intervals through most of his long life.

George O'Brien Wyndham, who was born in 1751 and died in 1837, was a type of what a great English noble, with fine taste, much intelligence, sincere public spirit but little aptitude for party politics, can be in these latter days. Perhaps this does not amount to very much. Even in his time, and still more in ours, the position is something of an empty survival. "Your nobles," said the German professor to Harry Richmond, "are merely rich men." That may be nearly true, but it is not quite true. Enough flesh remains on the bones of a system that in its day was logical and efficient to make a wealthy noble potentially a more useful person than a bare representative of individualist success in making money. His direct beneficence—given our traditions—may be easier and more graceful and his example shines. Easy for him to be beneficent, but then, as it seems, it is easier still not to be. Lord Egremont, for instance, gave away £20,000 a year in charities. His income was £80,000 a year, and so of course he did not miss the money: the gift was less to him than if I gave away sixpence. Still he gave it, and might not have given it, and many a richer man has been honoured for smaller gifts. He was a magnificent and helpful friend of painters, who were at

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home at Petworth, and whose works are now its distinction. In particular he cherished Turner. They agreed well, and naturally so, for there was in both the simplicity of life and of attitude to life which belongs to true art and true aristocracy. This simplicity shone at Petworth, where host and guests went their own way all day and met at dinner, at which Lord Egremont in the cordial—if rather dilatory—old fashion carved for each guest himself. In one matter, indeed, he fell short of a model nobleman, though convention was not outraged by his conduct so much then as it would be now: he was an avowed father without being a husband. He was not a rake; on the contrary, was an affectionately domestic man: his children lived with him and inherited all but his title after him; pity that circumstances left the relation short of complete fitness. His not marrying in early life made Horace Walpole describe him as a worthless young fellow: the fact was that he had been going to, but did not, marry Horace Walpole's niece. Pity, as I said, that in this matter he defied convention, but that he did so shows at least that his virtues of charity and kindness were his own, and not assumed in compliance with it.

On the monument in Petworth church to his predecessors, the Percies, is the inscription *Mortuis moriturus*. I hope that he thought of it, in any case he adopted it, and you may search wide for an inscription of a moral taste, so to say, so perfect and final. There was much to say of the Percies and himself, but in that place what was fitting to say was just that: they were dead, and he would die. I would trust the feeling for art in a man who felt that propriety. Lord Egremont, however, would not have been a type of "a great English noble" if the art of painting and the cherishing of painters had been all his interests. He was not energetic in politics, though he was ready to back his views with his purse. But to fill the popular ideal of his position (which takes little account of the arts) he was a good sportsman and, above all, a splendid patron of the Turf. Mr Theodore Cook, in his delightful history of that great institution, has much to say of Lord Egremont.

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Take him all in all, then, he was a worthy possessor of a great Piccadilly house, and his name must be honoured as we stand before it.

The same may be said in a way of the royal duke who lived there afterwards (Lord Cholmondeley intervening) till 1850. The Duke of Cambridge was not conspicuous among the brothers of George IV., who went the pace so merrily as young men, and were so eccentric, laughable, and on the whole amiable as old ones. He was not clever, which perhaps was just as well, since the Duke of Cumberland who—with the slightly dubious exception of George himself—had the brains of that royal generation, was detested. All the stories of these royal dukes are of homely, innocent, individual oddities, the amusement of their society, which had little of the reverence for royalty now so fashionable. Those of the Duke of Cambridge are not remarkable. The best of them are of his conduct in church, where he was accustomed to give a cordial and audible support to the officiating clergyman. "Let us pray," said the clergyman: "By all means, by all means," said the Duke of Cambridge. On one commandment his comment would be, "Quite right, quite right, but very difficult sometimes"; and on another—I won't say which—"No, no, it was my brother Ernest did that." Rather a dear old gentleman, he should not be omitted from a talk about the house which bears his name, but there is little to say of him.

And now we come to the Palmerstons. I join them in my gossip, even as they were so thoroughly joined in life, for both were splendid examples, as I said, of our ordinary national type at its best. It may be that the spirit of Palmerston's policy lives here and there among our politicians, but his actual politics is dead, is as a wind that has blown by, so that the figure of the man, as a man, is the greater part that is left of him, and so his wife, as a woman, stands by his side in history, as in her way almost equally remarkable. The secret of both was in a vitality and cheerfulness that never so much as faltered. Hour after in the House of Commons the old man—

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he was old when he comes into the story of Piccadilly—could attend to the dullest business, patient, business-like, polite. Hour after hour at the famous receptions at Cambridge House he could stand with a smile and kindly handshake for innumerable guests, repeating the handshake in forgetfulness now and then (it is recorded) as he grew older, but never flagging in cordiality. And so Lady Palmerston filled up her countless invitation cards with her own hand, and kept her visiting book, says Abraham Hayward, "as regularly as a merchant's ledger." But the formal part was the least of her tasks; she had to please all the good dull people when they came. "Her good nature," says Hayward again—and the tribute of the eulogy he wrote of her in the *Times* at her death is great, for it came from a critical temper—"her good nature was inexhaustible, nor was it ever known to give way under any extent of forwardness or tiresomeness . . . instead of interrupting or abruptly quitting wearisome or pushing visitors, she would listen till they ceased of their own accord, or were superseded and went away." All this must have been trying indeed to her, for she was the daughter of a clever house—sister to Lord Melbourne—and had lived all her life in a lively, well-bred and intimate society, a society which is most familiarly reflected, I think, in the letters of Harriet, Lady Granville. These are some of the best woman's letters in English, and they paint the best of the society which followed the generation of Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, who was Lady Granville's mother: a society unaffected, conversible, given to jokes and games. To come from that to the entertaining of average Members of Parliament and their womenkind in droves must have been a discipline much more severe than the *rôle* of an ambassador's wife in Paris, which greatly tried the patience of Lady Granville. Nor did Lady Palmerston care for politics apart from personalities. She was her husband's invaluable ally, but only as another ear and mouth. When questions of politics were brought to her she made a careful note or sent at once for the great man. Devotion to him and his interests

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was all her inspiration, and a good heart, good wits, good manners, and—one is glad to know—good health and digestion carried her through.

There had been stories about them—"old stories, my dear!"—in other days. She was the widow of Lord Cowper, and there was trouble about her second marriage. Palmerston was *volage* and gay, and was not (as a young man) called Cupid Palmerston for nothing. Her friends prophesied unhappiness. Lady Granville wrote:

> Lady Cowper has courage to face her angry children. I cannot say how much I blame them for telling what they feel, but I wonder she can encounter their antipathy. What a happy mother she might have been, and what an unhappy existence will she have, I fear! Her understanding never has been of the slightest use to her.

Well, well, the wisest of us are poor prophets. Her existence was most happy and her understanding exceeding useful, and her children came dearly to love Lord Pam.

He was a lovable man. A hearty, unaffected, easy, joyous man. Really a consummate type of good average qualities. Not interested in art or literature (which was easily forgiven him), but interested in almost everything else, a man of whom it was characteristic that he never passed a dish at table and played a bad game of billiards with infinite zest—loving much to win, and especially if his wife were looking on. The affection of his countrymen generally was won by their rough appreciation of this simple nature, perhaps almost as much as by their belief that he stood for England and the rights and dignity of England without compromise or exception. The respect and prestige he had in Parliament and among those who came in contact with him were founded above all on his absolute command of his business. He was like the late Lord Randolph Churchill in this, that being a pleasure-loving man, and having lived hard as a man of pleasure, when ambition sent him to business he gave himself wholly to it and lived hard as a man of business. He was something of a gourmet, yet when Parliament was sitting he dined at three, and but

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for some tea at the House, touched nothing more till he came home to bed at one o'clock. As a result he knew what he was about when he rose to answer questions or make a speech, and he could express his knowledge lucidly and in that easy conversational tone which to Englishmen, and especially in the House, is most acceptable. Many an English statesman has been wrecked in public life from sheer inability to get on with his colleagues at close quarters: that of course was not the case with Palmerston; yet it is not true to say that the reverse was the case. People who were offended by downrightness and occasional brusquerie—timid and punctilious people like Lord John Russell—he scandalised. His success came not from any one quality, as was shrewdly remarked of him, but from an unusual combination of qualities—gaiety and sense, lucidity and fire—but he had the defects of those qualities too.

That reminds me that he had critics in private life and that I have been straying to the House of Commons from Cambridge House. His jollity and fun and laughter could grate on the fastidious. Henry Greville, for example, as fastidious, though not as articulate, a critic as his brother Charles, has recorded his exceptions.

> Although he was a most cordial and courteous host, he never struck me as an agreeable man; he was always good-humoured and ready to talk, but his style was too jocose and his jests were for the most part flat, and one felt in his society a constant disappointment that the conversation of a man who was playing so important and conspicuous a part in the world, and who must necessarily have so much to communicate, should be made up of puns and bad jokes, &c. &c.

The idea crosses one's mind that possibly Pam had not "much to communicate" to Mr. Henry Greville, and preferred to chaff him. Still, one knows too well that high spirits and empty jests—a mere expression of high spirits to the jester, like singing in his bath—may be a bore when one is not attuned to them, and no doubt Pam may so have sinned. I think, however, had I been there, that delight in an octogenarian vitality, in a humour and kindness which had survived so much

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toil, so many rows in public, and so much zest of life in private, would have reconciled me to any number of puns and bad jokes.

Alas! I was not there. As I write of these ghosts in Piccadilly I strain my imagination to visualise them as they were. The help is all too little. Letters and diaries of contemporaries, however graphic and acute they may be, seem ever to leave out those simple, elementary things we seek. Familiar with appearances, and voices, and manners, they forget to describe them, or not having our interests in mind have no reason for the description. We are left guessing and inferring. Palmerston too, perhaps, died too lately for his *vie intime* to be easily at our service. I get a picture or two of him at Cambridge House from Lord Lorne, the present Duke of Argyll's book on him. One (sent to Lord Lorne by a correspondent) is of Palmerston in his work-room, standing at a high desk, "almost unapproachable from the fortification of office boxes piled around him." And then Lord Lorne, more careful than most biographers, gives us some details of his looks, and—yes—I can see him at the top of the staircase in Cambridge House, shaking hands with his guests, an upstanding figure, neither short nor tall, very neatly dressed, the head erect on the shoulders, framed with grey, short hair, brushed forward, and grey whiskers, greyer close to the cheek—the hair was black and the face round when he was "Cupid Palmerston." He whispers to one man an account of a famous prize fight which happened that day, not admitting that he was there, and greets another cordially for the second time, and I hear his jolly laugh as he repeats a bad pun to the disappointed Henry Greville.

G. S. Street.

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# THE ESSENCE OF HARDYISM

WHAT is known and "boomed" as realism is a multiform product. The public use of the term has become so indiscriminate that an author can afford to interpret it in practice according to his own convenience. Very much of what used to be punished by the opprobrious epithet of "melodrama" is now praised under the name of "realism." As no longer a guarantee of any property of *reality* in that to which it is applied, the term might be regarded merely as an interloper in the vocabulary of literature if it were not the cause of real mischief. But when it is applied to profanely sensational work by those whose sense of art in its purity is dull, it would be well if it lapsed altogether. For example, that scene in "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith," in which a woman burns a bible, was denominated "realistic," but the attribute did not help one to decide what the author meant by it, or to perceive that the world was any the richer from the literary point of view for its existence.

Mr. Hardy's realism, however, could not be of this order. He prepares no dramatic groundwork on which to construct "strong" scenes. The action of his pieces is generally slow, while the characters, instead of interpreting themselves, are diagnosed in periodic "asides" by the author. His realism resembles rather that of Zola. It is marked by laboured expatiation on that which is of no interest in itself and is unconnected with a sensational issue. If there can be misuse

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of anything so indeterminate as realism, it is exemplified in "Far From the Madding Crowd." The work opens with an overloaded description of background which, instead of serving solely as a picturesque prelude to a progressive narrative, properly constituted of action and dialogue, initiates a series of descriptive digressions so numerous and so bulky as repeatedly to syncopate the narrative. The consequence is that what should have formed the backbone of the work is worn to a mere thread by the pressure of adventitious matter. This tragedy of construction is aggravated by the fact that the subordinate element in the interest of which it is wrought does not gain by the strangulation of the principal, owing to its being itself subjected to a treatment equally misguided. For the subjects applied to descriptive experiment have not been judiciously selected. They include trivialities, *e.g.* the sensations of a hand in groping for the handle of a door in the dark receive punctilious description. When first confronted with these misplaced emphases, the reader, unwarned of Mr. Hardy's eccentricities of style, and cherishing a contempt, nurtured by experience, for slovenly work, is moved to respect. He pays the closest attention, apprehending that the details emphasised have a significance which the plot will eventually unfold. But the expected catastrophe never comes off: *parturiunt montes, nascetur ridiculus mus.* When later in the same work, the reader is indulged with a complete catalogue of the sensations by which the vicinity of a cow-house is to be ascertained at dusk, he realises that he need anticipate no respite from the effects of what has evidently become a mannerism over which the author has no control. In his treatment of Nature as a whole a prosaic thoroughness mars artistic effect. The theory of the impartiality of art is here misapplied. A faithful reproduction of Nature as she strikes the observer *must* include the subjective element. The human soul is not a microscope: it is a sensorium of poetic impression. Hence, a few luminous periods conceived with a poetic largeness that scorns mere descriptive exactitude, bringing the reader into communion

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with the spirit of Nature rather than with its body would have better fulfilled the mission of art. As it is, Mr. Hardy's descriptions are truthful inventories of all that the eye can see in a given area, rather than faithful memorials of what the soul collects and harbours.

This *cacoethes describendi* finds kindred employment in extracting from facial phenomena psychical meanings of wonderful complexity. A momentary relaxation or tension of a muscle of a woman's face while her suitor is endeavouring to hold her in converse has an explanation wrested from the region of soul-disturbance. In attempting such work as this Mr. Hardy has overtaxed his powers. Let him convince us of his ability to describe the concrete with fidelity; when he has done that, we may listen to him concerning the abstract. In real life the vast majority of the motions of one's interlocutor have an evident connection with the subject of conversation, the character of the speaker and the mood of the moment, and novelists of inferior fame but superior ability to his are thankful to their genius if they can reproduce this relation with verisimilitude. Another defect for which the author's false methods are responsible is the dislocation of introspective writing. The usage of the great artists in fiction has laid down that the proper time for this is at those crises in the lives of the characters which from their nature so evoke the sympathy of the reader as to rouse his imagination to inquire what was their psychical attitude towards those crises. Not only does Mr. Hardy not wait for crises before bringing on his introspective writing, but he brings it on before any interest in the personality of the character as revealed by his actions and speech in his ordinary life has been elicited. One can feel no interest in an analysis of the sentiments of Farmer Oak or of Boldwood towards Bathsheba for the simple reason that one can feel no interest in those personages at all.

In "Far From the Madding Crowd" every requisite of artistic work is sacrificed on the altar of a futile realism. The "story" is worked into the fabric as if it signified nothing

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more than an indispensable concession to precedent in construction. On the completion of ten or twelve chapters the reader finds himself, owing to frequent intrusions, in wrong places, of descriptive matter, possessed of information so slender anent the fortunes of the characters that, in a properly constructed novel, it would have been compassed without undue compression in the space of three. And that information has proved so destitute of freshness, vigour of treatment, or magnitude of conception, so barren of promise of mystery or of any other arresting force, that he is supremely indifferent to the subsequent fate of characters so wooden as Bathsheba, Farmer Oak, and Boldwood; is thankful to lay the book aside as provoking to weariness and vexation of spirit. How much more workmanlike was Wilkie Collins! His plot was a cerebral fact when its clothing was only *in posse*, and the first page of a novel of his marks entry upon the business of drawing the reader into the imbroglio. A tense atmosphere of imminent mystery breathes through every sentence and phrase of the opening chapters, carrying the reader past disclosure after disclosure till the *dénouement* is fully spent. With what impatience that master-craftsman would have viewed the workmanship displayed in "Far From the Madding Crowd," "The Woodlanders," and "Under the Greenwood Tree," and what diatribes on the state of literary criticism would have fallen from his lips on seeing their author estimated as the second novelist of the day may be readily imagined.

A novelist who has prepared for his work a very thin tissue of story should be aware that he thereby sets himself an unnecessarily severe task in the matter of characterisation. If he has unquestionable skill in the latter, it is well with him; he will be able to create figures having individualities so strongly marked that they can express themselves without being elicited by any dramatic conditions in their environment—in the walk and conversation of everyday life. Since it is a fact that such expression of individuality is possible in real life, it is possible in fiction in the ratio of an author's

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ability to reproduce life by his art. But Mr. Hardy cannot dispense with the situations with which "story" would provide him. They are absolutely necessary to bring his characters into high relief. Now, "A Laodicean" has actually a story in it; hence an improved vitality in the characters. Nevertheless, the impotence of characterisation *pur et simple* which renders "Far From the Madding Crowd" so unreadable is transparent in the better-staged piece of "A Laodicean." Mr. Hardy cannot keep himself out of his own canvas. He is ever standing behind his puppet prompting its speech. In the former work the author exerts as painful an ingenuity in explaining the psychical significance of some laconic, lifeless utterance as is manifested by the admirers of Ibsen in their efforts to extract the "messages" from his plays. In the latter this infliction is, happily, dropped. But in neither work is Mr. Hardy successful in breathing the breath of spontaneous life into any of his figures: they all partake more or less of the atmosphere, the individuality, of Thomas Hardy. In "A Laodicean" there is a young lady of scarce more than twenty summers. She is not a product of Girton nor of Newnham; she has been used to a secluded life. These circumstances, however, do not prevent her from making correct use of the word "tergiversation" and employing sentences too long and well-studied for one of her age and sex.

An artist deficient in professional earnestness, reverence, and the ability that proceeds therefrom should avoid high subjects. In Woman, Mr. Hardy sees a theme that is both safe and promising—safe, because it is one in which philosophers have laid down no postulates carrying pretensions to finality—promising, because a mandate for a certain policy of treatment has already been received from his masters, the public. Nothing influences the sale of a novel so well as the exploitation of some popular preconception, especially when converted to vulgar amusement: "feminine inconsistency" is a popular preconception so converted. The application is obvious: work inconsistency and caprice with all the effects pertaining

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to burlesque into your female characters and you do much to ensure the commercial success of your literary speculation.

Such is the spirit of the characterisation which the portrait of Bathsheba represents. As she is able to dispense with a steward and manage a farm left her by an uncle, the rational assumption is that she is a sober, practical woman; and as she rejects the suit of Farmer Oak, an honest and true man of her own station, for the sole satisfaction of exercising the right of her sex, the equally rational assumption is that she is a proud woman. But a woman having these for leading characteristics is not the woman to send a card bearing the words "MARRY ME" to Farmer Boldwood, a man with whom she is only on neighbourly terms. Prior to this there is nothing in her conduct or her character to indicate a *penchant* for practical joking. The author, usually so ready to blister his "copy" with psychical analyses where they are not wanted, offers no solution, credible or otherwise. Also, in real life a young lady answering to the description of Paula in the respects of breeding and education would have a soul above such inconsistencies of demeanour in her love affairs. The introspective habits of such a girl, promoting as they do self-discipline, would forbid it. And surely the public is tired of the flimsy barriers which the novelist of the day raises between his lovers for the sole object of suspending the issue of an attachment and thus prolonging the reader's interest in a novel in which he has no longer anything more to say. A man who paints life for the sake of the didactic value of a true picture of human nature in its more complex and less understood phases, and who is animated by a pure enthusiasm for the artistic achievement such work implies, could not descend to the proceedings just enumerated.

Mr. Hardy is the recipient of great confidence as an exponent of rusticity. It is difficult to perceive why, unless confidence placed in a writer is to be in the proportion of that writer's pretensions. In the first place, the claim that he expounds rustic character arrogates too much. A town-bred

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reader is not in a position to deny that he faithfully reproduces the deportment, dress, locution, and other externals peculiar to West-country folk. His complaint is—and he desires no better—that the rustics are not *real* to him. Their life in the imagination is ephemeral as a dream, and considerably less vivid. But exposition implies more than mere reproduction. The claim challenges refutation, for it means that the author has discovered what these externals reveal concerning the attitude of the rustic mind towards life, and has contrived clearly and convincingly to communicate it to the reader. One writer on Mr. Hardy even goes so far as to attribute that author's success to his being "closely in touch with the thought of the day," which is marked by a tendency to suspect that, as in the days of Chaucer, "Piers Plowman knows a few of the truths that bishops and peers have forgotten." Philosophy and wit, when found in the brain of the rustic, are interdependent. One has only to state that Mr. Hardy has reproduced no vernacular wit; and the absence of a vernacular philosophy is likewise understood. In "Far from the Madding Crowd" there is a gathering of yokels in a disused malthouse. This should have served as an excellent scene for a brief, bright interlude, relaxing the strain on the mind of following the fortunes of leading characters with intensity. But the term "interlude" as applied to the scene under consideration would be a misnomer: it is not that in its function, for one cannot conceive of a break in a tale which has shown no connected development: it is not that in its nature, for there is nothing in the least *playful* in it. These malthouse worthies are the sleepiest-headed set of rustics the present writer has ever met with in literature. Shakespeare's rustics are fellows "of infinite jest, of most exquisite fancy"; they rally each other with a brisk fire of *sales* which give immortality to their subsidiary parts. In Mr. Hardy's scene, just mentioned, "you're a very old man, malter" is the nearest approach to a pointed remark. If any person desirous of speculating to advantage in Mr. Hardy's



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reputation, had produced a dramatised version of the "Madding Crowd" and sent it to the late Sir Henry Irving, it would have taxed even the ingenuity of that expert stage-manager so to stage the malthouse scene as to effect its salvation from the *fiasco* which the insipidity of its dialogue invites. If Mr. Hardy had really anything to reveal concerning rustic mode of thought this malthouse scene would assuredly have carried some instalment of the revelation. As it is, he who would study the Arcadian mind can learn more of it from "Adam Bede" through the utterances of Adam, Mr. Poyser, Seth, Bartle Massey and Dinah, than from the whole of the works of the Wessex novelist.

The kindred virtue of local atmosphere is ascribed to these productions. A writer in a contemporary says: "The figures of Hardy's novels move against a background of earth and sky, of moor and field as no other creatures have ever moved before." The writer of this appreciation has failed to see that in Mr. Hardy's false perspective earth and sky, moor and field, are not "background." Inferior nature is thrust into the foreground and caused to intercept the view of human nature. Figures of flesh and blood are seen as stationary boulders on the landscape. How little the view of nature obtained by means of this artificial prominence has been worth the sacrifice of the human may be gathered from what has been previously said respecting the Hardian treatment of nature. It should go without saying that it is by merit of treatment, not by the amount of space it occupies, that an author can hope to give to any subject prominence in the imagination of the reader. The strongest factor in giving the right atmosphere to a novel of country life is the communication to it of that which gives a sense of moral affinity between nature and human nature. But only an author who has himself felt that affinity can reproduce it, and even he may fail. It is an achievement of genius. The Brontë sisters have done it and it renders their work immortal. The imagination cannot rest till such moor and brake as saw

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the emotions of Heathcliff, Robert Moore, "Cathy," and Shirley have been personally visited. The Deiran novelists appended no maps to their works, but their sites are literary landmarks respecting the identity of which it is worth while quarrelling with one's best friend.

Nothing that has been said in this article implies that Mr. Hardy's work is destitute of adventitious attraction. No lover of the fine arts, especially architecture, can rise from the perusal of "A Laodicean" without a sense of having derived pleasure. But he who adheres to the rational belief that fiction is the art of producing in literary form a convincing, beautiful, as well as instructive portrait of some selected phase of life must of necessity contemplate with disapprobation the disuse of the material conducive to these artistic effects. Lofty contempt for *technique* is a safe auspice for artistic failure, especially in these days. But to decide whether absence of *technique* and presence of *rococo* in the literary style of a work bid fair to win for it commercial success must be left to those who understand the book market—or *think* they do.

LINDSAY S. GARRETT.

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# ART AS A FACTOR IN THE STRUGGLE FOR EXISTENCE

THE question of the part played by the æsthetic sense in the struggle for existence owes its obscurity far less to any inherent difficulty of its own than to the perplexities caused by the effort to reconcile the far-reaching and important influence of Art with various theories based upon the assumption of its non-utilitarian character.

Savage tribes that have not yet learnt to provide themselves with the necessaries of life are yet found practising various forms of artistic activity; it seems hardly reasonable to suppose that they do it merely for the pleasure that it affords, as an outlet for their superfluous energy—an apotheosis of play. There are theories of Art by the score, but among all their complicated and intricate definitions the great majority agree only in the negation of the useful. Art must be spelt with a capital "A," and isolated from all relation to practical life; it is a purely auto-telic activity, a Selbstzweck, so that any work or performance that can be shown to have a utilitarian purpose or end must not be considered a genuine work of art.

This is partly a revolt against the misuse of the word art when meaning skill, but also, and to a greater extent, to the attempt to base a theory of art upon *a priori* principles deduced from general philosophical considerations. Beauty, we must believe, is a semi-transcendental reality, of which an ideal is formed in the mind from hints and fragments of the

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beautiful actually perceived; this is then used as a measure or criterion of beautiful things, by the degree with which they approximate to the ideal standard. Art, then, is naturally the outcome of man's love of and desire for the beautiful; thus it had and has no further function than to satisfy that desire.

The psychology of the art emotion, too, is warped by the desire to support the art for art's sake theory; for although all the other feelings and emotions are traced to old and useful instincts, the æsthetic emotion is at once put on a different plane; as, for example, by M. Ribot in his valuable study on "The Psychology of the Emotions":

> While all the emotions hitherto enumerated have their origin and their *raison d'être* in the preservation of the individual as an individual, or as a social being, the æsthetic feeling, as we know, differs from the rest by the fact that the activity which produces it aims not at the accomplishment of a vital or social function, but at the mere pleasure of exercising itself.

Mr. Hobhouse, in his "Mind in Evolution," again, expresses the view that

> the analogue of art among the lower animals is play, in which imagination, if it can be said to exist, takes the concrete form of immediate frolicsome action.

If we are content to accept Art as the development and outcome of play considered as a purposeless activity, *cadit quæstio*, it is indeed a vain task to look for it as an important, or as any, factor in the struggle for existence.

Beauty has been defined as perfect fitness, and certain theories lay stress upon the essential connection of utility with æsthetic pleasure, but no suggestion is made as to the practical value to the individual of æsthetic sensibility in itself as conferring an advantage in the life struggle. The usual view is to regard it as an adjunct or by-product, not as a factor, and yet its deep emotional influence, its power of penetrating to the soul, seem to force the conclusion upon us that here, too, as in love, hate, or fear, it must draw its strength from some deep instinct deeply planted and firmly fixed, as only the long fight for life has power to do; that it must be possible to trace

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back the æsthetic emotion to some instinctive activity, that subsequently, when refined and raised by the intellect, becomes the artistic spirit.

It is not uncommon to find æsthetic judgment attributed to animals and even to fishes and insects, but with an anthropomorphic interpretation that cannot be justified. In tracing the origin of our emotions from the instinctive cravings of animals we have to eliminate the intellectual factor by which the simple physiological impulses and needs are raised to the ideal regions of the higher life.

So that in any search for the primitive display of the art instinct it is of the greatest importance to keep as far as possible to the directions in which it is connected with utility, since, judging by analogy with other emotions, we should find that the further back it is traced the more prominent will the direct usefulness become, until in the animal world it would be shown in simple instinctive activities of immediate value to the performer; rather than as upon the play theory, to find it growing more and more useless and detached from the serious interests of life. In fact, the more we come to understand the meaning of the various performances of primitive races the more clearly it appears that there is a distinct purpose and object underlying what have been considered merely æsthetic or aimless amusements. It is indeed hardly reasonable to imagine that in the fierce stress of early existence great pains and trouble would be devoted to such forms and ceremonies if no advantage were expected to accrue.

To go back to the beginning, all æsthetic feeling is based primarily on like and dislike, so that the first question we are met with is the origin of our tastes. "Why we receive pleasure from some forms and not from others," said Ruskin, "is no more to be asked or answered than why we like sugar and dislike wormwood. The utmost subtlety of investigation will only lead to ultimate instincts and principles of human nature, for which no further reason can be given than the simple will of the Deity that we should be so created."

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Grant Allen however, some thirty years ago, in his "Physiological Æsthetics," traced clearly the connection between colour and sound and the organs that perceive, showing that the actual mechanism in the eye and ear, by its sympathetic response to vibratory stimuli, falling on it with suitable intervals for recovery, would give rise to pleasurable feeling, and further, how harmonious rhythm causing enhancement of function would increase pleasure. In thus demonstrating the purely physical basis of our feeling for concord and discord, he showed that there was an obvious and direct explanation of our likes and dislikes; though why they come to be there and in those forms he does not pretend to tell us.

Æsthetic emotion is in common with other emotions primarily a simple physical sensation, manifested by certain involuntary bodily changes, often far too slight to be consciously distinguished; but in the gasp of admiration when brought before a work or scene of great beauty, in the deep thrill and the odd cutaneous shiver caused by music, we are actually aware of some alteration of bodily condition that precedes conscious appreciation. Persons whose senses are keen, and whose taste has not been spoilt, have a strong feeling whether a thing is good quite different to and apart from their intellectual judgment. "I always know," William Morris is reported to have said, "when a thing is good, as I feel warm across here," passing his hand over his waistcoat.

It is, then, in its simplest form a direct instinctive response through the organs of perception to the stimulus of rhythm, or a harmonious combination of colours, sound, form or idea, just as other external objects will awaken the feeling of fear, love, or desire for food. This being so we should expect to find a similar sense response in the lower animals to rhythm, colour, form and sound, and that this would be of use in the struggle for existence.

There is, I think, strong evidence that this is the case.

If we are to find among animals an emotional effect caused by combinations of bright colours, or rhythmical movements

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and sounds, we shall find it exemplified best in connection with the emotional time of their life, *i.e.*, at the breeding season. In the Darwinian theory of the origin of secondary sexual characteristics, such as the bright plumage of birds, &c., the great stumbling-block has always been the necessity of attributing to the female a power of selection, in her ability to choose the strongest and most beautiful male, a difficulty that has led widely to the rejection of the theory in its crude form.

M. Hirn, in a very able discussion of the whole question, "The Origins of Art," states most clearly the objections to the selection theory, suggesting in conclusion that, in addition to the valuable part played by strongly-marked colouring as providing means of easy recognition, the bright points of colour and their shining lustre, accentuated by the rapid movement of the male bird, would have a strong effect, something akin, he suggests, to crystal gazing, in arousing an emotional excitement in the female, thus helping to overcome her coyness or reluctance. For, as is well known, the excitement of any one emotion tends to overflow and, awakening other feelings, to enhance all the emotional life. Interesting evidence of the almost hypnotic effect of bright points is shown in the twinkling mirrors used by lark catchers.

We may, I think, carry this a little further; if, as there is good ground for believing, the coyness and reluctance of the female is valuable and necessary for the preservation of purity of race, any means that helped a male of the right species to overcome this would be advantageous.

The beauty of the contrasted colours, notes of the song, or graceful actions of the male, would help to awaken the emotional side of the female, not because she consciously recognised that there was any superiority in strength or beauty, but because harmonious combination of colour, forms or sounds have in themselves, for reasons to be shortly considered, the same quality of arousing physical emotion as the sight of meat to a hungry man. In support of the unconscious nature of the effect of colours, &c., we should remember that the same

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phenomena of secondary sexual characteristics are found in many insects and certain fish. If response to beauty in the shape of harmonious form, movement, colour or sound is a natural and deep-seated instinct, it is easy to see how its power of arousing emotion would come naturally to be made use of by the leader to stir up his men to action and bravery by poetry, music, and rhythmic dancing, as well as by the lover, as any emotion at once tends to inhibit the calculating reason in favour of impulsive action.

A few simple "tropisms" to which Professor Loeb has reduced most of the early instincts, appearing in answer to the all-pervading law of self-preservation, are the basis of all our intellectual life; proceeding from the simple to the complex as the conditions become wider and the needs of the organism more varied, until we reach the stage of man, who in his advance has raised them into the intellectual sphere, where, in their manifestations as "ideal instincts," it is hard indeed to recognise their lowly origin.

So we should expect to find the Art or Æsthetic feelings, with their wide application, their appeal to the senses on the one hand, and their lofty ideals and intellectual enjoyment on the other, based upon some simple instinct, at first purely necessary or useful.

M. Hirn, in his "Origins of Art," after a careful summary of previous writers, lays great stress on the necessary connection between art and utility; according to his idea, the art impulse is due to a felt need for expression, so that the speaker or creator by gaining the sympathy of others may enhance the strength of his own emotion, and thus it is undertaken with a purpose and has, at any rate, a secondary or derived utility. Here, again, we see art forms and beauty used as a means of arousing feelings, for quickening emotional life, and putting the spectator into a receptive mood, but no hint as to why beauty as such should enhance the influence of expression.

Granting then that Art is connected with, and based upon, utility of some kind, we should expect to find it, in its early

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phases, useful in the simplest sense, an immediate aid to life, in the form of activities which would result in some improvement of the environment, to make it more suitable for the organism, or to render the organism better adapted to it. Such actions, for example, as the caddis making a covering, the beaver a home, the birds their nests, &c., at first automatic and instinctive, then conscious, would finally become the deliberate work of the mind. The impulse or instinct which drives animals to affect their environment is the basis from which arises in man the useful industries, some of which are in due course elevated into the fine arts. The workman becoming an artist will try to realise an ideal in his work, something which, transcending the merely immediate utility, shall touch a wider and a greater value, until the obviously useful is lost sight of in a remoter good, fixing in some plastic material a thought or feeling that may bear fruit for many generations.

An interesting and illustrative analogy may be drawn from the growth of the religious ideal. In fact, Religion and Art have so many points of close similarity that it is not difficult to maintain that they are parallel manifestations of the same motive: in their effort to read the meaning of the world, and to express and interpret the mystery of our life and surroundings.

Religion in its primitive stage was purely selfish, practical, and utilitarian; it represents the conscious effort of man to get on his side in the struggle powers believed to be stronger than human. The god had to be deceived by stratagem, bribed by sacrifice, persuaded by prayer, or overpowered by incantation, to work solely in the interests of the individual person or tribe; the whole relation was one of barter; the god had to earn his sacrifice, and demanded it as a right for service done; the whole idea of religion was *do ut des*, and it will be well for religion when this feeling finally disappears. The first beginning of religion was a conscious deliberate effort directly inspired by the struggle for existence. The man or tribe that

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had the most correct knowledge of the meaning and purpose of the so-called higher powers, that is Nature, would obviously have an advantage. The early efforts at ornament, the drawings and pantomime so long considered as the product of superfluous activity, whiling away its leisure hour, and so begetting art, have now been clearly shown to have a purpose —far from play, they were done in deadly earnest, a matter believed to be of life and death; they were mystic signs and spells to avert some dangerous influence, or keep some powerful demon in useful subjection; or ideograms conveying information: however intrinsically valueless, their authors considered them useful to the point of necessity.

Here we see the beginning of that close and long lasting connection between Art and the outward expression of the religious feelings. It is hard indeed to separate them, whether we try to estimate a line of demarcation in these rude but significant figures and ornaments, or between the artistic emotion and religious enthusiasm in the magnificent Art of the Middle Ages. We may safely say that they together represent and register man's intellectual and moral advance, his effort to read the meaning of the world, to find a moral order in the universe and to show us how to live in harmony with it. For perceiving an order in the physical world, it is natural to conclude by analogy that there must also be order and law in the moral world. It is interesting, too, to note how continually Ruskin harps upon the intimate connection of Art and Morality, a province usually arrogated to herself by Religion.

When we see how the highest forms of religion have had to pass from the animism of the savage, through the rude anthropomorphism of early races, to reach the self-sacrificing beauty of the Christian ideal, the disinterested self-annihilation of the Oriental, and the self-effacement of the scientific metaphysician, we need feel nothing derogatory to Art in proposing some equally simple origin.

"Art," says G. Santeyana in his "Life of Reason," "is

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that which, transcending the body, renders the world a more congenial stimulus to the soul." If we translate this from the ideal to the practical, from the spiritual to the material, may we not say that the prototype of Art is activity devoted to making the environment more suitable to the organism. The function of Art is to mould the external material into sympathy with the internal idea. As living beings we necessarily display activities towards other parts of the universe. These other portions then have a meaning for us ; as we extend our view, we ask for a meaning in the whole.

Of all the factors that determined survival in the earliest stage suitability, or adaptability, to environment was the most important ; a quicker reaction to external stimulus, a slight change in chemical composition, a chance movement that happened to produce an advantageous interaction between organism and the external world would at once help that individual and so tend to become stereotyped. The essence of living matter is movement, a ceaseless driving to activity, which seems to provide, as it were, the material upon which selection is to work ; appearing in the human being in what Prof. Loeb calls " the instinct of workmanship," and perhaps more strongly in the misery of forced inaction which can amount to positive torture. Of these activities, blind, spontaneous, automatic, those that are useful are fixed by natural selection and so become reflex or instinctive, the action answering the stimulus as simply and surely as any other chemical reaction ; but when the power of association and memory at length appear on the scene, and mind begins to interfere, so to speak, with the simple reaction and to use a power of direction and selection, a further influence seemed to be required to ensure due performance of activities which in themselves may have been inconvenient and the use not obvious, although necessary to race and individual preservation. If the due performance of function gave rise to a feeling of pleasure in the act itself, it would tend to be repeated for its own sake. We see this well illustrated in the sexual impulse, or desire for

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food, where the immediate sense gratification is the aim sought for; the means is substituted for the end and becomes itself the sought for goal. An exaggerated instance is seen in the miser, who cares nothing for the use of wealth in the mere joy of getting. In sport, too, it is the joy of the hunt, not the result, that is the stimulus. This is of great importance when considering certain forms of Art in which the means is pursued in preference to the end.

We see, then, in the struggle for existence, actions which tended to render the environment more suitable to the organism would become stereotyped into instincts, that their due performance in response to the appropriate stimulus would give rise to pleasure; the pleasure would then, as always, be projected outwards and considered a quality of the object causing it. It is, then, not difficult to imagine that any external object which had been made useful or was naturally adapted to, or which provided a harmonious interaction with, the organism would be, as such, pleasing or beautiful.

Since advantageous or pleasing things are naturally desired, we should get wishes or cravings, only to be appeased by attempts more or less successful to affect favourably the environment, or so to modify itself as to produce a harmonious interaction. In order to see how this would produce the faculty of appreciating and feeling beauty, we must disabuse our minds of the idea of abstract and immutable laws of harmony, or composition, or combinations of colour, the idea of which makes us wonder why a flower or a bird comes to be beautiful, or Nature so right æsthetically; it should be put the other way on—they are beautiful to us because they are natural, and our organs of perception have been evolved by one long effort to live in harmony with Nature, and harmony is beauty. We ought not to say that we like a thing because it is beautiful, but that it is beautiful because we like it. The law of the universe is balance, action and reaction, "systole and diastole." An organism developing in it, and moulded by

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its conditions, must, necessarily for itself, be so formed as to correspond to this law, however concealed. Organisms replying to chemical stimulus so slight as to evade the utmost subtlety of our research would be no less sensitive to physical stimulus, if indeed there is any essential difference. The eye would by the force of circumstance be so evolved as to respond to balance or rhythm in colour, line or movement, the ear to feel the law of balance or harmony in sound, and thus as satisfactory, while disharmonies would, as such, cause discomfort because they would be contrary to all the conditions in which, and to meet which, our organs were evolved; since it is obvious that the particular form of our organs of perception is due simply to the conditions of environment. The eye and the ear, as perceiving objects further away, would be the most important powers, as they would enable dangers to be avoided for which the sense of touch would be too late, and so with their wider field would naturally form the basis of the more ideal instincts.

Unfortunately, want of space makes it impossible properly to develop the argument, but perhaps enough has been said to show that there is some ground for the assertion that the instinctive pleasure in harmony is due to the impelling need for suitability to environment, and so is of the utmost advantage to the organism, as giving information whether it was in harmony with its immediate surroundings, instead of having to prove it by merely living or dying. If now we take this blind craving which we may fairly call an instinct for conformity with Nature, or more shortly for harmony in its widest possible sense, we see it expressed at first in unconscious discomfort under unsuitable conditions, driving the organism to unceasing effort only relaxed if, and when, harmonious adjustment is again attained, when its normal activities can be freely exercised; then we see it reaching the stage in which mind and intellect come to the assistance in the efforts to gratify instinctive cravings, and definitely conceiving the aim for which search and effort are to be made. The desire for con-

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formity with environment will not only impel us to make our surroundings suitable and beautiful, so that our perceptions may be harmonious, but the intellectual side will require ever more insistently her satisfaction, demanding a life that shall be spiritually and mentally in accord with the meaning of the universe. Our limited brain can only conceive ideas based upon felt experiences, but can carry these into an ideal world unhampered by time, or space, or refractory material, just as the abstractions of mathematics are based upon observed physical phenomena. So in Art, the mind realising the felt beauty of simple objects, and the power of rhythm, can combine portions of the external world of colour, form or sound, in novel combinations producing new and far more intense sensations of pleasure, but always guided and limited by the felt need for harmony.

But this pleasure sensation is not enough to make Art in its best and fullest sense; the intellect, the ideal instinct, must be satisfied: this demands a wider field; so Art must contain also some hint of the relation of Nature to man, harmonious relation between which is the unconscious spur of all our activity; we must feel that there is some suggestion that will help us to make life in some way clearer, truer, or better, and so to help us. "No Art," says Ruskin, "can be noble which is incapable of expressing thought"; every artist is consciously or unconsciously a philosopher. Art is the interpretation of environment. If there is a moral purpose in the universe, and we could understand it, and live in conformity with it, we should have attained perfect happiness. Religions have always offered this explanation, and have for ages been the acknowledged source of all information, and no doubt the absolute whole-hearted believer may find complete intellectual rest in a perfect harmony between himself and his god. But we no longer go to religion for actual knowledge. As Mr. Haldane, in the "Pathway to Reality," points out: "The immediate inspirations of Art and Religion give exquisite hints of the truth to all, but it is only the iron logic of philosophy that can,

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after long striving, break through the bewildering incrustations of existence, and give some direct justification of the spiritual life." Through all religions runs, as a main current, the idea of perfect harmony between man and his environment. Particular forms of religion come to an end when they fail to meet the highest aspirations of their followers, but only to be revived in others more fitted to the growing intellect and knowledge, for the instinct is not weakened, even if it be expressed in the subtle metaphysics of the Hindoo, the ethical system of the agnostic, or the Utopian dream of the social reformer.

Beauty has been defined as truth, and truth beauty. "Rien n'est beau que le vrai," says Boileau, and this at least is so far true that the artist aiming at beauty is, though it may be unconsciously, aiming at truth. The sudden recognition of a truth gives rise to a feeling of emotion much akin to that caused by beauty: what Bagehot called "The emotion of conviction."

There is no need to suppose that any particular message must be consciously, or deliberately, the intention of the artist; he feels a sense of the mystery of life, a meaning in things, a beauty, or some suggestion of harmony, which he cannot express or even formulate; he tries to show us the thing as it appears to him, to let us see it through his eyes, so that we may at least share his feeling, and if his effort is successful he wakens the old instinctive cravings, and fills us with undefined longings, so that there grows a sense of a deeper meaning in life, a higher and a wider sphere than the mere everyday existence; the senses are quickened, and under the spur we succeed in combining portions of experience in some new untried way and find a connection or truth unthought of before. So a great work of art leaves us with a fuller, richer sense of life, it helps us a step on the way to self-realisation by its power as a "vehicle for intuition" of the world around us. "Beauty gives the best hint of ultimate good that we can get," and beauty, however defined, must be based upon harmony. The

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need for harmony in the organism, and between the organism and its environment, is so obvious—and, indeed, life is impossible without a modicum, at least, of such harmony, while, according to Metchnikoff, all our ills are due to disharmonies—that it does not seem straining probability to suggest an instinct for harmony with environment. This instinct would then be the base of our emotion and the source of many cravings and desires as it became complicated by all the baffling impulses and feelings of fully developed life. Given such an instinct, it is not difficult to trace an imaginary sequence; always we see it engaged in its effort to get at one with Nature, to catch the meaning of its surroundings. When first it takes outward form it appears in the animism of the savage, in rude music, coarse and rough ornament, in idols and temples, strongly utilitarian; but even in its rudest forms it is impressed with a sense of a world not accessible to sense, hinting at its purpose, symbolising the mystery and the meaning behind the simplest object; always, whether in Religion or Art, representing the effort for the higher, offering the greatest good that can at the moment be conceived; growing more spiritual and ideal with the rise in moral standard. *Art, then, is the conceptualised stage of the effort to adapt the external world to the wants of the individual, and in its various manifestations represents the outward form of the craving for harmony born from the struggle for existence and only to be satisfied fully by complete knowledge of the relation of man to the universe.*

In many branches of Art, however, we see the usual phenomena of the end lost in the means. Skill in representation is of such importance that to many actively engaged in Art production, the entire energies are absorbed by technique, until it is forgotten that there is anything in Art beyond imitation, or perhaps sense gratification alone is aimed at. Both of these, according to the foregoing suggestions, have their place, and are indeed the forerunners of Art. In periods when there is no strong feeling, no new stirring of thought, Art the interpreter is apt to languish, and skill being the only thing left to aim at



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usurps the first place; at the present time, indeed, we seem rather in a period of Art:

> When the great thought that slips the bounds of earth and sky
> Gives way to craftsmanship of hand and eye.

Perhaps the great advance in science and the newly awakened sympathy for social questions will express themselves in a new religion and a revived Art.

The real spur of Art is the instinctive craving to understand Self in Nature, to know the truth. We may for a time be overwhelmed and stunned by the greatness of the task, we may give up the quest and try to find rest for our soul in some emotionally satisfying religion, or passively accept the verdict of "ignorabimus," to let our art suggest to us only the mystery and glamour of the world, to accept the mystical in the place of intellectual effort; but this does not last, the old instinct reasserts itself, we see our evils are due to disharmony, we turn to science to help us, and her aid, though sure, seems slow. Religion and philosophy, metaphysics, each offers us a solution, and some find peace there; to all Art offers her solace, she is Nature's spokesman, and so we send the Artist back and back to Nature. If he cannot altogether show us the way, he can at least create an ideal world for us, in which we may catch a glimpse of pure and perfect harmony, a momentary resting-place in the never-ending struggle to get "in tune with the Infinite."

FELIX CLAY.

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# IN A BORDER MINING-CAMP

IT is generally supposed that after his thirtieth year, it is the bounden duty of a good citizen to settle down as soon as possible into the stereotyped decorum of middle age. I am happy to say that in my own case I have found this view of affairs to be quite incorrect. For at a time of my life several years later than the period which I have named, it was my happy lot to be spirited away by the wand of an irrepressibly humorous destiny, and dropped gently into a remote corner of the mountains of British North America, where a new and vigorous mining-camp was just springing into lusty life.

It will probably be assumed that the "Auri sacra fames" had something to do with my movements, but unluckily, perhaps, I was never conscious of having been stung by that particular gadfly, and, indeed, I think I may say that I drifted into Golden Gate more by accident than by design. However, I had not been there many hours before it struck me that unless I was much mistaken I was on the edge of a new and thoroughly original experience.

The town, so-called, was, it is true, not much more than a collection of ramshackle wooden shanties, hastily built, and dotted about at random on the slopes and terraces of a wild hillside, still for the most part covered with primæval forest. On every side frowned down upon it a desolation of mountains, torn by raging torrents into many a gloomy cañon and gorge, and surging up as far as the eye could reach, tier upon

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tier, range beyond range, until their outlines faded into the blue mists of the horizon. The streets and alleys wandered aimlessly among upheavals of naked rock, and lost themselves in sudden yawning hollows and precipices. One day they were inches deep in thick white dust, the next they weltered in Manchurian-like morasses of mud, through the midst of which I recollect I used to plough with complete unconcern clad in long rubber duck-shooting waders, the flaps of which reached to the waist, a style of foot-gear which, by the bye, I can strongly recommend to any one who is anxious to cultivate chronic rheumatism.

When I wended my way to the house in the "suburbs" where I rented a room from some pleasant Irish friends, the path led by a devious route skirting an awe-inspiring mud-hole about half an acre in extent, across a small but unexpectedly vicious mountain torrent, and through a tangled thicket of dense under-brush, which on moonless nights was as dark as a wolf's throat, from whose depths I have often heard other belated night-hawks, like myself, bawling in vain for help and guidance.

But despite these and many other little inconveniences, Golden Gate was above all things a pre-eminently happy place. From dawn to dark and back again—for nobody took any particular notice of the times and seasons of day or night—hope reigned supreme in the breasts of the curious odds and ends of humanity who came hurrying from all quarters of the continent into this new Eldorado, and because they were all hopeful they were all good-humoured and merry beyond belief.

Among them there were of course large numbers—perhaps a majority—of solid decent citizens, but the people whom I found most interesting and in many ways most instructive did not by any manner of means belong to this class, being more or less men of broken fortunes, frontiersmen who loved adventure and hated a settled life, waifs and strays, the flotsam and jetsam of the ever-restless Border. It was a point of honour

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never to inquire into any man's past record, nor to allow it to trouble his future chances of success, a charitable leniency which must have been very advantageous and convenient for certain of our prominent citizens, whose antecedents, had the truth been known, were somewhat varied and picturesque. Of course, a population of this kind, many of whom had a supreme contempt for the sober, peaceful ways of older and longer-settled communities, needed strong and dextrous management, and fortunately for us the administration of the law was in the hands of a masterful and masterly Warden of the Marches—in the person of Jack Dunkirk, the Mining Recorder, Chief of Police, and representative of all the local Executive power. To borrow language used of a far greater name, "Stark man he was . . . . and he loved the free prospector as if he had been his father." He was of great stature and strength, and when he strode along the streets in the morning, on his way to his office, the boys fell back in admiring and whispering groups, to let him pass, and I used to think that he looked like a modern manifestation of Jupiter Omnipotens condescending to earth among tribes of lesser mortals.

His fame and popularity were widespread, in fact he had at that period already won his way into myth and fable. I never heard of his going about armed, but he carried with him a strong and pliant cane which no doubt could become a terrible weapon when wielded by that mighty arm. His methods as policeman were distinguished by unconventionality and common-sense. Brawls and fights were of course matters of tolerably frequent occurrence in a community like ours, which devoted a great part of its spare time to drinking and gambling, and sometimes they were pretty savage affairs, in which biting of ears and gouging of eyes and such-like ferocities were not unknown. On an occasion of this kind often have I seen a ring formed in saloon or street and a rough-and-tumble fight in full swing. Suddenly a hush falls upon the crowd, the ranks divide, and in strides Chief of Police Jupiter Tonans, cane in hand, and stern authority upon his brow. He takes his place unchal-

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lenged in the front, and watches the antagonists with silent and frowning attention. After a time their fury slackens, and they would fain have done, but Jupiter with an angry nod threatens them to proceed, and curtly announces that if they won't fight one another they will have to fight him. In such a dilemma only one choice can be made, and they fall to again with sinking hearts, until Jupiter decides that they have had enough punishment, that they won't be in a hurry to get to fighting again, and graciously intimates that they may now be permitted to stop. Then he walks unconcernedly away, amid all sorts of queer tributes from the bystanders, expressive of their admiration of the great man's personal prowess.

Many were the stories that used to circulate round lonely camp-fires or at saloon gatherings of the achievements of this redoubtable champion of law and order. Our town lay only a few miles inside the Canadian boundary line, and was, therefore, at once a happy hunting ground of Western "toughs" and "bad men" and "bunco-steerers" "from the other side," as we called the adjacent State of Washington. But from the very first these modern knights errant of the road seem to have recognised that in Jack Dunkirk they had met their master, and that it behoved them at least to assume airs of good behaviour, as soon as they found themselves on the British side of the forty-ninth parallel, which in these parts is the International Boundary Line. In their own country they were accustomed to take advantage of all sorts of laxities and imperfections in the administration of the law, and they waxed fat and rampant in their misdemeanours, in a community which is inclined to be easy-going and merciful, except on the rare occasions when it wakes up with a jerk, and handles its malefactors, while the fit lasts, with an energy that borders on the ferocious. This curious condition of affairs was brought home to me very forcibly some years ago by the following characteristic little episode: I started early one summer morning to ride from Bodie, a mining-camp in the Indian Reservation in Northern Washington, to Summit City, fifty miles

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away across the border in British Columbia. At mid-day I stopped to eat and rest and bait my horse at a rough little village in a grove of cotton-wood trees, where a ferry boat runs across the Kettle river. There is a country store much frequented by prospectors and farmers, a building half hotel, half farmhouse, where you can get a very eatable meal; a large rambling collection of stables and barns, where the stage-coaches used to change horses, an Indian burying-ground where the Indians, who are Roman Catholics, come sometimes to pray; and the usual collection of loafers waiting about for the chance of a drink in the bar-room. After lunch I lit my pipe, and strolling over to the store, was soon the centre of a knot of friendly inhabitants, all eager to hear the latest news from Bodie, which was in those parts something of a metropolis of civilisation and society, though anywhere else it would have been reckoned a sorry enough spot. Remembering that "two things greater than all things are, the first is love and the second is war," I bethought me of the latest adventures of Mike Flaherty, "*the* bad man" of Bodie, who some years ago, after murdering a "pal" in cold blood, had broken jail, and escaped the hanging which he so richly deserved. So I told them how on the night before I left Bodie this abominable ruffian had violently and of pure wantonness assaulted a well-known mine foreman, who, I am happy to say, had retaliated with compound interest, and nearly beaten him to death with the butt-end of his "gun"—*Anglice*, revolver. My audience listened to this moving tale with bated breath, and there was no doubt that their sympathies were all on the right side, that they execrated Mike Flaherty and applauded the drastic methods of the mine foreman. But of the fact that the law had been outraged, and ought to be most promptly vindicated, they seemed not to have the least idea, and the discussion was finally summed up by a very respectable and intelligent-looking carpenter, who remarked with a deep sigh, that was almost a groan, "Ah! that's the way to treat them 'Bad Men'—smash 'em with an axe, or beat their heads in with a club."

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And the crowd echoed their approval, "Yes, that's the only way to handle them 'Bad Men.'"

So having done what I could for the entertainment of the village, I saddled my horse and rode away, thinking as I rode of our method of handling "Bad Men" in British Columbia; of Cariboo, where, as I have been told, they once hanged eight men at one assize; of a famous late Chief Justice who condemned a man to death and, as no hangman was forthcoming, slipped with his own hands the noose round the criminal's neck; and last, but not least, of our own Jack Dunkirk, terror of marauders and bulwark of the law.

Personally I have a distinct preference for the methods of my own country, though I have no doubt that there is something to be said for the other point of view. At all events it is not surprising that the American "black-sheep," having been nurtured in so easy-going a community, felt a wholesome if somewhat superstitious dread of British justice as exhibited on the Canadian side of the Border. Our principal jail at that time was to be found in a little town in the interior of the province, some two or three hundred miles away from Golden Gate, and I have seen strong men (in their cups) howl and moan at the bare thought of being transported to this hateful Siberian stronghold. So it came about that Jack Dunkirk was to all American thugs and hoboes the very incarnation of the terrors of swift and even-handed justice, and I don't know whether they feared or admired him more. Once, so the story goes, at the very beginning of all things, there came gaily along the trail that leads across the Border into our mountains a very fine specimen of the Western "Bad Man," slung fore and aft with pistols, rifles and knives. So rode he jingling up into the hills until he was aware of a great one who, standing in his path, bade him hand over his weapons of offence and defence. For a moment surprise and fury held him dumb; then a light burst upon him, and he said meekly, "Say, pard, I guess you're Jack Dunkirk; if you are, you're welcome to them guns of mine."

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One other story of his doings is so characteristic that I cannot leave it untold. A drunken "tough" with bellowings and howlings makes night hideous beneath the very windows of Jove's private mansion. The great man is aroused from his healthy slumbers, and emerges—a portentous apparition—clad only in boots and breeches and night-shirt. Once, nay twice his dreadful warning rings out into the night: "Sam Rogers, you shut your mouth; if I hear any more of your noise I'll kick you out of town and down the waggon road into the Wild Horse River."

Alas for human folly! Silence reigns for a few minutes. Then Sam Rogers forgets this awful threat, and is suddenly clutched, propelled most violently from behind, and bidden in a voice of thunder to leave the town and to tarry not upon his going, until he reach the aforesaid navigable stream, which at that time was the principal entrance into and exit from our remote mountains.

Oddly enough, there is a moral to this little tale! Sam Rogers seems to have abandoned his evil courses, for many years later—only the other day, in fact—is it not of record that he returned to Golden Gate from his violently enforced exile, and presented himself at the office of the great potentate at whose decree he had suffered banishment. There followed mutual recognition and hand-shakings and hearty goodwill all round.

Thus was Jack Dunkirk as policeman "illustrious and consummate," and as administrative officer he was even more admirable. From morning to night his office would be besieged by hordes of ignorant, dirty prospectors all intent upon recording their claims, registering transfers, passing over the counter greasy "notes" or "bills" in payment of fees, and conducting themselves like a jostling, crowded herd of half-wild steers. Amid this scene of confusion, in a very Babel of tongues—for many applicants were foreigners, Swedes, Danes, Frenchmen, Germans, and Italians (known, of course, as "Dagoes"), who spoke English most imperfectly—the target

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of endless importunities, towered the figure of the imperturbable Mining Recorder, now no longer the terror of "Bad Men," or the stern corrector of midnight brawlers, but the serene and unruffled guide, counsellor, and friend of innumerable ignorant, bewildered, grown-up children. My friend and one-time partner, "Cap" Carter, who was since drowned, or made believe that he was drowned, in the neighbouring Chinook Lakes, was not a good man nor a discriminating judge of fine points of character. But the sight of Jack Dunkirk in the Record Office was too much for him, and drew from him a fine, and almost involuntary, tribute of praise:

"By Gosh (says he), that feller's not human; he has all the damned fools in British Columbia buzzin' around him like a wasp's nest, and he never so much as says a cross word to none of 'em. I tell yer, mister, he ain't human!"

The main street of Golden Gate at the time of which I write was in itself a curious sight, and was filled by many curious people. The roadway was straight and very wide, but it was brought up short at one end by an abrupt and rugged mountain, and its course was impeded by a succession of ravines, alternating with huge piles of rock. On its south side it broke away into a deep and forbidding precipice, down which flung itself a most malodorous and pestilential open drain, which, descending from the upper portion of the town, cut right across the thoroughfare.

However, despite these and many other disadvantages, it was the centre and common meeting-place of the life of the community, and though you had to go elsewhere to find out the real truth about the mines upon which so much depended, on the main street you were sure to be amused with much characteristic conversation and gossip. The crowd that frequented it was good-tempered, hopeful, and enthusiastic, and the trade in mining shares, mineral claims, town lots, and strong drinks went on merrily all day long, and most of the night as well. The prospectors of course were there in full force, and a right good fellow the real, genuine prospector very

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frequently is. In old days, before people began to ferret about all over the earth in search of the precious minerals, I suppose that the ancestors of the men who are now prospectors were outlaws in the forests, or sought "ferny hollows," like Chaucer's palmers, or shuffled round the country on pilgrimages, in fact were, as is the race of prospectors nowadays, roving spirits, who could not and would not be bound down to the treadmill of humdrum industry. And just as Adam Bell and Clym o' the Cleugh and William of Cloudeslee, were no doubt uncommonly agreeable gentlemen to meet, when you got upon intimate terms with them, so our prospectors were never-failing sources of amusement and wonder, and the better you knew them the more you liked them. Upon a tomb in one of the English cathedrals some enthusiastic hero-worshipper, in a burst of admiration, has celebrated the virtues of the departed with the words, "Oh! what men!" The phrase often recurs to me as I run over in my mind the collection of oddities and eccentricities with whom I came in contact in the streets of Golden Gate in those careless days.

There was old Tom Robson, a tough "Cousin Jack" from Cornwall, who had been prospecting and mining and timber-cruising in the West for many years. A very rough diamond indeed was he, as hard as nails and sturdy as an oak, so that in the coldest winter weather I have seen him lounging about in a snow-storm with nothing on under his coat but a low-cut woollen sweater, which left his brawny throat and neck and the upper part of his hairy chest naked and entirely unprotected. I watched him once roll down over a steep mountain-side mixed up helter-skelter with his fallen horse, and when I ran round to the bottom to pick up the fragments, I found him sitting in a thicket of brambles comparatively unharmed but for the fact that the wind had been temporarily beaten out of his dogged old carcase and that the blood was running from a cut upon his forehead. His battered, weather-beaten face presented such a fantastically ridiculous picture of furious blind rage and comical bewilderment that I thought of Falstaff

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and Trinculo and all sorts of absurdities, and burst out laughing at him. For a moment he looked so angry that I thought he was going to punch my head; then I suppose he caught the humour of the situation, and fell to laughing loudly too. A great man he was in a rough-and-tumble fight —the more savage the better as far as he was concerned—and a terrible drunkard when the fit seized him. I need not say peace to his ashes, for no doubt he is still alive; in fact, I doubt whether so gentle a thing as death could kill him. A lawyer friend of mine once had to cross-examine him in court, and by way of starting pleasantly remarked: "Mr. Robson, I'm told that you're something of a fighting man!" Old Tom put his hand to his ear, being very hard of hearing, and bawled out. "Fighting man, did ye say: fighting man: you step outside with me for a minute and I'll show you whether I'm a fighting man or not!" He came of a long line of miners, and had a sort of natural scent for a prospect, though I never heard of his finding anything particularly good. But, perhaps, prospectors are like card-players, and luck favours the young and inexperienced among them.

As you strolled along the streets on a fine spring morning you would find yourself rubbing shoulders with many local celebrities who would greet you with great cordiality, and invite you to drink with them a great deal more often than was good for you, and to gamble with them all day long and all night too if you cared to do so.

Conversation, of course, never strayed very far from the all-absorbing subject of mines and prospecting, and incidentally you would soon be invited to buy shares in a newly-formed mining company, or acquire an interest in some mining claim of highly problematical value. Needless to say there were lots of sharks to be met with who were on the lookout for any greenhorn with money. But it is part of one's business in a mining-camp as elsewhere to learn whom to distrust and whom to cultivate, and it was no very hard matter to be hail-fellow-well-met with every one without getting too closely

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involved with any particular schemer. The best plan in Golden Gate, as in most places, was to hold your tongue and let the people round you do the talking. They all had their own adventures to tell and were by no means slow about doing it, and while it was very probable that you would find something strange and interesting in their anecdotes, you could make up your mind once for all that they would not even pretend to be amused by yours. At all events, many a pleasant hour have I spent lounging about the streets, or in the bar-rooms, or sitting comfortably smoking beside a warm stove-fire, while bronzed, hatchet-faced Frank Launce described to us how he went prospecting forty years ago in the Arizona Mountains, when the Apache Indians were still an untamed tribe, and an intruder into their country carried his life in his hand every day; or Charlie Wilson, of the venerable grey locks and wild blue eyes, spoke dreamily of the wonderful "Lost Claim" of fabulous wealth which lies hidden high up in the Bitter Root Range, where he and his friends had sought for it in vain this many a year. Then, "with a whoop and with a holloa," Liverpool Jack would break in, and in a burst of confidence tell you: "Why, bless your heart, I've served in the British Army and the British Navy, and the American Army and the American Navy, and I'll be darned if a man can't have more fun in the British Army in a week than he can have in the American Army in a year!" I remember feeling myself thrilled with a glow of patriotic pride when I heard this somewhat ambiguous tribute to the merits of our most glorious national institution, and I have no doubt that "Liverpool Jack" had "sized" me up accurately, and had counted upon producing a favourable impression by his remark. He no doubt was by origin a Liverpool "Wharf Rat," but much foreign travel and many vagabond adventures had expanded him into a companionable enough ruffian. He decoyed me once to go with him to inspect a mineral claim which he wished me to buy, and I went, knowing full well that his glorious description of the property was a tissue of

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impudent falsehoods, but reckoning also that I should be rewarded by hearing many quaint tales.

After several hours hard and hot riding, followed by a long and tedious scramble up a blazing sun-scorched rock slide, he paused upon a naked and barren granite bluff, and proclaimed triumphantly that we were now walking upon the ledge itself. "Ain't she a beauty," he kept repeating enthusiastically. "She's the biggest thing that ever happened! Ain't she a dandy!"

I sat down and groaned inwardly, and he must, I fear, have noticed that I was dejected and disappointed. But he would not admit defeat, and continued to expatiate on the glories of the ledge, even while I turned silently away and commenced the painful descent, too tired and disgusted to utter a word of expostulation or reproach. All the way home he tried to keep up my fainting spirits with ingenuous stories of love and war, reminding me for all the world of a dog who has done wrong and knows it, and tries to propitiate his lord and master with curvetings and gambols.

An eccentric personage of quite another variety, from whom I used to extract much innocent amusement, went by the name of "Highly Metalliferous Brown," and was the victim of a positive passion for laying down the law on geology, mineralogy and topics of a kindred nature. He was a very tall, rather striking-looking man, with black hair and dark eyes, and particularly long, well-shaped hands, with which he would trace imaginary diagrams in the air for the instruction of his audience, who, if I am to judge by myself, never had the faintest glimmering of an idea as to the drift of his disquisitions. It was his habit to discuss the geology of the "camp" with the voice and air of one crying in the wilderness—the fervour of the prophet mingled with the sullen discontent of the unappreciated genius. Geology at the best is a hard and abstruse subject, but as handled by "Highly Metalliferous Brown" the thing became a dark, weird, impenetrable mystery. In any other country, and under any other conditions, this man would have

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been voted a bore of the first magnitude, and avoided like the plague, but here he was allowed to talk as much as he pleased, and though no one paid much attention to him, he was regarded more or less as a credit to the community, and a demonstrator of the unrivalled possibilities of the district. New comers and "tenderfeet" were always introduced to him with a view, I presume, to being put through a sort of matriculation, and as a means of inoculating them with some measure of his gloomy prophetic enthusiasm.

I have never heard a word as to the history of this strange creature, nor do I know whence he came nor whither he has gone. He turned up apparently from nowhere and vanished in due course as silently as he had come. But if he is still living I have no doubt that he is still following the same way of life, and like scores of other oddities, some of whom I have attempted briefly to describe, is spending the remainder of his years in drifting from one mining-camp to another, as fresh discoveries continue to be made in the wild sea of mountains that stretch from Lower California up through British Columbia into the frozen heart of Alaska.

Meantime, while we have been occupied in making the acquaintance of these and many other worthies, the street has been alive with a constant stream of mounted men going to and coming from the mining claims which have been staked out all over the mountains for who knows how many miles round the town. A glimpse at these horsemen and their surroundings will enable one to understand something of the daily life of the prospector and miner.

"Pete the Packer" goes by with his string of pack-horses tied each one to the tail of its predecessor, and loaded with a queer assortment of prospecting tools and requirements: boxes of dynamite, stoves, stove-pipes, anvils, hammers, long-lengths of miners' drill-steel, tents, sacks of flour, provisions of all kinds, piles of blankets, rough quilts and mattresses, and a hundred other odds and ends. All this equipment is to be transported to the lonely log-cabin that has been hewn out

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under the great cedar-trees many weary miles away in some distant mountain range, where its owners will spend the long toilsome months striving with shaft and tunnel to wrest from the hard rocks the treasures that may perhaps repose within. Much skill is required, as may be supposed, to stow away such a quantity of incongruous and intractable articles upon the narrow frame-work of a "cayuse," or pack-pony's saddle, so to hang and adjust each load that its weight is evenly distributed on either side of the animal, and to fasten the whole with that most complicated and voluminous arrangement of ropes known as the "diamond hitch." I have often wondered how the method of loading of pack-horses in the mountains of the North-West compares with that in vogue in these islands before the era of wheeled traffic, but I have never seen any allusion to the subject, nor met any one who could throw any light upon it. The men accompanying the pack-trains, who were, of course, themselves nearly always mounted, wore red and blue shirts and curious blanket-coats cut somewhat in the style of Norfolk jackets, of parti-coloured design, that reminded one of the pictures in children's books of Joseph's coat of many colours. Sometimes, when I have been riding home in the evening down some steep-pitched mountain trail, I have caught sight far below me of the pack-train toiling painfully and slowly up the long inclines, the bright colours of the men's attire standing out in vivid contrast to the sombre grey rocks and the deep green masses of cedar, balsam, hemlock, and pine. A little later and a little higher up they will reach the night's camping-ground, where loads will be unpacked, tents pitched, and soon the smoke of their fires will begin to curl up in blue wreathes among the trees. There will they lay them down in peace and take their rest, in the deep silence of the hills, broken only by the muffled tread of the horses as they wander round the camp in search of fresh grazing, by the distant howl of the timber-wolf, or the shrieking bark of the coyote, and by the murmuring of the never far-distant streams, which mingles drowsily with the rustling of the night wind in

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the trees. In the freshness of the early morning, before the sun has climbed above the jagged edges of the mountains, if you peep quietly out of your tent, you may chance to catch a glimpse of the lonely wandering caribou, or of the deer, browsing, secure and unalarmed, in the dewy forest glades.

F. W. Rolt.



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# JOHN THURTELL'S SECOND TRIAL

FOR John Thurtell, to be exact, there never was a second trial. By that time he was dead, having (in the apologetic phrase of the son whose father had similarly suffered) "fallen off a scaffold outside Newgate, talking to a clergyman." John had, in fact, already been hanged earlier in the year, on January 9, 1824, and at Hertford, not Newgate, for the atrocious murder near Elstree of Mr. Weare. But all through the second trial, which took place the following June before Lord Chief Justice Abbott and a special jury at Westminster, though by no means physically present in the dock (as he otherwise would have been) with his brother Thomas, spiritually one feels the menacing figure for ever hovering and contriving but a short distance overhead, in that murky atmosphere of betting-fraud and gambling, arson and murder, wherein—*dum vivus*—he appears to have found no difficulty in breathing. The sinister scheme, in short, for participation in which his unfortunate brother Thomas and John Borthwick Snowden were afterwards severally imprisoned in his Majesty's gaol of Newgate for the space of two years, was entirely John's. The other defendant, William Anderson, was acquitted, the jury taking the merciful view that he had probably been something in the nature of a cat's-paw.

In the course of the trial Mr. Barber Beaumont, managing director of the County Fire and Provident Life Offices in the

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Quadrant (founded by him in 1806, and now amalgamated with the Alliance), the gentleman to whose fearless activity and perseverance the discovery of the plot to defraud his office was almost wholly due, observed in re-examination by Serjeant Wilde, afterwards Lord Truro, "I may add that I received this packet of threatening and abusive letters from John Thurtell." They were not received in evidence, and they have probably not been kept; but Mr. Beaumont's grandson, Captain Spencer Beaumont, still preserves the air-gun with which Thurtell proposed to carry out his threats. It is a curious weapon, apparently still brand new, and not unlike a very heavy, metallic, hollow walking-stick; and it was found by Upson, the Bow Street officer, in John's bedroom at his brother Thomas's public-house in the Haymarket. That from it Mr. Beaumont's life had often been in danger is clear from the accomplice Hunt's confession over the Weare business, wherein one of the gang is found genially observing of another projected assassination, of a man named Wood, whose sweetheart John Thurtell particularly admired and coveted: "D—— Wood; what's the use of killing him? Barber Beaumont is the man we want out of the way; why don't you do for him?" John Thurtell replied: "Never fear; he is booked. We shall have him safe enough, you may depend on it."

> The reason [Hunt goes on] why they wished Barber Beaumont to be destroyed was that they thought he was the only cause of the money not being paid by the fire office, and they feared he would urge the prosecution to be carried on for a conspiracy; and for several nights and days John Thurtell lay in wait for him with the air-gun charged, in the neighbourhood of the fire office. He generally took his station at the door of Mr. Ward's, the corner of Sherrard Street, and he set me to watch at the office door in order to ascertain at what hours Mr. Beaumont went in and out; if I discovered him I was to run and give notice to Thurtell which way he went, and he was to follow and shoot him. I, however, could never make out which was Mr. Beaumont, for I did not know his person until some one pointed him out to me at the inquest.

The inquest, no doubt, being that held on the murdered man Weare at Elstree, in November 1823.

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As for the air-gun, Hunt says it "resembled a knotted walking-stick, and held no less than sixteen charges. It was let off by merely pressing one of the knots with the finger, and the only noise was a slight whizz, scarcely perceptible to any one who might happen to be on the spot."

Later, when they were engaged in planning the undoing of Mr. Weare, Probert said he was sure the air-gun would not kill any one on the spot, and John Thurtell replied, "I know that as well as you, Bill, or what the —— should I buy these *pops* for, if it was not because I would not trust to the air-gun?" and added, "I was a silly fool to go all the way to my friend Harper at Norwich to borrow it." Yet it must have been with singular relief and satisfaction that Mr. Barber Beaumont finally hung it up where it hangs to this day, over the hand-cuffs in which the miscreant was at last executed (in black kid gloves, by the way) for that terrible murder of which Thackeray chanted:

> They cut his throat from ear to ear,
> His brains they battered in;
> His name was Mr. William Weare,
> And he lived in Lyon's Inn.

Roguery does not seem to have been in the Thurtell blood, yet both John and Thomas had hopelessly failed in business, and both were uncertificated bankrupts. John was originally in the navy, as Mr. Justice Park, who tried him at Hertford for the murder, suspected; for when Probert (who turned King's evidence, and was afterwards, within a year, hanged for horse stealing) was in the witness-box he said that Thurtell had told him, "When I first shot him [Weare] he jumped out of the gig and ran like the devil, singing out that he would deliver all he had if I'd only spare his life." Whereupon Mr. Justice Park asked him, "Do you know if John Thurtell has been in the sea service?" Probert answered, "I don't know; I think I have heard him say so"; and the judge added, with a judicial acuteness which seems nowadays rare, "We know that singing out means crying out."

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John Thurtell had, in fact, been not only in the navy, but in the army, in the German Legion with Wellington in Spain, where he is supposed to have distinguished himself at the storming of St. Sebastian. But the story he used to tell of his there stabbing a supplicating Polish officer, and afterwards finding a belt round the body containing 240 doubloons ("No bad morning's work, was it, Joe?" one of the police officers heard him say to Hunt when describing it), was probably only one of his common brutal boasts. It cannot, at any rate, have occurred at St. Sebastian, for the fortress fell in September 1813, whereas Captain McKinley, the naval officer called by Thurtell for the defence as a witness to character, deposed that he had been with him in the *Bellona* from 1812 to 1814, always behaving extremely well. But since 1814 the gallant captain added he had seen nothing of him. Perhaps the explanation is that Thurtell had been in the navy more than once, and in the army between times. He had certainly been wrecked in the Baltic when the line-of-battle ship *Defence* was lost, and he was one of only eleven survivors; and it was always understood he was in receipt of a lieutenant's half-pay for his services in Spain; but after 1814 nothing is known of his movements till he turned up again at Norwich, where he was born, and where his father, Alderman Thurtell, lived (mayor of the city, and of the highest respectability), to set up as a crape and bombazine manufacturer, failing therein disastrously in 1821.

In 1822 brother Thomas, a considerable farmer in the same county, promptly followed suit, and coming to London was ere long made manager of a public-house in the Haymarket, called the "Cock," for the benefit of and under the control of John, who by the elaborate fiction of a sham highway robbery had succeeded in carrying off some £1600 of his creditors' money. The venture was a failure, and by the end of the year Thomas was again in difficulties. Nor were John's circumstances any more flourishing. He was young (he was only thirty-two when he was hanged), he thought himself knowing,

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and frequenting the society he did, at the notorious "Brown Bear" in Bow Street, Rexworthy's billiard rooms in Spring Gardens, and the "hells" in Pall Mall and Bury Street, was soon fleeced of nearly everything he had carried off with him from Norwich. There is a curious story of his being decoyed for a final fleecing down to Wade's Mill in Hertfordshire, where Hickman (the *Gasman*) and Martin were in training at "The Feathers" for a prize fight, and where his vanity was to be gratified by being allowed to assist in their preparation. He took with him a certain Miss D., the young lady who had accompanied him in his flight from Norwich. She is described as about twenty-two years old, of a fine full figure, and though at times conducting herself with great propriety, occasionally indulging in "vulgar anecdotes" which not even the presence of the other sex could restrain—not even that of the *Gasman*. She spoke much of Yarmouth, where it was believed (like Little Em'ly) she came from, and when not helping the landlord's sisters in the bar was for ever indulging in swinging. So strong was her passion for it that even the devoted Thurtell grew tired of pulling the rope for her, and in his place hired an old blind man, who often had to do it for hours together. At "The Feathers" John Thurtell stayed for about six weeks, still having apparently plenty of money, and there he was fleeced of the last of it at blind hookey, in the company of Captain Elliot (who afterwards shot himself), Baird (proprietor of a hazard table in Oxenden Street), and, among others equally disreputable, Mr. William Weare, the half owner of some *rouge et noir* and *roulette* establishments in King and Bury Streets. Weare it was, in fact, who relieved him of his last £800, doubtless by means of the loaded dice and false cards found in his carpet bag after the murder. Nor did Thurtell ever forget it, nor Weare's unfeeling speech when applied to later for the loan of five pounds: that he should do as he did, go a-thieving for it. When Weare was dead, lying in the pond on Probert's premises before removal to the other pond three miles off at

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Elstree, where he was afterwards found, Thurtell and Probert strolled round it before breakfast, and Thurtell observed: "There lies the thief that robbed me of £300 and refused to lend me a five pound note. He is rightly served, and the country rid of a villain." No wonder John was known among his flash sporting friends as "Old Flare," or that two of them made a bet of a dozen of wine he would be hanged, as indeed he was, within three years.

By the autumn of 1822 John and Thomas were at their wits' end for money: it was then, in November, the idea of the fire occurred to them, and they took the premises in Watling Street, an upper part over a wine and spirit merchant's named Penny, at a rent of £80, none of which was ever paid, and proceeded at once to put it in the best shape for ignition. They employed a carpenter to fit it with counters to hold the pretended goods, specially ordering him to make everything cheaply of thin deal, to burn more briskly; and at the same time they directed him to construct a curious and unnecessary door at the foot of the stairs and to board up some of the windows, with the idea no doubt of hiding the fire from the neighbours until it had taken a sufficient hold on the flimsy woodwork. Very little hold was enough in those days to burn a house down, considering the general inefficiency of the fire brigade and their archaic tardiness in arriving and setting to work. Insurance was the next step, and that was soon effected, on December 22, 1822, in Mr. Barber Beaumont's office, for £2700; £2500 on the stock, the rest on imaginary household goods, plate, wine, and wearing apparel.

On January 26, 1823, the empty warehouse was fired, and along with three other houses burnt to the ground. But Mr. Barber Beaumont was suspicious. It is said he was warned of the plot by the irate Miss D., the fair swinger, whom by this time John Thurtell had deserted, and when Thomas Thurtell called on him to support the claim of £1913 worth of damage, he pressed him hard about the invoices; whereupon Thomas, says Mr. Beaumont, put his hand to his forehead and declared

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his wife was dying, and that he would send his brother John. But though John came within an hour, and solemnly swore the goods had all been on the premises and all destroyed, and though Snowden produced other invoices, equally fraudulent, from accomplices at Leeds and Norwich, Mr. Beaumont was still dissatisfied, and acting on his advice the County Office refused to pay. The action on the policy that followed (tried, oddly enough, before Mr. Justice Park, who afterwards sentenced John to death at Hertford) was won by the Thurtells. But on November 10, 1823, Mr. Serjeant Taddy moved on Mr. Beaumont's behalf for a rule to show cause why the verdict for the plaintiff should not be set aside and a new trial granted, on the ground (which the discovery of Weare's murder meantime, on October 24, must have greatly strengthened) of gross fraud by John.

The new trial at the Common Pleas never took place, and in its stead, on June 1, 1824, five months after John's execution, Thomas Thurtell, Snowden, and Anderson found themselves indicted in the Court of King's Bench for conspiracy. One of the chief witnesses against them was a Mrs. Amanda Gwillin, who kept the lodging-house on Garlick Hill, where John Thurtell was living at the time of the fire, and where he had removed (from the Watling Street warehouse close by, where hitherto she had been sleeping) the woman, one Mary Dodson, who had taken the deserted Miss D.'s place. Neither Mrs. Gwillin nor her house bore a high character, and she had had John up before the Lord Mayor for violent assault, yet there doesn't seem any very great reason to doubt her story: that shortly before the fire, passing backwards and forwards outside the open door of the room where John and Mary Dodson were sitting waiting for their dinner, she heard the woman say, "If I were you, John Thurtell, I would sell all the goods and set the place on fire"; to which John, no doubt suspecting Mrs. Gwillin's proximity, made the loud and virtuous reply, "Now, Mary, don't talk so, for if such a thing were to happen, they might be ready to swear I set it on fire." It

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was suspicious also, Mrs. Gwillin thought, that some ten days before the outbreak John had directed Mr. Gwillin to go to the warehouse and fetch away the coals, being unwilling apparently either to have Mary Dodson or the coals unnecessarily consumed. On the early Sunday morning of January 26, Mrs. Gwillin remembered opening the door to John when at last he came home at a quarter to five, and John asking her, "What are the rattles springing for?" though Mrs. Gwillin declared she could hear nothing of the sort. The news that the warehouse was actually burning was first brought by the washerwoman about nine, when she came with John's clean linen. But not even Mary Dodson could rouse him to show any interest in it. "Thurtell, the warehouse is on fire; get up, come, get up!" Mrs. Gwillin heard her say, all to no purpose. Later he asked his landlady to grease his boots for him (it was before the days of universal blacking), and not till then did he go out to inspect the damage, in quite an ordinary, unconcerned, leisurely, Sunday morning fashion.

If John Thurtell had lived to be tried, doubtless he would have provided an alibi; there was indeed one actually called on his behalf, if only to prove that, whatever else the charge might be, it was not a case of arson. Mr. Joseph Ensor provided it, for fourteen years a clerk in the Bank of England, and by this time clearly somewhat ashamed of his acquaintance with "Old Flare," the murderer.

> Yes [he says], on the Saturday night previous to the fire I saw him. It was by accident I met him; I had never an appointment with him in my life. . . . I saw him at Westminster Bridge, by Stangate Wharf, where I dined occasionally; he came there by accident. . . . I was dining there, at the Mitre Tavern, with a friend, and to the best of my recollection, about nine o'clock, Thurtell said he had an order for the opera, and asked me if I would accept the half of it; and as some part of my family were there, and it being a dreadful night, I accepted the offer, in order that I might bring them home.

So Mr. Joseph Ensor, respectable Bank of England clerk, and John Thurtell, fraudulent bankrupt and prospective murderer, went off to the opera together and stayed there till

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it was over. The crowd was so great Mr. Ensor could see nothing of his family, a sister and a male cousin, and so could do nothing on that dreadful snowy Saturday night, as he intended, towards assisting them to a coach. Then, says he,

I was going to separate from him, but I said, "As the night is so bad, and as I have no business to-morrow, I will wait till I get cool," and I offered to go to the "Cock." "No," says Thurtell, "I will take you to a better place; I will take you to the Saloon in Piccadilly."

At the Piccadilly Saloon, where now the Criterion stands, they stayed till half-past four, until Mr. Ensor said:

"Let us try and get a coach, and I will pay for it, however much it may be," as I was inclined to go home to bed, and as the weather was bad. It was the most dreadful night I ever remember; there was snow half up the leg.

"And how far did you walk together?" Serjeant Vaughan asked him. Mr. Ensor replied, "We came down the Haymarket, and just as we got to the bottom we were going to part, and he said to me 'You had better go and take a bed at the warehouse,' and I said, 'No, I will go to my mother's'; and we accordingly parted at the King's Mews."

From the King's Mews, the site to-day of the National Gallery, Mr. Ensor went on down Whitehall alone, and remembers perfectly well hearing the Horse Guards' clock strike five as he passed it. The fact being, no doubt, that the clock struck *four*, Mr. Joseph Ensor's condition after nearly five hours of the Piccadilly Saloon sufficiently accounting for the superfluous imaginary stroke. As for Thurtell, he went off Citywards down the Strand through the heavy snow, and passing through Watling Street, as he must have done, on his way to his lodgings on Garlick Hill, where Mrs. Gwillin admitted him at a quarter to five, would have had just nice time to fire the warehouse first. What he meant by offering Mr. Ensor a bed in an empty warehouse, without sleeping accommodation of any kind (since the removal of Mary Dodson), is to say the least doubtful; was it possible he had thoughts of robbing and knocking him on the head? If he had, there

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would have been little of the unfortunate bank clerk ever found, for the warehouse burnt like tinder, what with the flimsy woodwork and the specially selected wine and spirit merchant's stores below.

Under the acrid cross-examination of Mr. Scarlett, poor Mr. Ensor's respectable feathers grew rather ruffled. He couldn't recollect where he first met Thurtell. It was "at different houses where I have been in the habit of dining, or at houses where I take a glass of wine or grog; it was merely an accidental thing. I have always been very particular and very tenacious in forming an acquaintance with any young man." He would swear he hadn't dined a dozen times with him at the "Cock," except he came in by accident and took a chop; nor supped with him half a dozen times either. That is, "not with him. I have met him by accident." But he wouldn't swear he hadn't supped with him half a dozen times at his brother Thomas's house in the Haymarket. Well, if Mr. Scarlett must know, "I had met him frequently, but never supped with him till I asked who that gentleman was. The first time I ever saw him was at the Army and Navy coffee-house, kept by a person of the name of Grieves in Castle Street, Leicester Square."

"Did you ever meet him at any other public house or any other private house?" asked the persistent Mr. Scarlett. No answer from Mr. Joseph Ensor. "You hear the question," said the Lord Chief Justice; "did you ever meet him at any private house, or any public house of entertainment?" In answer to which Mr. Ensor falls back on his usual, "I have met him, my lord, by accident."

Evidently Mr. Joseph Ensor had had a lifelong lesson in being more than ever "particular and tenacious" (whatever that may have meant) both in forming his acquaintanceships and choosing his houses of entertainment, for before leaving the witness-box he took the opportunity of declaring, "I have not frequented the Army and Navy coffee-house since that time, or not for these fifteen or eighteen months past."

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Perhaps the bank directors had had him up and given him a good talking to in the meantime.

Stranger even than John Thurtell's air-gun and handcuffs are some few of the gang's autograph letters, still in the possession of Mr. Barber Beaumont's descendants. Among them there are two from Joseph Hunt, the public singer and boot-blacking proprietor (condemned to death with Thurtell at Hertford, but afterwards reprieved and transported for life), the same who naïvely wondered whether his connection with the crime would injure him professionally, and who on the very night of the murder cheerfully sang Mrs. Probert a couple of songs after supper—the supper of pork chops Thurtell couldn't touch, feeling extremely unwell—with Weare at that moment lying dead in the Proberts' fish pond within fifty yards of them.

The first is written from Hertford Gaol, November 20, 1823, and directed to "Mr. Allen, at Mr. Doughty's, Solicitor, Temple, Fleet Street, London."

Friend Allen [he writes], I have written a letter to Mr. Hall intreating him to send me some leagle adviser before the time gits too far advanced, as the Assizes begins on the 4th Dec., and to inform thoes gentleman who visits Mr. Hawkins of my unhappy *situation*, beaing totaly without a friend. I can assure you My Dear friend that what ever may be the opinian of my london friends my *consciance* is cleare.

I feare no Evil
I trust in heaven
And defy the D—— (*sic*).

I hope when you have received this you will make my case known to all my friends and let me here from you as soon as possiable. I think with the interest you have with Mr. D. you might git my breaf prepared and forward it to my counsel. Yours truly,

Jos$^{h}$. Hunt.

P.S.—All letters sent to me are opend by the Govnor First.

The second letter is so much better spelt and written that one suspects the first was merely dictated to some illiterate turnkey. It is addressed to "Mr. Stringer, Victualler, Red Lion, Strand, opposite Somerset House," and though, to be

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sure, in Hunt's defence there was no mention of any such thing, seems to foreshadow the concoction of some sort of alibi.

Dear and respected Friend [it runs], you have no doubt heard of the misunderstanding between me and the magistrates respecting Mr. Weare; you will I am sure remember my being at your house on the night in question, when I sold you some of my best blacking and afterwards gave you a ride in my gig along the Strand. I wish you would make this public, as it may serve your much injured friend Joseph Hunt.

P.S.—Don't think of writing to me, as all letters are opened. Don't believe anything you may hear to my prejudice. J. H.

But strangest human document of them all is the following, passionately underlined and written in what is clearly a highly educated hand. It is interesting, too, as showing the turmoil into which the sporting men and gamblers on the town were thrown by their friend Weare's murder, and the disclosures they feared in consequence.

Dear Joseph,

I know not how far I do right to direct to you where you are, but I am so truly miserable on your account and *former things*, that I really think I shall *make away with myself*—but my poor unfortunate family, O for God's sake Joe *do not allude to us* in your confession, *else you know all must out and how many poor creatures must suffer*, I tremble—we are all alarm at the West End, there is *no play anywhere*, save at *Mr B's*—and *Cha*! run away—I shall *keep out of sight*, it is a truly trying time for all of us. We wish you a safe delivery, but have very little hopes of any of you, tho' you must know it will not benefit *to implicate 40 more and involve them in your fate*. Keep close and show not too much levity and perhaps you may get over and then lead a new life as I mean to do. If you see *Mr Noyes* send me the duplicate and a few lines and I will give him some Silver for your immediate use, but for God Almighty's sake *say nothing of former businesses* as the public are already in a ferment. *Mr. N.* will find me after *eleven at B's*, being the only House of resort. Farewell, farewell, keep up your spirits, Dear Joe.

Yours, J. D.

The "*Cha*" J. D. refers to as having "run away" was, says Mr. J. A. Beaumont (son and successor as managing director to the Mr. Barber Beaumont who founded the office), the author, he always understood, of John Thurtell's

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written defence, read by him in the dock at Hertford with such amazing effect and energy. He was Mr. Charles ——, a very clever man, and one of the original dangerous Thurtell gang. Not only did he abscond, but (as the unhappy J. D. meant to do) he actually did turn over a new leaf, and in due time rose to be a respected and leading merchant in the City. So writes Mr. J. A. Beaumont, in a note on the letter dated June 18, 1885.

How often, in his quiet City office, Mr. Charles ——'s thoughts must have rushed back to the old gambling-hell days, when his friend Thurtell was winning and cursing and taunting the unlucky losers almost to madness! The story goes, indeed, that once in success he was so unbearably outrageous that they fell on him and kicked him and his winnings downstairs and out into the street.

So there is this consolation, at any rate, to be drawn from the dreadful story, that Mr. Charles —— turned over a new leaf, kept his resolution, and prospered; while even John Thurtell died well, absolutely undaunted, bowing "in a friendly manner" to some of the old sporting friends (among them, perhaps, the two who had betted on his fate) he recognised near him in the enormous crowd. And then, says the contemporary account, "All being now in readiness, Mr. Wilson, the Under Sheriff, drew close to the prisoner, and squeezing his hands, exclaimed, 'Thurtell, God Almighty bless you!' The prisoner, pressing his hands in return, responded, 'God bless you, sir!'"

And with these words, in peace and charity with all men, even the accomplices who had betrayed him, the murderer of Mr. Weare was launched into eternity.

WALTER FRITH.

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# SKETCHES IN SOMALILAND

A . . . . patch of ground
That hath in it no profit but the name.

WITH the exception of those officers who are engaged in the difficult task of administration in what is essentially a nomad country, and excepting also a few buyers of hides in the markets of Aden and Berbera, Europeans are not much interested in the conditions of life in Somaliland. The country contains nothing which appeals to the material instincts of the business mind of Europe. No minerals have yet been discovered; there are no industries; agriculture does not exist; and, except in Berbera and a few coast villages, there are no settled communities. The desert, the wild scrub, and the scanty rainfall render village life impossible, and leave to the Somali tribes, whose origin and racial affinities are still obscure, no source of wealth save the natural increase of their flocks and herds. In fact, the country of the Somalis is too poor to attract the attention of the dwellers in richer lands.

To the present generation of British people, there is, nevertheless, one good reason why the name of Somaliland should stand out in strong relief among the other, wealthier and more satisfactory, portions of the Empire. The reason is by no means a pleasing one to the average Briton, who, short though his memory for past troubles may be, recalls with some bitterness the experiences of his troops in Somaliland; and the exploits of Mohammed Abdullah, the "Mad Mullah" of 1899, have

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left an impression that is still vivid and perhaps painful. Three separately organised expeditions, culminating in the despatch of a force of seventeen thousand men from India, were necessary before the power of this Somali adventurer was broken. The effect then produced may yet prove to have been but temporary; and of the anxiety with which the movements of their troops were followed by the Government and British people there may be enough remembrance to arouse a desire for further knowledge of the country under the normal conditions of peace-time.

In spite, therefore, of the poorness of the province, and the small figure its commerce makes in the vast wealth of the Empire, there must be many who, for various reasons, feel a certain responsibility for, and consequent interest in, its welfare. Of these the greater number have never seen, nor are ever likely to see, any portion of the Protectorate. To such I address myself, and if they will accompany me, in imagination, for a few pages, I will attempt to show them, through my eyes, a small part of the country. There will be no scenes of heroic adventure; no hunting of lions or dangers of war; nothing more exciting than a glimpse of the land and its people.

To get to Somaliland it is usual for a European to go to Aden by mail-steamer, and thence by a local coasting vessel across the Gulf. Let us therefore suppose that we left Aden last night, and, on a fine October morning, are approaching Berbera. It is almost daybreak, and one may just distinguish on the southern horizon the shadowy loom of distant mountains. As darkness gives way to twilight, this dim outline resolves itself into rugged hills, upon whose eastern sides are now appearing the first touches of the dawn. A little later and we realise that these hills stand back some ten miles from the shore-line, and that a desert plain slopes gently to the sea, broken here and there by strange isolated hummocks, like islands in the ocean. The whole appearance of this part of the

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coast suggests vividly to an imaginative mind that, speaking geologically, it has very recently risen from the sea. In imagination, one can still see the water washing round the barren stony islands and extending right up to the foot of the hills.

When the sun is well up, raising a shimmer of heat over sand and rock, and the cool fresh morning has gone, we round the end of the spit which forms Berbera harbour. Long, flat and yellow, it curves out from the main beach like the blade of a scythe; inside the reef there is a glassy stillness, hardly ruffled by the gentle breeze, and upon its outer edge the sea is lazily swelling in peaceful ripples.

The low-lying point is white with sea-birds and the water is alive with fish. Shoals of great bonita are fiercely pursuing myriads of small fry, breaking the calm surface with many a gleam and splash; gulls and terns, hovering, wheeling and screaming over the patch of sparkling eddies, join in the chase. Around and under the ship, rays and sharks glide like phantoms, while porpoises play and snort on either bow. All are scared at last by the rattle of the chain, when we take up our berth, as close as we may to the Commissioner's pier.

Between our anchorage and the town there is a forest of masts, and a similar gathering of picturesque Eastern craft occurs at this season of every year. For ages past, beyond the memory of man, and constant as the monsoon itself, these same types of ships have moored in Berbera Harbour. From the great *buggalow* of Muscat, with its high poop and windowed stern of richly carved, time-stained wood, down to that small double-ended *sambook*, whose crew are not altogether ignorant of the methods of gun-running, these types were specialised triumphs of the shipbuilder's art centuries ago, and have survived to the present day. The trade which they carry is not very large; there are dates from the Persian Gulf, and a business with Bombay in grain and general odds and ends, besides the passenger traffic and the skin export across the Gulf of Aden; but the modern coasting



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steamer has cut deeply into whatever freights are to be had, and it is only by reason of the infinitesimal working expenses of the native sailing craft and the small volume of trade from each of the coast villages, that these beautiful relics of a bygone age continue to exist.

From the little that we know of the ancient history of this region, there is reason to believe that, in addition to the skins of sheep and goats, Somaliland once produced another commodity of real commercial value. If the "Arabia Aromatica" of the Romans was, as many suppose, the Somaliland of our times, it probably owed its Latin name to the frankincense trees which then, as now, flourished in large numbers along the crest of the Golis Mountains. The trade still exists, and a few native craft are engaged in it to this day; but the demand for frankincense in large quantities ceased with the disappearance of Pagan religions from Europe, and the ritual of modern times consumes but a small fraction of that which was burnt in the worship and invocation of the gods of Antiquity. The reign of Ashtaroth, Isis and Juno is over; no longer does the thick smoke curl upward in wreathed clouds from the altars of Paphos,

> . . . . ubi templum illi, centumque Sabaeo
> Ture calent arae, sertisque recentibus halant.

Somaliland is now one of the unprofitable provinces of the British Empire, retained only for the all-sufficient reason that its chief port, Berbera, the one secure harbour of that coast, lies close upon the flank of the Indian trade-route.

The population of Berbera varies according to the time of year. In the hot season, when the dreaded *Kherif* blows, and choking clouds of sand are swept along the shore, many natives leave the town for the hills; but now, in October, the beginning of the trading season, there may be thirty thousand people in the place. Like many Arab towns, it consists of a permanent nucleus of mud-brick houses surrounded by a wide and varying acreage of matting huts.

Facing the harbour are the white-washed Government

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buildings, Custom House and Police quarters; and to the right, just clear of the houses, stands the new fresh-water tank, from which women and girls, in a ceaseless, chattering stream, take their daily supply in goat-skin bottles. Some of the aged widows round the tank are professional water-sellers, and will dispose of their burdens in the town at so much a cup; the other women are providing for their household wants.

The different tribes live, each in its own quarter, and every handicraft has its particular street. On one side of the main thoroughfare sit the tailors, crosslegged in front of their open shops, surrounded by the brightest colours in Manchester cottons, and buzzing away for dear life on a score of American sewing machines; in another row of tumble-down shanties the silversmiths ply their ancient trade, drawing out fine wire from pieces of silver, puffing the while with short blow-pipes at the glowing wood-ashes.

On a ridge to the south, outside the town, are the huts of the blacksmiths, who, the whole day long, squat round primitive anvils, hammering and filing at spearheads and swordblades. No weapons are allowed into the town itself. And on this side the ridge, between it and the town, is a great open space, where the caravan people tether their camels and pitch their black tents or *gurgis*. Here all the buying and selling goes on; sheep and goats are appraised or disparaged, with many prods in their poor little sides; and half-broken ponies are tried at full gallop along the hard beach. Groups of white-robed Somalis sit about the plain in circles, their long walking-sticks upright in the sand, while they gravely discuss the political situation, or the state of the skin market. To complete the picture, there is in the foreground the naked figure of a small child, seated on a pile of mats, cramming *jowari* stalks into the numbling mouths of half a dozen camels, whose crouching bodies radiate from him like the spokes of a wheel.

The Commissioner's house is near the beach, a mile away to the westward of the town, part of a group of yellow and white buildings, rendered pleasing to the eye by green

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palms and a tall minaret; Somali sentries are at the gates, and a Union Jack flies over all.

Having made arrangements for a journey; in other words, procured some camels and a Somali soldier guide, I land one morning just before sunrise, and am met by Ali Said, my interpreter, who, with the soldier and three camels, is waiting at the head of the pier. For you, too, my reader, if you have accompanied me thus far, there is a mount; a ghost-camel, with all the strange mouthings and fearful paces of his kind; but I pray you, fear no discomfort on his back; you, like him, are a disembodied spirit, and will not suffer those pains which an old Somali told me had made him feel, after thirty years' jogging, "as though his flesh had long ago shaken from his bones, and all his blood had become mixed up." To mitigate these evils, I have two thick blankets folded between myself and the saddle. The camels are lying ready, and, after a few packings and adjustments, during which I notice that my beast is distinguised by a small bell and a head-stall of blue, red, and yellow wool, with long scarlet tassels, we mount. Reproachfully gurgling, after the manner of camels, they complain loudly, then with three great heaves they rise, and, led by the soldier, we move off at a jog-trot, soon leaving the beach, passing over the ridge by the great round tank, where incoming caravans water their animals, then past the Commissioner's house and away over the sandy plain.

The ground is still cumbered with *débris* of the camp of 1902; hoop iron, rusty tins, and the bleaching bones of dead camels lie everywhere; for a mile it is like a battlefield; after that the *débris* ceases and the skeletons are few and far between.

Though it is now broad daylight, there are yet a few minutes before the dazzling brightness of the sunrise, and we are enjoying the most exquisite moments of the day. The distant mountains are clear and sharp, the air is cool and sweet, and a marvellous silence reigns over the desert, broken only by the soft padding of the camels' feet and the gentle tinkle of the

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bell. The few natives in sight are at their morning devotions. There, where they have slept, under the thorn-bush, behind the shelter of the hillock, or in the bottom of the dry water-course, the men of this country all pray at sunrise. Ablution, prayer, prostration. "There is no God but God, and Mohammed is His Prophet."

All signs of the town are now left behind and our faces are set towards a low spur of rocky hill, which must be turned ere we can shape course for the Commissioner's camp, our destination to-day. A cleft in the Golis Mountains, that high range we saw when we first made the land from seaward, is the place where his tents are pitched. Beside the camp runs a small stream, which descends the gully in a series of fern-covered rocky pools, losing itself, at this time of year, in a green oasis on the plain beneath. It is a spot well known to the shepherds, for never, even in the worst droughts, have they gone in vain for water to the mountain spring. The natives call the place Armali.

We are not alone upon the road—if one of the many sandy tracks through the low scrub may be dignified by such a name—and, though no one appears to be travelling in our direction, quite a large number of small caravans pass us on the way down to Berbera.

Ali Said is an important man in these parts; voyaging as he does over the great sea, even as far as Suez or Bombay, he knows more than is ever dreamed of in the shepherd's hut. When a string of camels, laden with dried skins, meets us, the men of the caravan never fail to greet him, and, should they happen to be of his own tribe, there is a great giving and receiving of news.

The women are too busy, or perhaps too much under the stern laws of decorum, to take any part in these gossipings. In the open, wild country, where the Somali woman spends the greater part of her life as a shepherdess, she is usually quite ready to talk, but near the coast towns it is necessary to keep up a more distant demeanour, and in Berbera, the richer

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natives copy the Arabs in secluding their wives. On a journey the woman's business is to lead the foremost camel of the string, to look after the loads, drive the flocks, and build the *gurgis* at the halting places.

The men walk along in groups, spear on shoulder, and on the left wrist a round, white oryx-hide shield, carefully protected from the dust of travel by a red-tasselled linen cover; they are most nice upon this point, as also with regard to their special fancy in spearheads; a young warrior must never be *démodé* with a spear of last year's pattern, or he will fall grievously in the estimation of his prospective bride. They have a great liking for amber; rosaries carried by most of the men are often made of it, and two large cubes of the same rich yellow substance are worn on a soft leather band round the neck. This amber is not a native product; it comes from the Baltic *viâ* Vienna.

The ornaments in which the women delight are necklaces and armlets of amber, or of curiously wrought silver, which latter is also made into heavy earrings and anklets; married women wear a blue cap or net over their hair, but for young girls the style is a thick fringe of glossy curls, parted in the middle and clustering at the sides and back. Men who are studying their personal appearance with a view to matrimony, take endless trouble to bleach their hair with lime, keeping it plastered over for days with a stiff paste, which, when finally washed off, leaves a bright straw colour instead of the natural black.

Generally speaking, the men are tall, thin and graceful; more so than the women, who are shorter and of sturdier proportions. Both sexes are, as a rule, jet black; but though many show a decided negro strain, the pure race seems quite different, possessing aquiline, sharply cut features; in some of the coast villages an Arab type prevails, with a brown skin and thick-set frame, and of these many are exceedingly handsome.

Following the custom of the country, we dismount at

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about eight o'clock, and eat a frugal breakfast, under a shady acacia—a real branching, leafy tree, and a welcome landmark on the stony plain, for it would be impossible to halt elsewhere in this scorching heat. A cheroot, a little idle musing, and perchance a short nap are heavenly pleasures in the grateful shadow. The camels lie knee-haltered on the far side of the tree, sleepily blinking and lazily stretching their snake-like necks, to drag twigs from the nearest clump of thorn-bush. If you look closely at this plant, you will see that besides thorns it bears countless tiny succulent buttons, full of juice; how a camel manages to get a meal from such stuff is beyond my ken, but whole herds live on nothing else. Ali tells me that, during the expedition, many of the Indian camels died because they did not know what was good to eat in Somaliland, and ate poisonous plants which killed them in hundreds.

After an hour's rest we are off again, soon reaching the first range of foothills, well above sea-level, travelling over broken ground and across dry river beds; large trees are more frequent, mostly mimosa, with an occasional boxwood or cactus.

The wild animals now begin to show themselves; many troops of gazelles, gray, fawn and white, feeding on the young green shoots, furtively watch our approach; when they finally decide that we are dangerous they go off like the wind, with unimaginable grace. Every few paces a tiny creature, called by the Somalis a *dik-dik*, in form like a deer, but no larger than a rabbit, starts from underfoot and scurries away through the bushes.

On a ridge of rock, a quarter of a mile away, and showing against the sky-line like a gigantic cat, sits a striped hyæna, gray and black, licking his chops and watching us intently. He looks the personification of evil; and when carrion is scarce has often been known to seize a sleeping Somali, passing the night under a tree, and many a man has a deep scar in his cheek or arm from bites of these hideous brutes.

About noon, being now two thousand feet above the sea,

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and twenty-eight miles from Berbera, we enter a more pastoral land. Among the scrubby trees of an acacia forest are flocks of sheep, fat-tailed, with black heads; also handsome little white goats, clean, active, and well cared for. According to Somali standards this bush country affords excellent pasture, consisting of young thorn shoots and almost invisible grass; girls of all ages tend the flocks, and though most of them are quite children, they are not in the least put out by the approach of a strange party. Ali, when questioned about this matter of their fearlessness, points, for answer, to a small knoll, some few hundred yards off, and there, sure enough, is the glint of a spearhead, as its owner turns in the sun; he is on the lookout for leopards, and he knows well enough that there is nothing else to fear on this side of the mountains.

We now leave the woodland, which is getting very dense, and descend into the flat, sandy bed of a dry water-course—a welcome change to the camels' spongy feet—leading in a meandering fashion, right up to the camp, for it is the channel down which the Armali spring pours a swirling torrent during the rains. The camels require no further urging, and set off at a quick jogging trot, a little trying after our long trek of thirty-five miles.

With many twists and turns, the river-bed ends at last in a green forest glade; half a dozen natives appear through a clearing in the trees; there is a smell of wood-smoke in the air, and then, at the end of a long grassy ride, the welcome row of white tents is actually in sight. Another few strides and we dismount, not a little weary, while the camels gurgle out their heartfelt thanks that the day's work is over.

A quiet walk round the camp and into the gorge, from whence springs the water, is enough exercise after the journey. The mountains tower overhead another two thousand feet, sheltering our tents from the sun in early morning and late afternoon. High up on the wooded hillside are scattered flocks, driven at sundown to a central zariba or *karia*, where they are fenced in for the night, behind an *abattis* of brush-

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wood; fires are lighted before dark against the insatiable leopards and lions, which latter have slain several ponies lately. The blaze is kept up through the night by the old women of the community, who, between their vigils, creep into small *gurgis*, round the inner edge of the abattis; a position astutely allotted to them by the younger generation to ensure a good watch on the fire.

No one is allowed to shoot in the vicinity of the Armali spring, and consequently the animals are all excessively tame and confiding. In the late afternoon a lesser koodoo, gray, with white harness stripes, wanders close to the camp, standing at gaze within fifty yards; we pick up dozens of porcupine quills in the woods, and hear the porcs themselves rustling about after sunset; the wild undergrowth is full of badgers, dik-diks, partridges, and bustards, while in the trees are squirrels and many perching birds; very common among the last-named is the lesser hornbill, whose flight and plumage are, at first sight, suggestive of our homely magpie, though the illusion is completely dispelled by the first glimpse of his huge yellow beak. There are limits to the pleasure one feels at the excessive tameness of some of the animals; last night, for instance, a jackal came into the kitchen and ran off with half a gruyère cheese.

As night draws on, it grows chill, and the two camel blankets, backed up by a thick coat, are none too much on the bed for snugness; but what joy it is to feel real bracing cold after months in the Gulf of Aden, grilling and stewing, day in, day out, with never a change. Just before the last of the daylight has left the sky, and one feels that the night prowlers must be getting afoot, troops of deep-voiced, barking baboons come round the gully and curse the leopards, who dearly love monkey-flesh when they can get it; I rather suspect they curse the camp as well. The leopard occasionally replies with a noise like the cough of a horse. Little owls sit in the trees overhead and whistle us soothingly off to sleep—sleep sound and dreamless, born of weariness and contentment,

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which lasts until we are awakened, at the first streak of daylight, by partridges calling all round the tent.

Next morning we climb the hills, landing upon a grass-covered plateau, where great cedars, sixty feet high, grow as in a park. A walk of four miles along the edge of the plateau, across wide stretches of grass, and through groves of box, acacia, and the candelabra-like giant euphorbia, brings us to the foot of another mountain terrace.

At this place, as we are admiring the view over the wide plain, which extends from far beneath us to the blue horizon in the North, there suddenly arises a great commotion and a hoarse chiding of baboons on the wooded talus, formed from the terrace at our backs; the undoubted cause of the uproar and the present cynosure of angry eyes is "Jack," the bull-terrier, whom they evidently think a dangerous beast, akin to a leopard. Calling him away, lest they should attack and tear him to pieces, I move over to scrutinise them closely. Among the branches of the trees, and peering through in my direction, is a large troop of the powerful gray kind, with dog-shaped heads; one or two of the old ones, quite snow-white and obviously the leaders, are fairly close to me, and I can see the wrinkles on grim, half human faces. In their company are a score or so of smaller brown baboons, whom a stranger might take for their young ones; but they are not the same kind, being adult baboons of another variety. I rather suspect this from their resemblance to a full grown tame one of my own, and, after supper, Ali tells us that from childhood he has been taught, and that all Somalis believe, that the small monkeys were impressed, long ages ago, as slaves to the larger and stronger species, which you, my reader, may believe or not, as you please.

Near the foot of this buttress of rock, our road, a well trodden native track, passes along a winding level path which is, without doubt, an ancient sea beach; the rounded, water-worn boulders, the blow holes and shell gravel prove it unmistakably, and testify with equal certainty that this moun-

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tain terrace has once been a majestic cliff, standing up sheer from the loud-sounding sea. The structure is a fine grained limestone, from which boulders have split off and lie upon the ancient beach. Impelled by geological instincts, we crack open numbers of these fragments and find inside beautiful scallops, cockles, whelks and many other shells, as perfect as in life.

Here, as the hand of nature left it, is laid bare a clear-writ page of the world's vast record. These shells have lain in this limestone rock for untold ages; their denizens were born, lived and died in the depths of the sea, and all were silently buried by the softly falling accumulation of this immense sheet of sediment. Slowly and steadily some earth movement has been at work, raising the great plateau of Somaliland to its present position, and what was once the floor of the ocean is now six thousand feet above the level of its surface.

Before bed-time, in the warmth of the dinner tent, we discuss Somaliland politics, and hear the story of that wonderful person whom Europe still persists in calling the "Mad Mullah."

In 1896, Mohammed Abdullah, aged twenty-eight, returned from his Mecca pilgrimage to Aden. Like other Mullahs, he pursued the usual occupation of preaching and reading in the Mosque, living on the pious offerings of the faithful. In Aden he received a call, and went over to Berbera, where he preached a red-hot reformation and quarrelled with the other Mullahs, who publicly stated that he was mad. He then left Berbera, and, combining religious fervour with some well considered judgments in cases of tribal disputes—for in Somaliland, as in other Mohammedan countries, the Mullahs are the interpreters of the law—he collected many adherents from the most valiant of the Somali tribes. Since that time he has managed, by threatenings, by massacre and by plunder, to keep together a large force; he has fought with Abyssinia, with Great Britain, and with powerful Somali tribes; though many times defeated, he is to-day the head of a large following, and

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the acknowledged ruler of the Nogal Valley; his caravans trade with Berbera, he has agents in Aden, and his position is fairly secure.

If ambition is madness, if astuteness combined with savage ferocity is madness, then Mohammed Abdullah is mad; but if not, never was the word mad so mis-applied. He, like many another great leader of the past, has known how to utilise religious fanaticism and worldly interest to attract men to his standard and to maintain his power over them.

That night I make arrangements for an early start, and, some two hours before the sun is up, we are steadily padding along in the silent darkness, over the soft sand of the water-course, on our return. Camels like travelling at night, and we too feel that it is good to get well on our way while the air is still cool and refreshing, before the sun comes to stupefy everything with his burning heat. And, moreover, there is the delightful Spirit of Contemplation possessing our souls, as we travel through the lonely stillness of the land, under the glittering arch of night, leaving the placid mountains behind us, and pressing forward to join once more in the struggle and dust of the daily round of work. Heat, weariness, and perhaps the pleasure and excitement of the unknown are before us, but above and around is the infinite beauty of starlight and peace.

ARCTURUS.

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# THE CONVERSION OF WESTMINSTER

HALF a century ago, before the making of Victoria Street, S.W., the City of Westminster, in addition to her glories, still had, almost within the shadow of the Abbey, a district stretching from the Thames to the borders of St. James's Park which was covered with narrow courts and filthy alleys, wherein dwelt a regular colony of criminals, outcasts, drunkards, tramps, and vagabonds in general.

The gathering together of this colony had been going on for many generations. It took root, no doubt, in those very early days when, before the first London Bridge was built, Thorney Island was a halting place for the travellers who, passing along Watling Street, crossed the Thames at this point, where the river stretched out so far across the low-lying ground that it could be readily forded. The colony grew when people began to cluster around the original Abbey buildings, and still more so when the Royal Palaces that once stood in Westminster brought together what was, for those days, a substantial population. But the greatest incentive to the growth of the vagabond colony was afforded by the setting up of Sanctuary in Westminster, which thus became a harbour of refuge for criminals and refugees from justice, who continued their nefarious practices as a means of gaining a livelihood. Still another cause was the establishment of so many spitals

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and asylums that people were attracted to the locality from all the country round about.

So the slums of Westminster flourished through the centuries, and at no time, perhaps, was their condition more deplorable than was the case about fifty years ago, the worst place of all being the particular section which became known as "The Devil's Acre." It formed an extensive block of narrow thoroughfares situated between Dean Street, Peter Street, Tothill Street, and Strutton Ground, and included Orchard Street, St. Anne's Street, Old and New Pye Streets, Pear Street, Perkins' Rents, and Duck Lane. The last mentioned thoroughfare had formerly been a pleasant country lane, which led down to a duck-pond not far from Palmer's village, where there was a green on which, in the earliest part of the century, a maypole used to be set up. Orchard Street, where Oliver Cromwell once lived, was reminiscent of an orchard that was part of the Abbey grounds; while as late as 1832 there still stood in Tothill Fields, not far from the St. James's Park railway station of to-day, the pest-houses erected in the seventeenth century, in what was then open country, for the sufferers from the plague.

Fifty years ago the locality in question had, in addition to the streets mentioned, a large number of narrow passage-ways leading into small quadrangular courts, where the squalid, tumble-down houses were inhabited by characters of the worst possible description. The thoroughfare that still bore the name of Duck Lane had, for instance, lost its ducks and gained a notorious band of garroters instead. The Devil's Acre was, perhaps, more densely populated than any other area of the same dimensions in London. Almost every house was crowded with numerous families or multitudes of lodgers, and in no part of London was a greater degree of crime and guilt of all kinds to be found. So dangerous was it that the representatives of justice scarcely dared to venture there, even in regular parties.

Those, too, were the days when prize-fighting was the

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favourite sport, when the rat-trap and the penny gaff had succeeded the maypole of Palmer's Village and the sports on the green—the days, indeed, when a man could gain a livelihood by frequenting a public-house and standing up to allow the customers to punch him in the face at a shilling a punch, or even sixpence in times of local financial depression. One such person, whose headquarters had been a public-house known as the "Rat Castle," because of the number of rat-catchers who went there, was still living in 1884, and bore abundant proof of his previous occupation, for his nose had been frequently broken, his jaws had been injured, and his teeth knocked out, while the last punch he received had destroyed one of his eyes. With that experience he retired from a business loathsome enough for any savage country in the world, got converted by a city missionary, and was enabled to find a better occupation in life than the one he had followed hitherto.

There were other parts of London bearing much the same character as the Devil's Acre of Westminster. They were tolerated for a time, but then a reforming spirit set in. Regent Street was constructed, and a great mass of houses which had been tenanted alike by the poor and the reprobate was swept away. The people thus dislodged flocked into the district of St. Giles, which got so bad that the reformer went to work again, clearing off a fresh lot of rookeries there, and making New Oxford Street. Again Respectability triumphed, and London was once more greatly improved; but, as no provision had been made for re-housing the ejected, they sought refuge in Westminster, and the Devil's Acre, which already had an excessive population, got so overcrowded and demoralised that it well deserved the description given of it as "a disgrace to civilisation"; though this was, in the circumstances, not altogether surprising, as the honest poor were, from want of proper accommodation, compelled to associate with the evil-doers, and soon caught the contagion of profligacy themselves. The local magnates and the local authorities had known that

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things were bad before. But it was alleged against the Dean and Chapter of those days—to whom a good part of the property belonged—that they felt no great concern in the matter, and that, when individuals proposed to construct better habitations, so many difficulties were thrown in their way that the idea was, as a rule, soon abandoned. Then at that same period the local authorities were mostly of the small shopkeeper class, and were not disposed to exert themselves so long as the rates were at a reasonable level. But when the rates began to assume alarming proportions, owing to the great influx of the poor, the local authorities rose to the occasion, Respectability again made her voice heard, and, in the result, the construction of Victoria Street was decreed—a street which, eighty feet in breadth, would cut right through the rookeries, and clear away a large proportion of the people living there. Other improvements followed, and poverty and vice once more got the order to "move on."

From the point of view alike of Parochial Government and of Respectability the idea was excellent. Not only was the increase of the poor-rate stopped by the fact that so many of the poor were driven out of the parish into Chelsea, Lambeth, or elsewhere, but space was provided for rows or blocks of mansions or other costly buildings, the rating of which brought in enormously increased sums for the parochial exchequer, while at the same time a squalid neighbourhood was converted into a "highly desirable" one. All this was certainly in favour of the improver, and also of London as a city. On the other hand, the "Westminster improvements," including the construction of the railway-stations at Victoria, involved, it was calculated, the dislodging in Westminster and the immediate neighbourhood of no fewer than 12,000 persons, these individuals being mostly left to find fresh accommodation for themselves as best they could. In this way those of the "low class" houses that were still left in Westminster became, if possible, more crowded than ever, and, although, by this time, the era of "model dwellings" had set in, these dwellings were

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not only inadequate in number, but were designed for the "artisan" class rather than for the very poor, who had been the people mostly dislodged. These, driven from pillar to post, generally found their last resource in miserable lodgings where they had to pay more in proportion than was paid in the shape of rent by the dwellers in the mansions in the immediate neighbourhood. Such was the overcrowding that in some of the lodging-houses people of all ages and both sexes slept side by side along the floors of the rooms, either on straw or on the bare boards, and the supply of accommodation was so inadequate to meet the demand that in some of the houses the sleepers had to be half-timers. The first detachment—arrivals from the country, perhaps, or ordinary "travellers"—were allowed to "go to bed" early, but were aroused with the help of a stick and driven out at midnight, in order to make way for the thieves and burglars who then began to put in an appearance on their return from business. In one lodging-house in Westminster there slept every night a number of persons equal to the population of a small village, and the owner, who had formerly been a cobbler, made so much money out of this and a similar house in Whitechapel that he was able to live in the suburbs, send his children to a boarding-school, and drive about in his own carriage.

The London City Mission, which started operations in 1835, adopted Westminster as one of its first fields of labour, and that there was abundant scope for the missionary efforts of such an agency is shown by the following extract from an article published by *The Times* in 1835—the selfsame year—on the slums of London:

> It is in these wretched districts that herds of men and children, little removed from the savage state, are grouped. It is from these regions that the population of our gaols is supplied, and in these eddies of civilised society is gathered all the filth, the crime, the savage recklessness which is frequently carried to the Antipodes, and causes the sad and melancholy statement from New Zealand that the settlers have more to fear from the white man, their countryman, a member once of a refined state of society, than they have to dread from the savage and the cannibal.



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In the same way the personal risks to those who laboured in these eddies of civilised society at home were not much less than those incurred by persons who went to the avowedly uncivilised countries across the seas. The missionaries who started operations in Westminster practically took their lives in their hands, for one of them who had by patient and determined effort gathered together a class in a little meeting-room, was one day knocked down in a court and trampled on by a company of roughs, with the result that he died after six months' intense suffering. Others were forcibly ejected, and a number got typhus fever, small-pox or other diseases, or else broke down in nerve and health under the strain, and became complete wrecks.

It was Andrew Walker who really began the good work of endeavouring to reform the Devil's Acre. He was a Scotsman, and had been brought up to the occupation of a gardener. He came to London to work in that capacity, and one day in the year 1837, or thereabouts, as he was walking through Westminster, he lost his way in the labyrinth of lanes and alleys, and wandered about there for an hour before he could find his way out. The sights he witnessed shocked him so much that he declared to himself, "By Heaven's help I will give up my life to the hope that I may prosper in a better gardening than that of tulips and mignonette!" He offered his services to the London City Mission, had the Devil's Acre assigned to him, and laboured there for sixteen years.

His advent to the district marked the beginning of a moral reform which was none the less certain because, like many another such reform, it attracted very little attention at first. But the efforts of this pioneer of Westminster missionaries became known to one who was more familiar with the various phases of London life than anyone else of his time, and that was Charles Dickens. So it came about that Andrew Walker and the Devil's Acre formed the subject of an article in *Household Words* for June 13, 1857, which well deserves the attention of those who may wish to study the social conditions prevailing

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in the Metropolis during the earlier years of the Victorian era. The class of people among whom Andrew Walker laboured is well indicated by the following extract from the article in question:

Among eight hundred social pariahs with whom he came in contact there were some who had been in prison thirty or forty times, and he has known men return to their favourite haunts after being twice or even thrice transported. In the seven hundred densely peopled rooms that formed the district there were five hundred without a page of Bible in them; nor were there, when he first visited the place, any schools or means of any kind employed tomend the manners of the people. A clause in the leases of houses held under the Dean and Chapter expressly stipulated that they should not be used as places of worship unless in connection with the Church of England; whole streets of them, however, and the houses of one entire square, were used as stews of vice. One, also, was a cock-pit in which a brown bear was kept for worrying on Sundays, and where the dog Billy killed his tale of rats to delight an attentive congregation. . . . There, upon Sunday evenings, was a Dean and Chapter's house found that would serve as the training establishment for pickpockets, and give room for the notorious Doll, with a sort of judge and jury club to follow, by which young thieves were taught the best means of behaving and defending themselves in courts of justice. There were to be found whole houses full of various attires: one room containing decent widow's weeds; one, uniforms of our military and naval heroes; one, wooden egs and arms and bandages, by help of which, for the trifling sum of two shillings a day, thieves could procure the means of attracting public sympathy. Children in any quantity were to be had from the same traders at ninepence a day per head, to represent a starving family. If these were hired of their own parents instead of at the agency the commission for their use was sixpence a head only. In the Devil's Acre, also, men maintained schools of boys for the purpose of sending them out pickpocketing for their master's benefit, or to assist housebreakers in getting into dwellings.

In the third year of Mr. Walker's ministry the captain of the thieves, who had been looked up to for counsel and advice in all cases of emergency, and who had many a time raised among his friends subscriptions for a criminal's defence, fell sick and died. Two mourning coaches and twelve cabs full of bereaved vagabonds followed the hearse to this man's grave in a popular cemetery.

The shifts and contrivances by which Mr. Walker's parishioners managed to elude justice were worthy of a Russian diplomatist, and their domestic arrangements in trapdoors and shifting panels rivalled in mystery even Udolpho. One gentleman who had made counterfeit coin for years, had his door filled from top to bottom with sharp-pointed nails to prevent any pushing

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against it from the outside. Another had two steps of his stairs hung upon hinges, and used those stairs as the door into his bedroom.

Soon after Walker started on his labours he found that an old woman named Cunningham had gathered around her a number of poor children in a stable in Old Pye Street, and was herself giving them such instruction as she could. He took Lord Ashley, afterwards seventh Lord Shaftesbury, to the place, with the result that that friend of the poor collected £80 in the House of Commons for fitting up the stable as a ragged-school.

The first regular teacher of the school, when it was re-opened in its improved conditions, on April 14, 1839, was a tinker whose services had been enlisted under somewhat singular circumstances. Mr. Walker found him in a little hut down a back court in the Devil's Acre, and asked if he had a Bible. The man answered "Yes" (he had received one in a distribution of Bibles by the Mission), but he accompanied his reply with such a torrent of oaths that Mr. Walker asked, "What sort of religion do you learn from it that lets you swear so?" The tinker responded, "Religion! Oh, you shall see my religion if you're not off!" and he then opened a door, whistled in two great dogs, and cried out, "There, that's my religion!" But the missionary stood his ground, renewed his visits, and gradually brought about so thorough a change in the man's character that the tinker became in due course a ragged-school teacher. There were soon forty children gathered together in the school, some of whom were in such a deplorable state when admitted that they seemed to be almost dying of starvation, while the whole of them presented an appearance of the cruellest neglect and ill-treatment.

In those days, in fact, the children attending ragged schools had been previously trained in nothing but crime, and Lord Shaftesbury, in one of his letters, tells the following significant story on this point:

Fourteen or fifteen boys presented themselves one Sunday evening, and sat down to their lessons; but as the clock struck they all rose and left, with

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the exception of one, who lagged behind. The master took him by the arm and said; "You must remain, the lesson is not over." The reply was: "We must go to business." The master inquired "What business?" "Why, don't you see it's eight o'clock? *We must go and catch them as they come out of the chapels.*"

Walker started a second school for elder children, and also what was called "The Ragged Dormitory and Colonial School of Industry," where lads were trained for a colonial life; but in 1853 he resigned his post as city missionary, and started the Wellington Industrial School at Clapham.

With Walker's disappearance from the Devil's Acre the mission work there began to decline, and soon afterwards an appeal was made to Miss Adeline Cooper to come to the rescue of one of the schools, known as the Pear Street School, the result being that she started then on a philanthropic work which was to engage her chief energies for a period of no less than thirty years.

Finding the institution sadly crippled for want of funds Miss Cooper organised a polytechnic bazaar, which realised £400; but difficulties arose as to the tenancy of the existing school, and, with the approval of Lord Shaftesbury, Miss Cooper resolved on starting a fresh one, renting temporarily, for this purpose, two small cottages in a blind alley in Old Pye Street, known as Simon's Buildings. One of these cottages was next door to a noted thieves' receiving-house, and when Miss Cooper went to the school in the morning she could hear the neighbours busily engaged in breaking up the silver which formed the proceeds of the previous night's robberies. The new school was so well patronised that Miss Cooper soon had to look around for better accommodation, and this she found in the "One Tun" public-house, which was thenceforward to give its name to the mission.

For a period of two hundred years the "One Tun" had been a recognised headquarters for thieves and other evildoers. Many a crime had been hatched there, while Old Pye Street, in which it stood, was of such evil repute that when, on one

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occasion, no fewer than forty constables marched into it in order to arrest a thief, they speedily marched out of it again, owing to the determined attitude of the local residents. But at the time in question—1858—the "One Tun" stood vacant, owing to the fact that the last tenant had disappeared without paying the rent, and had carried off everything that could be conveniently removed. If, Miss Cooper thought, she could only secure these premises for the purposes of her ragged school, she would not only get better accommodation, but would put a stop to the evils with which the place had been so long associated. She first of all arranged for a public meeting, which was held in the skittle-alley of the "One Tun," to consider the project, and over this meeting Lord Ashley presided. The idea of taking the place being approved, Miss Cooper next advertised an appeal for funds, and thereupon *Punch* published the following sympathetic note:

> The settlement which Miss Cooper and her benevolent friends have thus effected on the Devil's Acre will, it may be hoped, lead to the ultimate and perhaps the speedy reconquest of the whole territory, and its speedy appropriation from the devil, who has occupied it for so long a time, in spite, if not with the concurrence, of the neighbouring Dean and Chapter. To dispossess the place of the devil, however, money is required for building and other expenses incidental to the operations. The cost will be £400. Of this all has been raised but £35. Who will give £35 to exorcise the devil from the vicinity of Westminster Abbey?

A sum of £500 was raised (this being in addition to the amount previously obtained by means of the bazaar) and the desired transformation of the "One Tun" was speedily effected, a lease of the premises for twenty-one years being secured. The best testimony to the previous history of the buildings was afforded by the discovery, behind one of the walls, in the course of the alterations, of nearly a bushel of counterfeit gold and silver coins. On the old skittle ground, where burglars, footpads, and their associates had once relieved the tedium of their leisure hours, an excellent schoolroom was built. The innovation was in no way approved by the thieves and their friends the receivers. They got very angry, and told Miss

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Cooper that if she did not "clear out" she would soon be driven out by force. She kept on, however, all the same, and soon not only was she tolerated but many acts of kindness were shown to her by the people.

So the "One Tun" Ragged School was duly started on its career of usefulness among the deplorably neglected children of Devil's Acre, and before long Miss Cooper was trying to reach the parents as well. She began to hold mothers' meetings, and then, seeing the results of excessive drinking among the costers and others living in the locality, she set on foot a temperance movement. One day when she was endeavouring to persuade a navvy to give up the beer of which he was much too fond the man answered, "It is all very well well of you to talk like that. But what about your wine?" She replied, "I will give up my wine if you will give up your beer," and he at once agreed. Thereupon Miss Cooper signed the pledge, the navvy following her example. It was in this way she became a teetotaller, and she used to say that, although she saw no harm in the moderate use of stimulants, she did not think it right to ask people who were badly fed, ill-clothed, ill-housed and exposed to all sorts of weather, to give up drinking unless she herself, who had every comfort, did the same. When, however, she tried to get the male adults to come to the school in the evenings they replied that they were too old to go to school, but "they would think it over"—which they generally did in the next public-house. So she resolved to establish for the men a costermongers' club which would be quite distinct from the ragged school, and afford them the luxury of a comfortable, well lighted room, where they could spend their evenings and be thoroughly at their ease. With the help of her financial supporters she had just such a room as this built in 1860, on a piece of vacant ground in Duck Lane, and about 120 men gave their names at once as members.

The place represented the first attempt ever made in London in the way of what was essentially a club for working

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men as distinct from a mechanics' institute. It was opened every evening from six o'clock to half-past ten; newspapers, periodicals, draughts and chess were supplied; coffee and ginger-beer were sold at cost price, educational classes were held three times a week, and lectures were given every fortnight to members and their families, while the terms of membership were fixed at only one halfpenny a week. An hour's religious service was held every Sunday, a penny bank was opened, and within the first six months a "labour loan society" had been started. Following all this came a temperance society, with a sick benefit fund attached, and, in 1862, a Barrow Club, by means of which the costers were enabled to obtain barrows of their own on easy terms, instead of having to hire them.

The reformation of the Devil's Acre had thus been started in real earnest, and the tone of the locality began to be very different from that suggested in the article published by Charles Dickens. But the land on which the club stood, in Duck Lane, was wanted for improvements, and in 1865 Miss Cooper got notice to quit. With the help, however, of the Marquis of Westminster, a way was found out of the financial difficulties that now presented themselves in the provision of new premises, and it was resolved to start with a scheme still more ambitious than those that had gone before.

It had, indeed, been found that something more was wanted by the struggling poor of the Devil's Acre than simply a place where they could spend their evenings. The movement in favour of model dwellings for the working classes was making headway, and a large number of old houses, together with many of the courts situate in Old Pye Street, were swept away to make room for such dwellings. But only persons in regular work, or receiving regular wages, were to be accepted as tenants, and for this reason, as well as because of the comparatively high scale of rents charged, the costermongers, charwomen and others who had been turned out of the old houses could not hope to be received into the new ones.

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Miss Cooper resolved to erect in Old Pye Street a block of buildings which would not only serve the purposes of a new club but also supply tenements of one, two, or three rooms, at the lowest possible rental, for as many of the ejected families as could be accommodated in them. These buildings were duly opened in July 1866, and the sixty-one separate tenements were all occupied within the course of twenty-four hours.

The Working Men's Club, re-opened in the Westminster Buildings, was continued there until 1874, when it was abandoned owing to the dishonesty of a succession of officials, and a youths' institute was opened instead. Then in 1879 the lease of the "One Tun" expired, and the Ragged School was also transferred to the Westminster Buildings.

In the meantime—that is to say, in 1872—Miss Adeline Cooper had married Mr. John Barker Harrison, an artist who frequently exhibited at the Royal Academy, and was himself an earnest worker for the mission. He died in 1879.

Whether in her single or married life, or in the days of her widowhood, the thoughts, time and energies of the heroine of the Devil's Acre were devoted to the prosperity of the One Tun Mission. She went to the rooms almost every day from her house in Eton Terrace—certainly five days out of the seven—and she would go fearlessly down Duck Lane at ten o'clock on a Saturday night at a period when no solitary policeman would have ventured there; though, without her knowing it, she was generally followed at a short distance, on her return home, by some young man belonging to the mission, who was ready to rush to her protection in case she should be molested. Happily no such incident ever occurred. The power and influence she exercised over the turbulent spirits around her were, indeed, remarkable. The secret of her success lay, perhaps, in her true womanliness. Her patience was unbounded, and the most provoking incidents never disturbed her equanimity, while the soft penetrating tones of her voice, the expression of her face, and the absolute gentleness

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of her manner exercised a wonderful *taming* influence alike over young and old. It was a phase of human character altogether new to people who had never before known what gentleness was. So, as this Una in real life went too and fro among them, she not only passed with perfect safety, but spread around her an influence that led them to think of better things than those which had previously filled their minds. She had, perhaps, the defect of her qualities, for she would see no wrong in persons she had once trusted, and in this way she was in several instances shamefully imposed upon. But, on the other hand, this perfect confidence had a great deal to do with her power of bringing out the good qualities of those she wished to influence, and against a few impostors or dishonest officials could be put hundreds, if not thousands, of children and adults whose lives were brightened, and who were themselves made different beings, as the result of her kindly influence.

She had, of course, many helpers, and first and foremost among them must be put Lord Shaftesbury, who took the chair at nearly all the annual meetings. Then there was Mr. Joseph Payne, Deputy-Assistant Judge at the Middlesex Sessions, and Lord Shaftesbury's constant friend and supporter at Ragged School meetings. He became especially famous for the poetical "tail-pieces" which he would compose on the platform while others were speaking and give at the end of his own remarks, some two thousand four hundred of such "tail-pieces" being attributed to him at the time of his death in 1870. Another active supporter was George Cruikshank, who, so late as 1876, presided in full health and vigour at the annual school meeting, though he was then eighty-four years of age; and among still other helpers must be mentioned Sir Robert Carden—who prided himself on having been almost the first donor—and the Baroness Burdett-Coutts.

But the prime mover in the whole mission, with its ragged-school, its clubs, its model dwellings, and its various other agencies for good, was the founder herself, and the high degree

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of success attained in bringing about a condition of comparative civilisation among the heathen of the Devil's Acre was beyond all doubt.

The end of Mrs. Barker Harrison's devoted labours for the poor of Westminster came on August 20, 1888, when she was seized with a sudden and, as it proved, fatal fit of apoplexy while she sat writing her annual report. By this time, however, the hardest part of the work involved in the conversion of Westminster had been accomplished. It had been clearly shown, and the world at large was at last well disposed to believe, that for the raising up of "herds of men, women, and children who were little removed from the savage state," and for the purification of "the filth, the crime, the savage recklessness" spoken of by *The Times* in 1835, there were remedies more effectual than had hitherto been discovered by the official representatives of that Society which felt outraged by the continued existence of such conditions. Society, as such, had atoned for its own defective arrangements in regard to police protection and other such matters by imposing on law-breakers the heaviest penalties for even minor offences. Transportation was so much in vogue about the year 1884 that criminals were being sent across the seas—many of them for thefts or misdemeanours for which a short term of imprisonment would now be imposed—at the rate of five thousand per annum; while juvenile offenders were systematically imprisoned with adult criminals, whose evil ways they speedily acquired, so that the gaols became high schools for thieves where there was never any lack either of professors to teach or of students to be taught. As for the local authorities, their chief idea of reforming a neighbourhood at the period in question was to pull down the "low-class" houses and construct broad streets, with lofty mansions and handsome shops and offices, in their place, leaving poor and reprobate alike to crowd into some other district where they could remain until the same process was gone through there. In 1864 a poor woman living in Pye Street suggested a very effective method

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of dealing with those two classes of people in Westminster. It was that the authorities should "dig a hole and bury them all." Instead of that the local authorities tolerated their continued existence, but could do little more than adopt the very simple policy of the policeman who rouses up homeless sleepers with the imperative cry of "Now then, move on! You can't stop here!" though where they are to move on to is a problem he does not attempt to solve.

Into this system the pioneers in question introduced innovations of which, up to those days, neither justice nor local administration seemed to have thought. The people who dwelt in the "eddies of civilised society" might be, and might well remain, "little removed from the savage state," so long as the only remedies brought to bear upon them were transportation on the one hand, and a "move on" policy on the other. But the practical philanthropists who penetrated and worked in these dangerous quarters of London found them to be inhabited by people who, men, women and children, were human beings after all, and capable of progress if treated as human beings. In this way the persevering efforts and the warm hearts of a little group of active workers achieved results which, at the time in question, might have been looked for in vain from the merely repressive action of the official representatives of "law and order"; and the story of the work they did, and the moral reformation they brought about, is a chapter in the social progress of London that may, perhaps, be thought well worth preserving.

EDWIN A. PRATT.

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# VIRGIL'S DYING SOLILOQUY

## PREFATORY NOTE

VIRGIL died, as is well known, at Brindisi, where he had landed a few days before in a critical state, on a return voyage from Greece. He gave directions that he should be buried near Naples, on the road to Puteoli, and he left an epitaph to be inscribed upon his tomb:

*Mantua me genuit, Calabri rapuere, tenet nunc*
*Parthenope: cecini pascua, rura, duces.*

These directions were carried out. His tomb became a shrine, to which lovers of his verse, especially his poetical followers, Silius Italicus and Statius, and others, made pilgrimages.

An old and charming story, preserved in some Latin lines formerly sung at Mantua in the Mass of St. Paul, relates that the "Apostle of the Gentiles" in the course of his famous journey to Rome, when, as we learn from the narrative in the Acts, he disembarked at Puteoli, and was met by the brethren there, was conducted to the neighbouring tomb of Virgil, and wept because he had come too late to convert this beautiful soul, by Christian tradition ever regarded as "naturally Christian," to the new and true faith.

The lines, the original of which will be found in Comparetti's "Virgilio nel Medio Evo," chapter vii., may be thus rendered:

To Maro's mound the way they led:
The Apostle raining o'er the dead
The true and tender tear;
Alive, he said, hadst thou been found,
How high a saint I here had crown'd,
Thou poet without peer!

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SCENE: BRUNDISIUM.

*Persons:* VIRGIL. EROS, his secretary.

VIRGIL *speaks.*

NOW help me all high thoughts and all ye gods,
To make my soul, and cleanse me ere my hour,
From something of the soilure of this world,
Corporeal grossness, folly and sin that creep
Into the spirit's grain and clog and grime
With earthy residue the soul's pure essence,
That sparkle from the Divine element
Whose flamelet flickers in this lamp of flesh:
So fitter grow after brief purgatory,
Entrance to find to those Elysian fields,
With their green pleasaunces and ampler air,
And walk the lucent lawns of Paradise
Wearing the white wreath of the justified,
In that choice company of exalted ghosts,
Warriors, for fatherland who fought and fell,
Priests of pure life through all their earthly day,
Leal bards, lips worthy of the laurelled god,
Minds whose invention gives a grace to life,
Or service merits memory among men.
There shall I rest nor weary of my rest;
Haply among the shadows one will come,
No shade, but from the living and the light,
Some hero loved of Heaven like them of old,
Some bard of mine own land and mine own tongue,
And I shall show him all our life below
And he shall tell me of the life above,
How grows the realm of Rome, how wags the world,
Who sits in Cæsar's chair, who in the Senate,
What white-robed Pontiff quaffs the costly grape,
Who tread Suburra, who the Sacred Way,
How echo Quirinal and Vatican,
What loves, what hates, what hopes, for human kind;

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Whether at length that golden age hath dawned
That once my prescient youth divined and sang,
Scarce knowing what I sang, or what I meant,
Of the Maid Mother and the Heavenly Babe.
So I shall dream the quiet eras by,
And when the thousand-spokèd wheel whose rays
Are years, full circling, brings me to that brink
Where the Oblivious River lapsing mirrors
The slumbrous leafage of the silent land,
Too deeply I'll not taste his drowsy drench ;
I would not all forget this life I lived
Prosperous under Cæsar's mounting star,
But keep some hint for my millennial morn ;
How strange 'twill be to learn to live again,
Perchance to sing again, perchance to find—
For lucky verses last a thousand years—
Some scraps of mine own music living too
The task and model of barbarian schools,
And con again the half-remembered lore—
Echoing the echoes of my former being.

Nay, what am I, to centre in myself,
And dream of other lives ere this be done,
That was so poorly lived, so void, so vain ?
For while great Cæsar thundered conquering down
Euphrates' giant gorges, like a god,
Winning the nations to acclaim his law
With love, and practising the path to heaven,
Me in that hour indulgent Naples nursed
'Mid smooth pursuits of unheroic ease,
Chanting the plowman's toil, the breeder's art,
Soft hymenaeals of the vine and elm,
Or lays of the hive-heroes musical
As their own murmur in the luscious lime,
A sheltered bard and scarce more strenuous
Than when a boy by Mincius' brink I roved

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Mocking the shepherd's note or bold to sing
Of Tityrus 'neath the broad and beechen shade.

Yet, O Apollo, witness, 'twas constraint
Of heavenly passion led me in your train
To be your priest and with the Muses move
Rapt by the sacred secret of your rites,
And colour of your mystic pageantry,
Flush'd faces of the faithful, holy things
Held high in reverent hands, rose-blossomed rods,
And slender swaying lilies pure and tall!
The poet's life may oft seem indolent,
Inactive, uneventful, self-absorbed,
But he must gain the mastery of his art
Like other craftsmen by unsparing toil
And steel himself to suffer, if he would see
Fair offspring of his travail of the soul,
Or skill to ken, what only quiet may,
For still the Muses haunt the brooding mind,
In noontide meditation, watch of night,
The one in many that makes the many one,
Something that underlies our rainbow dreams,
The pattern of the web of all the world.

And I too in my shy sequestered life
Have suffered, and known many and mighty haps,
Persons, events, and watched in signal scenes
The tragi-comedy of history,
Brawls, feuds, strifes, plots, traps, stabs, intrigues, revolts,
Intestine agony, civil and foreign war,
Rule of the basest, murder of the best,
Famine and rapine, and 'mid sign and portent
The universe convulsed, and East and West
In immemorial duel ranged once more
Disturb and drench with blood and havoc new
The bleaching bones of their old battlefields;

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Or in their galleons on the churning surge,
Like mountain-islands from their base unmooring,
Borne on to shock and sink with all their hosts.
Weltering years of chaos, kings and queens,
Consuls and senates, orator, warrior, pontiff,
Censor and tribunes with their raucous raff,
Swept down the ensanguined tides of destiny,
Till all was changed and our strong ancient state
That chased the kings, like Plato's Commonwealth,
Found in one wisest head, a king once more.
Fain had I lived a little longer, seen
The Empire orb itself around the sun
Of Cæsar's princedom, fain had striven to sing
Somewhat that might have helped it to this end,
Some word to weld the world, and link together
Its present to its past and far to near,
Spreading from Thulé to Taprobané
One happy realm and rule, the "Roman Peace:"
I fear it may not be, "*Apollo's priest,*
*Nor righteousness nor ribbon of his god*
*Availed to shelter in that stress of fate,*"
I take the omen, I submit and leave
My theme a legacy to luckier lips.

A poet's course cut short, one Epic less,
What larger loss than if a linnet ceased?
What difference in their warbling, bard or bird,
Catullus or the sparrow, Heraclitus,
Or the sweet nightingales his verses echo,
If death end all? But, if we live again,
Yet only live this little life again,
What serves, my soul, this tedious barren round,
Serpent-like still, recurrent on itself?
What means it, the Sphinx-riddle set to man,
Life's paradox of proud deeds writ in tears?
Have infinite time and space no God, no goal,



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Finite or infinite, to which we tend,
Thro' test and trial of a hundred haps,
And nature's ever new experiment
In all the eras of aeonian change?

This wistful world our sadly splendid home,
Ocean and earth and heaven, the giant sun,
And the moon's glittering globe and all the stars,
What are they and whence come they, by what hand,
By what force fashioned? atoms fortuitously
Conglomerate, they say, the subtle Grecians,
And he who followed, trenchant son of Rome,
A dust of atoms driven in endless dance,
Like links to like, and round and round they whirl
Awhile, then wearying seek new partnership:
So Love and Hate are stewards of the ball,
But over all Necessity is lord,
Necessity, what is Necessity?
Natural Law, Necessity, high names
For what we know, yet know not, order noted
In our brief span of sense, and stretched beyond
Our senses' scope: long searching, long perpending,
Two ultimates, two only can I find,
Matter and Mind, matter imperishable
In its prime elements, but ever mutable.
Mutable matter—is the mind as mutable?
Hath it invisible atoms of its own,
Doth it too sunder and reshape itself,
Or doth it only dress itself anew,
With form on form thro' cycles of creation?
In ooze, and sand, in crystal of the rock,
In sponge or coral, weed of sea or shore,
In branch and bloom, in fish or fowl or brute,
In man, himself first brute and barbarous,
Fiery and dour as old Deucalion's flint,
Then scaling into law and art and song

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And civic life of Athens or of Rome,
Hero and saint, poet and lawgiver,
Half men, half gods, last into Gods themselves,
Ay, into Gods, for what, I say, are Gods?
Are they not mind, are they not mutable,
Many and multiform, some small, some great
The powers unseen that lead us in and out,
The godlets of the cradle and the go-cart,
Good-fellows of the cupboard and the hearth,
Naiad and Nymph, Dryad and Oread,
Fairy and Faun by fountain, hill, and tree,
Immortal are they or rather semi-immortal?
The Hamadryad withers with the oak,
Old Xanthus pined when the flame parched his wave;
The guardian sprite that throned in each man's planet
Sways him from birth, passes too with his passing,
And they, the high, the august, the Gods of Heaven,
Mavors, Minerva, Jove Capitoline,
A stronger life, a longer life, is theirs,
Yet they too haply have their period.
Dodona and Delphi and Hammon are half dumb,
"Saturn is gone, Saturn will come again."
Are they not manifestations manifold
Of one sole mind in all things immanent?
One mind? why not one God, higher than all,
In whom we live and move and have our being,
"And are his offspring," as Aratus told?
Is this the truth, is this the ultimate,
One unknown God, Father and Lord of things?
'Twas this, this, this, I ever yearned to learn,
And meant to give my life to probe and try,
Groping and feeling if haply I might find him,
Who if He is, is sure not far away,
But in this world I now shall never know,
Perchance had never known, perchance shall know
On that Elysian plain, now only stand

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Like those starved spirits that by Cocytus' wave
Crane from the marge and ever pray to ferry,
With passionate palms forth-flung, to the farther shore.

And yet O God Unknown, why all unknown?
Couldst thou not come, or send some harbinger
With human lips, to tell us who thou art?
Maybe even now thine angel is on his way
Star-led, or with the sunlight from the East:
For me too late, but let him seek my grave,
And in my cold ear speak his embassage
Twice, thrice, as those who call upon the dead,
And lay my ghost that fain had found the faith,
Unquiet else and craving still return. [Eros *enters*

Eros, if I should die now in Brundisium,
'Twere best you burn my body here, but bring
My ashes home to sweet Parthenope:
There, on the road to Puteoli, I have chosen
My resting-place, I love the antique use
That sets our tombs beside the traveller's way,
Where as we walk they mind us we are all
Pilgrims upon a further dimmer path:
There build beneath the brow my sepulchre,
And on my marble carve this epitaph,
"FIELDS · FLOCKS · AND · CHIEFS · I · SANG · MANTUA · GAVE ME · BIRTH · CALABRIA · DEATH · NAPLES · A · GRAVE;"
So haply shall some sympathetic spirit
Light the pale lamp, and with blue violets
Wreathe my white stone, and on the ledges lay
The laurel that I loved and not disgraced,
Or sit upon my grassy mound, and sing
A lulling requiem to my slumbering soul.[1]

[1] Maroneique sedens in margine templi
Sumo animum et magni tumulis adcanto magistri.
Statius, *Silvae*, iv. 4, 54.

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# SOME PRINCIPLES OF IMPERIAL TAXATION

## I

AFTER the announcement of the Budget and the meeting of the Imperial Conference the time is singularly opportune for examining the whole question of Imperial Taxation, more especially in the light of the numerous facts, theories and arguments which have been advanced during the last few years, and to see whether it is possible to deduce any definite principles which would be compatible with sound economic laws and also satisfy public opinion.

The first point that stands out clearly is that no attempt has ever been made to ensure that each person should pay his share to the revenue in mathematical proportion to his means. On the contrary, it has always been arranged that the burden of direct taxation should fall most heavily on the shoulders of those best able to bear it, and that the highest duties should be levied on those substances which were not necessaries. Although no one can doubt the wisdom and justice of this method, it is open to some serious objections as at present applied, and these will appear as we analyse in detail the usual methods of framing Budgets.

Taxes have also been imposed or removed in the past with the direct idea of aiding either individual industries or the trade of the country as a whole. The system has varied from

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the most extreme form of protective duties to the admission of everything free except those articles which we cannot produce ourselves. Nearly all the industries of the country have at various times been affected by tariff laws, sometimes in the manner which was hoped for and expected, and sometimes not, but there are so many other factors always acting which influence trade, that it is never easy to say what part of the ultimate result was due to any given tax.

At present no attempt is made to aid trade by any tariff arrangement. No particular industry is helped by a tax on imported foreign manufactures, and only those foreign substances are taxed which cannot be produced at home. The central principle of the present system has been to admit both all competing manufactures and all necessary food free, but it is now no longer possible to apply it. Duties are therefore placed on necessary food as well as on alcoholic drinks and tobacco.

The method of levying imperial taxation at present can be classified as:

(1) Taxes on necessary food of universal consumption;

(2) Taxes on a few luxuries of great but not universal consumption; and

(3) Taxes on property exacted not in mathematical proportion, but increasing according to its extent.

Under the first principle sugar and tea are taxed, and yield in round figures 8 per cent.; under the second, alcoholic drinks and tobacco yield 32 per cent.; and under the third, direct taxation yields 32 per cent. of the total revenue. The remainder is derived from the profits of State trading and from various miscellaneous licences and stamps.

The rich pay every kind of tax, but the poor only contribute to those imposed on necessities, alcohol, and tobacco, and in this way some rough approximation is made of the burden to the strength of the individual. Formerly the indirect taxes were spread over a great number of commodities, but Mr. Gladstone concentrated them on a few. In

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1853 he abolished the duty on 123 articles and reduced it on 133, and also provided for the abolition of the Income Tax, which was to take place in 1860. But the Crimean War upset his schemes for a time. Afterwards he abolished the duties on butter, cheese, oranges, tallow, and on many other minor articles. Since then the practice has been to confine taxation to a few necessities and luxuries. The advantage is that the taxes are easily and cheaply collected, and the disadvantage is that by a very little self-denial an individual can practically evade taxation altogether.

Although such a system is therefore not economically sound, there is much to be said in its favour when the highest taxes are placed on alcoholic drinks. Many, indeed, argue that if a man denies himself a bottle of whisky he deserves not only to save the 2*s.* which is the value of the commodity, but the 1*s.* 6*d.* also which he would have paid to the revenue. If we analyse this example further it becomes apparent that when a man expends 3*s.* 6*d.* on a bottle of whisky he is in reality paying for the liquor and also for the privilege of being part proprietor of an army, navy, and civil service. He denies himself the whisky and saves his 3*s.* 6*d.*, but he still enjoys all the privileges of being protected and governed, and now without paying for them.

This may be desirable in the case of whisky, but the same reasoning applies to tea or sugar. It may be argued that a person should be rewarded for being abstemious even in the consumption of tea or sugar, but the fact remains that the revenue has to be raised and that what is gained by one is paid by another, although each has an equal voice in spending it. The gouty person, for example, who is forbidden alcoholic drinks and sugar has a large proportion of his taxes paid for him by others. This is obviously no more rational than that a man should be excused Income Tax because he happens to be deaf or short-sighted. The disadvantage of confining taxation to a few articles which may happen to be necessities or luxuries to some, but are poison to others, is therefore

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obvious. It simply means that some pay less and others pay more than their fair share to the revenue according to their means.

The present method of raising money by direct taxation on property is regulated according to its extent either by a sliding scale or by allowing arbitrary abatements. The direct taxes are the Income, Land and House Taxes and the Legacy and Estate Duties.

When the Income Tax was first imposed by Mr. Pitt in 1798 a higher rate was charged on large than on small incomes. The scale commenced at £60 on which $\frac{1}{120}$ or 10*s.* was charged, and continued to increase in proportion up to £200, on and above which sum 10 per cent. was levied. The owner of £600 per annum did not pay, therefore, ten times as much as the one who possessed £60, but 120 times the amount. The sliding scale has been superseded by a fixed charge on all incomes, but abatement is granted on those under £700, and this year a remission of taxation is to be allowed on all earned incomes up to £2000.

The Income Tax has always been regarded as a war tax by which an easily estimated amount of revenue could be raised at once without disorganising any trade. All the greatest political economists have been opposed to its maintenance at a high level during times of peace because thereby its utility as an emergency tax is impaired. The fact that Mr. Asquith has been compelled to leave it at 1*s.* is therefore further proof of the bankrupt condition of his resources.

It is difficult also to discover either the object or the justice of the new resolution to allow an abatement of 8*d.* on earned incomes under £2000. It is irrational in the extreme to make a person pay the full tax on what he has earned and invested as a provision for his old age and to allow him an abatement on what he earns but spends. Again, it is absolutely impossible to estimate with any approach to accuracy what proportion a man who works his own capital ought to pay in full and what at the lower rate. An enormous amount

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of extra-inquisitorial work will be necessary, and the amount to be remitted and divided among the great majority of Income Taxpayers is estimated to be only £1,250,000. The only result, therefore, will be a great deal of inconvenience and extra work and only a small gain to the individual taxpayer.

Legacy Duties are imposed on all estates over £100 in value, but this tax is not arranged on a mathematical basis. When first imposed in 1795 an attempt was made to cause it to appear as little harsh as possible by arranging that when the property passed to widows and children it was not levied, and when to others it varied from 2 per cent. if brothers or sisters succeeded, to 6 per cent. if blood strangers benefited. This principle is still maintained in a modified way.

Estate Duty, on the other hand, is levied in all cases equally on the basis of a sliding scale rising with the value of the property. These duties have the disadvantage that they can easily be evaded. Like the Income Tax, they are undoubtedly direct taxes on the owners of property.

The Land Tax, on the other hand, is a direct charge on the land, and although it is paid by the owner it cannot be said to come entirely from his pocket. The rent paid for land is influenced by many factors; such as its situation in a town or country, the quality of the soil, the proximity of markets, and tithe and tax charges, which may be summed up in the terms utility value minus charges. If the Land Tax were removed the landlord, the tenant, or the general consumer of produce might one or all benefit. It is, therefore, impossible to point to any one individual and say the burden of the tax falls altogether upon him. The same argument applies to the House Duty, which may be paid partly by the landlord, by the tenant, or even by the lodgers in case of boarding and apartment houses. But the subject of the incidence of taxation cannot be pursued further here, and it is only introduced in order to show how difficult it is to discover who pays even a property tax.

No definite principles govern the method in vogue for raising the remainder of the revenue. The income from the Crown

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Lands is a voluntary surrender by the Crown of what used to be, and indeed technically is, still the private property of the Sovereign. It is handed over to the State by each Sovereign on his succession. The revenue from the Post Office and Telegraph Service is the result of successful State trading. Although objection may be made on principle to this form of trading, the service is far too vast and important to be undertaken by a private company. The charges within the United Kingdom are not high, but the conveyance of letters and telegrams abroad is so costly as to be detrimental to all kinds of foreign trade. It would seem to be sound policy to cheapen this service even if it means sacrificing some revenue.

The largest item of the Licence Duties is paid by publicans, and this is likely to decrease as a result of legislation and the general growth of temperance. The other licences are levied on various forms of luxuries, and on certain professions and trades chosen arbitrarily. Under the heading Stamps are included several charges made on various forms of deeds, contracts, assurances, and certificates. No principle governs their character and extent. Most of the Licence Duties were formerly paid into the Local Taxation Accounts, but it has been decided this year that they should be paid first into the Exchequer, and afterwards divided and sent to their ultimate destination.

Is this system likely to be sufficient and suitable in the future? Mr. Asquith does not think we have reached "the limit or anything like the limit of our possible taxation." In theory perhaps not, for it is possible to impose a 10*s.* Income Tax, or a 15*s.* in the £1 Estate Duty. But in practice, an Income Tax of 1*s.* in times of peace is so unpopular that a Government which imposed it habitually would not be likely to have a prolonged lease of life. Many people already evade the Estate and Succession Duties, and the higher they are raised the greater will be the number who will do so in the future. The Land Tax is steadily falling, and the House Duty does not show signs of rapidly increasing in productiveness. It is

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therefore difficult to see how more revenue can be raised by direct taxation.

The outlook is not more hopeful if we turn to indirect taxation. The bulk of this is paid by alcoholic drinks, but as the nation is undoubtedly becoming more temperate, the returns from this source cannot be expected to increase in proportion to the population. There is no particular reason why people should drink more tea or smoke more, and nothing, therefore, remains but sugar. Mr. Asquith has already expressed a desire to lower or remove the tax on this commodity, so it seems that he will be forced to find new sources of revenue to carry on the ordinary work of Government, and that if he attempts such a great social reform as old age pensions, those sources will have to be very numerous.

It is obvious, therefore, that great changes in the whole system of taxation will have to be effected in the course of the next few years.

## II

Among the many and diverse shades of opinion on the best manner of raising revenue expressed during the last few years, the following general points of agreement may be discovered: (1) That property should pay taxes increasing in proportion to its extent. (2) That it is undesirable to increase the cost of simple living. (3) That such luxuries as alcohol and tobacco, which are deleterious, should be taxed as highly as possible without decreasing their productivity. (4) That all raw products should be admitted free. (5) That no individual industries should be bolstered up, but that the trade of the country generally should be aided by the tariff laws. But public opinion has not yet decided as to the method and relative extent to which these principles should be applied. Having pointed out the weakness of the present system, we now propose to endeavour to discover such general principles as are most suitable to the present needs of the country, and so most likely to meet with general acceptance.

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It is a matter of opinion to what extent indirect taxation should be applied, but there can be no doubt both that an Income Tax at 1*s.* in times of peace is too high, and that there is no possibility of reducing it to any great extent under the present system. Under a reformed system it should be possible to keep it at 6*d.* during peace. If any differentiation is made at all according to the sources of incomes much can be said in favour of taxing those derived from property held abroad at a higher rate. It cannot be denied that a large amount of capital is now invested in foreign countries more profitably than it could be here, owing to the free importation of foreign produce and manufactures. The income spent in this country benefits a certain section of people, but if the capital were also employed here occupation would be found for many more. The fact that there are unemployed shows indeed that more capital is needed, and one way to attract it is to give a preference on the Income Tax to home-made incomes. Another way is to aid trade generally by tariff laws, but this subject will be discussed later.

The Estate and Succession Duties were originally imposed when Mr. Pitt could find no other sources of revenue, and they have been raised whenever succeeding Chancellors of the Exchequer have been in a similar unfortunate position. It would be much fairer to make a distinction between the productive and unproductive property which is inherited than between earned and unearned incomes. It seems illogical that personal property of such a nature that it can yield no income nor appreciate in value with age—such as household furniture and most works of art—should pay as highly as capital invested in a good paying business. Family portraits and heirlooms have little value in the open market, and this is certainly paid over and over again in the course of a few generations. Heirs to real property have the privilege of paying the duties by instalments extending over eight years. The realisation of large sums of money from certain businesses is often also very difficult without disorganising their

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working. The same treatment might therefore be afforded to the heirs of those forms of property. The general maxim of Adam Smith that "every tax ought to be levied at the time or in the manner most likely to be convenient for the contributors to pay it" should still be remembered even by those who have not such respect for private property as had that great economist. But these taxes will never be sound ones as they are so easily evaded.

Reasons have been given why a greater revenue cannot be expected either from direct or indirect taxation imposed on the present system. It seems to the writer that the former already contributes a fair share, and it is therefore to indirect taxation that we must look to meet the growing needs of the country. Other commodities must be taxed, and it is necessary to discover on what principles they should be chosen. It is perfectly obvious that the greater the number chosen the smaller will be the necessary taxes, the more evenly the burden will be spread over the whole community and the less trade will be disorganised. On the other hand, the greater the bulk in which they are imported or produced the cheaper is the cost of collection. For these reasons the first principle of indirect taxation may be stated to be:

(1) The basis of taxation should be as broad as practicable.

It is now almost universally recognised that it is an advantage to impose necessary taxation in such a manner as to help the trade of the country. There are many opinions as to the best method of doing this; but all are agreed that no duties should be placed on those substances which are necessarily imported as raw materials for use in industries. This also may be stated as a principle.

(2) Raw materials should be admitted free.

Taxes on commodities which cannot be produced in this country and consequently must be imported, such as tea, coffee, sugar, wine, and tobacco, are partly paid by the foreign producer which is an advantage to the consumer, but the taxes themselves are of no aid to British trade. In spite of this

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fact it may be desirable to impose duties on such substances as wine and spirits because they are pure luxuries, and also on tobacco because it is a luxury of universal consumption. Tea, on the other hand, is practically a necessity, and it is a purely foreign product. The tax on that beverage therefore has no advantage at all. Again, the tax on sugar is absolutely unjustifiable, for it is a raw material; it is one of the most necessary of all food-stuffs, and it is purely a foreign product. Coffee, cocoa, currants, figs and raisins are also purely foreign products, so that the tax on them does not benefit producers in this country.

On the other hand, practically all the ingredients required in the manufacture of beer and whisky can be grown in this country, and if they are, the whole of the tax is paid by the consumers and those engaged in the trade. Large quantities of hops and barley are imported, but as these are admitted free, the foreign producer does not contribute to the revenue at all, while the home grower is driven from the market. In this way the trade of the country is injured. A tax on an industry carried on entirely at home is, therefore, a dead charge on the community, and when excise charges are made without corresponding custom duties home producers suffer doubly. As beer and whisky are pure luxuries, a tax may still be advisable, for the reasons that it is on wine and tobacco. But it would be better for trade if part of it were collected at the ports on foreign hops and barley.

It is clear, therefore, that taxes both on purely foreign and purely local products are of no benefit to trade, but that if commodities are taxed which can be produced both here and abroad the industries here are benefited. The third principle can thus be formulated

(3) Commodities which can be produced both at home and abroad may be taxed, but purely foreign or home products should be spared unless there be some strong reason for acting otherwise.

It will be observed that all the articles which now con-

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tribute to the Customs and Excise offend against this principle. There are, however, good reasons in spite of this fact to justify the taxes on alcoholic drinks and tobacco.

It is next necessary to determine the extent to which taxes should be levied. To be just to every one no tax should enable a home producer or manufacturer to obtain greater profits than he did before it was levied. In other words, imported commodities should not be taxed so highly that the prices of similar ones produced at home are raised. If they are, the consumers have to pay the increased price on both home and foreign products, but only the proceeds or the tax levied at the ports is received by the Treasury. These principles can thus be formulated:

(4) No tax on an imported commodity should be so high as to raise the price of a similar one produced here.

(5) All the increased price of the imported article, less cost of collection, should go towards revenue.

In practice we know that a slight tax as a rule does not increase the price of the home-made article, for so many other factors are working at the same time that its effect is not felt. On the other hand, a high tax becomes the most important factor. It is, therefore, reasonable to expect that if a tax of £1 per ton were levied on German heavy steel rails, for example, which cost here about £6 15*s.* per ton, the British manufacturers could raise their prices and still compete successfully with their foreign rivals. This would be protection of a home industry which no economist or politician favours, for it would mean that the cost of railways and tramways would be increased without corresponding benefit to the revenue. On the other hand, if the tax were 10*s.* per ton, the price of the foreign rails might be raised a little, but not sufficiently to enable British manufacturers in practice to increase their profits appreciably. The question will naturally be asked, How, then, would the tax benefit the home trade? The answer is simple. It would enable the manufacturer to compete on fair terms with goods landed at or below cost price.

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The same argument applies to all commodities, whether manufactured or not. But as the duties must be small and the revenue to be raised by indirect means is large, it is necessary that a large number of articles should be taxed. This brings us again to the first principle that the basis of taxation must be broad. The whole reasoning to this point may be stated as a general principle:

(6) As much of the revenue as possible should be collected at the ports, but the taxes should be so numerous and so small as to help trade generally without protecting any particular industries.

So far the question of taxation has been considered chiefly from the point of view of the producer and consumer in the home market, and the principles suggested have been those for organising a defensive system against foreign aggression. But a nation which exists chiefly by its manufactures must also not only maintain but constantly increase the size of its foreign markets. At present this can only be done by manufacturing such superior articles that foreigners insist upon buying them in spite of the heavy charges placed upon them when they are landed. But the strain is very great and is felt by all. Not only does the capitalist often have to work hard for little or no profit, but the wages of labour cannot be increased in anything like the proportion which the increased skill merits. It is not a simple contest between skill and hard work on both sides, for the British people are heavily weighted by foreign tariffs before they enter the arena. The problem is, therefore, how to persuade foreign countries to reduce their tariffs, and the solution is not difficult. A bargain can easily be made on the basis of reciprocal treatment. To-day a tax on imported completely manufactured articles which compete in the home market would be welcomed by the great majority of all classes, and the extent of this could easily be made to vary according to the tariff imposed on British goods by each foreign country. The principle may be thus stated:

(7) Imported completely manufactured articles may be

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taxed in proportion to the tariffs of the country whence they come, provided that the prices of the home-made similar articles are not raised.

But imported partially manufactured articles, or those which serve as raw products for further manufacture, such as pig iron, afford occupation and a chance of profitable employment of capital. The problem thus becomes complicated. It is manifestly impossible to estimate with any degree of accuracy how much labour and capital is lying idle owing to the importation of pig iron which might have been made in this country. Or whether the increased demand for capital and labour to convert the imported pig iron into manufactured metals is equal to, greater than, or less than that displaced. But it is perfectly clear that while capital and labour seek occupation in this country, a greater part of every stage of manufacture could be profitably carried on. The principle may, therefore, be formulated:

(8) Partially manufactured articles, or those which serve as raw products for further manufacture, may be taxed if there is sufficient capital and labour available to produce them in this country.

It is absolutely certain that if foreign countries lowered their tariffs they also would become better customers. That they would be induced to do so by a tax on their manufactures varying with the height of their tariffs is obvious, for they would all naturally wish to keep their best market as open as possible. That this could be done without raising the prices of home-made articles is also apparent, for a glance at the list of imported manufactures shows that the great majority could be produced here. There are plenty of metals, and, unfortunately, plenty of unemployed who might work upon them if £22,000,000 worth of manufactured metals were not imported. A very large proportion of the yarns and textile fabrics which are imported to the value of £87,000,000 each year could be manufactured here profitably. There is no reason whatever why machinery, cutlery and hardware worth £8,000,000 should



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be imported duty free. Nor is it advisable in the interests of trade to allow manufactured leather to enter the country to an equal extent without a tax. Imported earthenware, glass, paper, and many other manufactured goods could also be made to contribute to the revenue with advantage. The amount so raised could then be utilised in reducing the taxes on such necessary food as cannot be produced here. A tax of 10 per cent. on foreign manufactures would bring in more than £11,000,000, which would permit of the removal of the sugar and most of the tea taxes.

But it is obvious that if more of the articles now imported were manufactured in this country the proceeds from these duties would be diminished. Again, it is probable that negotiations for reciprocal treatment would be so successful that it would be desirable to lower the 10 per cent. in some cases. When this happened, the cause of Free Trade would be considerably advanced, and all British industries would benefit. If, on the contrary, the foreign tariffs were not reduced, then the 10 per cent. would be retained, and it would be possible to remove some of the other taxes. In either case the people of this country would benefit. At present, not only are they heavily taxed on the necessities of life, but they are also severely handicapped in foreign markets. If trade became freer they would make more profits, and the cost of living would be decreased. The Revenue must be raised, and each must bear part of the burden, but it is obviously desirable to levy the taxes in such a way as to benefit the country as much as possible.

The opinions of the Colonial Prime Ministers have been clearly stated, and there is no longer any excuse for not knowing or understanding the desires of the Colonies. It is, therefore, unnecessary to do more here than to point out how the principles stated above would be applied if the preference already given by the Colonies were returned. The basis of taxation would be broadened by the inclusion within it of imported manufactures and such commodities as can be pro-

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duced both here and abroad, in both cases with a preference to Colonial products. The tax on sugar would be removed, and no other raw material would be taxed. No tax would be imposed large enough to raise the price of commodities produced in this country, and the increased price of foreign produce would all be received by the Treasury.

Dutiable food-stuffs and tobacco are now imported from the Colonies to the value of over £11,000,000 per annum, and a preference could be given on them without altering the present system at all. Again, the imports of manufactured goods from the Colonies are valued at nearly £16,000,000, and if these were admitted free as at present, but a tax of 10 per cent. were levied on foreign manufactures, another preference would be given. As the total value of the imports from the Colonies is £127,000,000, it is clear that these measures alone would give a preference on 22 per cent. of that amount. It must, however, be clearly understood that this article deals only with principles, and that the figures quoted are only given to illustrate how they could be applied. The present system of taxation has not only been tried and found wanting, but is now shown to be insufficient and unsuitable by its official supporters. A new one must, therefore, be substituted, which will satisfy as far as possible the desire of the great majority to defend the home and open up foreign markets and to strengthen the ties of Empire.

MARCUS R. P. DORMAN.

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# LAURENCE HOPE

LAURENCE HOPE has succeeded where most modern poets have failed, older and greater than this woman who died so young. She has created for herself a world of admirers, a multitude of initiants—a Public. Therefore she is bound to fascinate those who diligently inquire into the modern mind, and who love to grasp the elusive psychology of the present. Nor will this essay refer to metre, style, and phrase, except so far as these subtleties exemplify the character and ideals of this curiously sincere poetess. Other Muses of to-day are widely loved, Imperial Muses, worthy of all respect; but there is as little mystery about their attractions as doubt of their divinity. It is harder to account for nine impressions of "The Garden of Kama." An outworn Byronism, a desperately sentimental affection for the sonorous names of the fantastic East, can partly explain this popularity; nor can we overlook a half-scandalous appetite for free speech. But the true cause must be sought in the nature of the feminine—in the appreciation of Laurence Hope by her sex.

With all allowance be it said, we have never before had an English poet who was a woman. The wise are beginning to observe that Mrs. Browning hardly ever wrote a line that was structurally good; the veiled majesty and demure sorrow of Christina Rossetti proclaim her a recluse and a devotee. Alone has the authoress of "The Garden of Kama" set down for us with unflinching truth and vigour a woman's point of view.

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And the expression of this view is so rare as to be extremely precious. The famous women of prose and poetry have been of two main types. They have been given force without grace, or grace without force. We adore, but would not marry, Clytemnestra; we love, but do not fear, Desdemona. As far as failure was possible for him, Shakespeare's women are failures, or at any rate half-truths. Terrible women are for him wicked, almost masculine creatures—Goneril, Regan, Lady Macbeth. His gentler women, his Portias and Olivias, have not really an individuality or power of their own, but rather a whimsical humour in lieu thereof, charming but not profound. Perhaps Whitman, perhaps Swinburne, have come nearer to the truth; but only woman can reveal her Self.

It is immediately necessary to reassure those who suspect that the tremendous error—some would say insult—is intended of imagining all women to be the wild untrammelled creatures of impulse, the primitive and savage beings that Laurence Hope would have them to be, at all events in India. It would be as ridiculously unjust as to judge men from the types of Don Juan or Vautrin. Yet perhaps more of her sex sympathise with this elemental Muse of the whirlwind than would ever care to own or be able to realise the slightest affinity. Nor, again, is our poetess artist enough to give us a perfect presentation, or wide-minded enough to give us a complete one. But she has left us hopeful for the literature of the future—hopeful that she has made it easier for women to come into their heritage, and that these rough Atellane commencements may lead to nobler success than woman's old docility and clever imitation of male writers could ever have achieved.

Laurence Hope, then, is a sincere but imperfect artist; and this is no uncommon combination. How often may one not observe that certain crude verses, sadly marred by parodies of great and famous lines—verses where the expression of th. thought is abrupt and obscure, yet whose precipices are sometimes visited by a gleam of atoning fancy—seem to ring more true than exquisite phrase and swelling harmony? Thus it is

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that ingenuous youth, if it be compounded of the true spirit of revolution, will ever prefer "The City of Dreadful Night" to "Paradise Lost," and will continue in the same sort of predilection till overtaken by that age of ice when rhetoric is an abhorrence, metre a study, wisdom a delight.

And if ingenuous youth be seeking sincerity rather than poetry, he may not have gone far from the path. In the throes of despair or passion the almost involuntary whispers of an imaginative mind are stray echoes of phrases we have loved, grotesquely blended with the stage-worn rhetoric of the occasion. Yet to imagine that these literal and personal transcriptions, however earnest, are likely to be valuable as literature is an obvious error. When the faculties of a writer are so concentrated, so technically supreme, that the sensations cannot become vilified by borrowed or inadequate or inharmonious language, then are worthy poems of experience written not less sincere and far more splendid.

Now, page after page of Laurence Hope's poetry is marred by lilts and jangling tunes and passages of sentimental prettiness that, so far from breathing of the East, savour of that most Occidental invention, the music-hall; so that she who knew the East so well can here remind us of nothing more sublime than that factitious Orient represented by the decorations on a Turkish bath. The most serious of feminine failings, that of taking prettiness for beauty and petulance for passion, spoils about two-thirds of her work. Though she makes some not unpleasant experiments in new metres, she is sadly failing in the most elementary knowledge of verse-structure, and she never attains to the stern and austere beauty of self-restraint. Yet take lines such as these:

They say that Love is a light thing,
A foolish thing and a slight thing,
A ripe fruit rotten at core:
They speak in this futile fashion
To me who am racked with passion,
Tormented beyond compassion
For ever and ever more.

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The true lover of the art, confronted with this straightforward verse, should not let speculations about the weak rhyme or some possible imitation of Swinburne interfere with his admiration and pleasure. Even the last of the lines, a succession of weak syllables at which most versifiers would shudder, has a curious fitness to the rest. And very often the glow of passion transfuses lead into gold. The following short poem must be quoted as an example. It is the best written and at the same time the most individual of her lyrics:

I am not sure, if I knew the truth,
What his case or crime might be;
I only know that he pleaded Youth—
A beautiful, golden plea.

Youth, with its sunlit, passionate eyes,
Its roseate, velvet skin—
A plea to cancel a thousand lies
Or a thousand nights of sin.

The men who judged him were old and grey,
Their eyes and their senses dim;
He brought the light of a warm spring day
To the court-house bare and grim.

Could he plead in a lovelier way?
His judges acquitted him.

Here is a perfection indeed, a matchless lotus of the East, a new and entrancing fragrance. Here too is the whole philosophy of woman. These two lines explain the hatred of German thinkers for any but the Gretchen type of maiden. This explains why women appear to some as mad revolutionaries, to others as the type of incorrigible reaction. No English judge would have been so gracious and picturesque as these legendary greybeards. "Shall the delicate machinery of our law, complicated yearly for the protection of society, be upset because the young lady is in love?" But this poem becomes through its fine achievement the vehicle of something far deeper than a petulant or irritating sentimentality. The

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quality of the thought is deepened by its expression, and is more than a mere outburst of woman's illogical mind.

Women have often been credited by men with an intuition of moral worth. Is it not rather an intuition of beauty, in inferior cases an intuition of prettiness, that they possess, depending for its value on a dark, unexplored connection between outward and inward loveliness?

Besides the illogical and ardent cult of beauty, besides the passionate sensuality that it accompanies and suggests, the other startling characteristic of such women as Laurence Hope loves to describe is the passivity that accompanies their passions and is in love with the most relentless brute force:

> Over the rocks he would swing me, to and fro,
> Where the white surf foamed a thousand feet below,
> Would smile and murmur, "I will not loose thee—quite."
> * * * * * * *
>
> He pinned my lower lip to the lip above,
> "Lest thou in thy absence utter words of love."
> With pointed shells he pricked on my breast his name,
> "That thou may'st keep the stamp of thy love and shame."

And it is indeed a curious ideal of manhood set before us in two earlier lines of the same poem, for she says of this same desert prince:

> Strange and sweet were the ways where his fancy trod,
> A panther's fierceness linked to dreams of a god.

Poems like this may justly be called hysterical, but even granted that the hysteria is due to the strain and turbulence of modern life, yet does it arise from old innate convictions; it is not mania, but exaggeration.

JAMES FLECKER.

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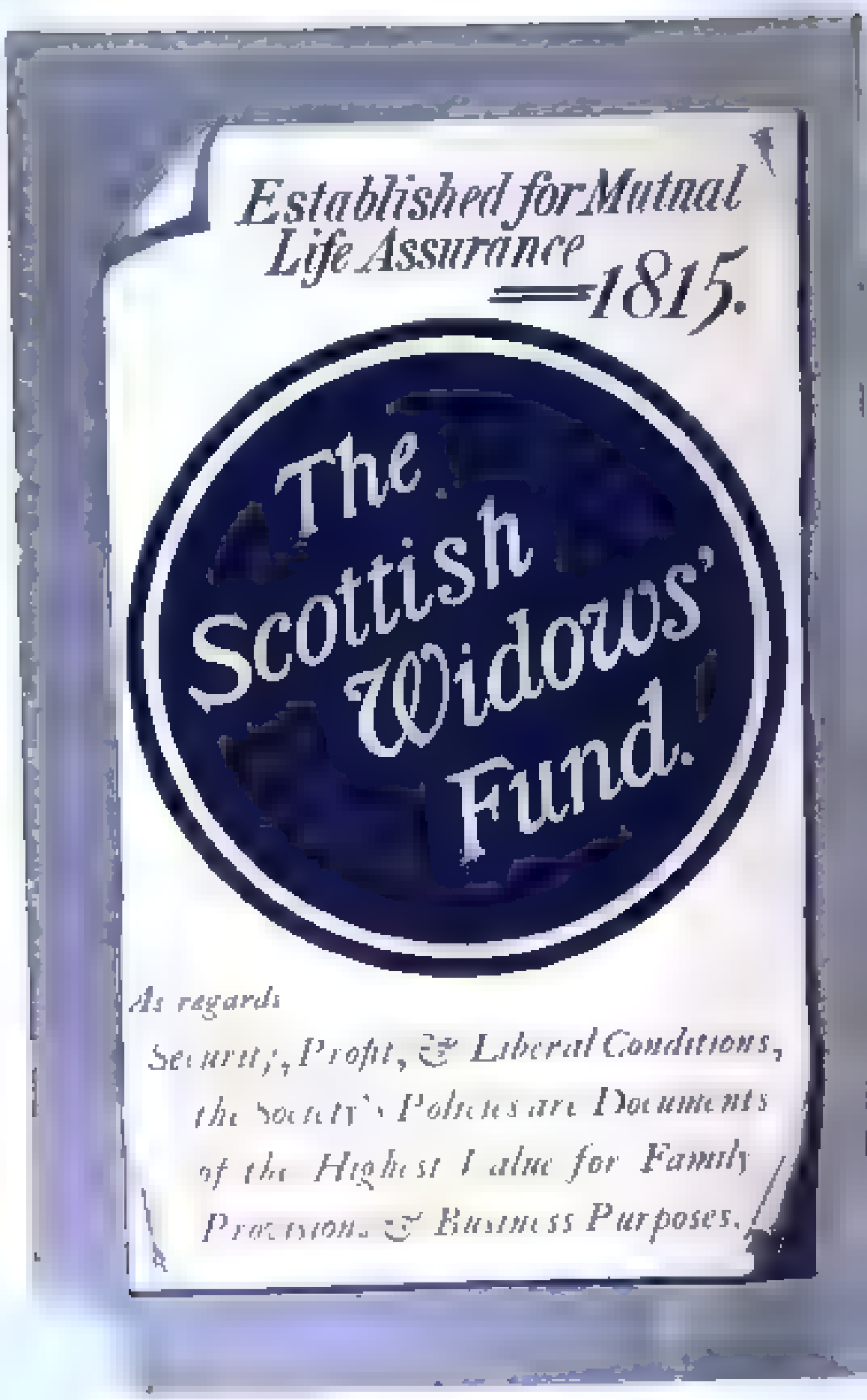
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